

THE
ATLANTIC MONTHLY:

A MAGAZINE OF LITERATURE, SCIENCE, ART,
AND POLITICS.

VOL. XXXIII.—APRIL, 1874.—No. CXCVIII.

PRUDENCE PALFREY.

IX.

A WILL, AND THE WAY OF IT.

It was early in the forenoon, six or seven days after the funeral of the parson, that Mr. Dent, who had left the house an hour before to take the morning train for Boston, returned hurriedly to Willowbrook, and, capturing Fanny the house-maid, with broom and dust-pan in the front hall, dispatched her to her mistress.

"Tell Miss Prudence I want to speak with her a moment in the library."

This change in her guardian's purpose, and his message, which was in itself something out of the ordinary way, filled Prudence with wonder. She had packed Mr. Dent's valise for an absence of several days, and she knew it was no trivial circumstance that had made him relinquish or postpone the journey in question. What could it be?

She was arranging the house-plants in the bay-window room, as it was called, when Fanny delivered Mr. Dent's message.

"He must have missed the train," said Prudence to herself. But Mr. Dent had gone to town an hour earlier than was necessary to catch the express. "Or perhaps Mr. Dillingham has written that he is not coming, after all."

Suddenly an idea flashed upon Prudence and nearly caused her to drop the pot of jonquils which she was in the act of lifting from the flower-stand.

"He has heard from John Dent!"

When a friend dies and is buried, there's an end of him. We miss him for a space out of our daily existence; we mourn for him by degrees that become mercifully less; we cling to the blessed hope that we shall be reunited in some more perfect sphere; but so far as this earth is concerned, there's an end of him. However near and dear he was, the time arrives when he does not form a part of our daily thought; he ceases to be even an abstraction. We go no more with flowers and tears into the quiet cemetery; only the rain and the snow-flakes fall there; we leave it for the fingers of spring to deck the neglected mound.

But when our friend vanishes unaccountably in the midst of a crowded city, or goes off on a sea-voyage and is never heard of again, his memory has a singular tenacity. He may be to all intents and purposes dead to us, but we have not lost him. The ring of the door-bell at midnight may be his ring; the approaching footstep may be his footstep; the unexpected letter with foreign postmarks may be from his hand. He haunts us as the dead never can.

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The woman whose husband died last night may marry again within a lustre of months. Do you suppose a week passes by when the woman whose husband disappeared mysteriously ten years ago does not think of him? There are moments when the opening of a door must startle her.

There is no real absence but death.

For nearly three years, for two years and a half, to be precise, the shadow of John Dent had haunted Prudence more or less,—the chance of tidings from him, the possibility of his emerging suddenly from the darkness that shrouded him and his movements, had been in her thought almost constantly. Until she saw him once more or knew that he was dead, she was not to be relieved of this sense of expectancy. It was disassociated with any idea or desire that he would claim her love; he had surrendered that; he had written her that he should never set foot in Rivermouth again; he was a wrecked man. It was not for Prudence to cling to a hope which he had thrown over, however unwisely or weakly. She would have waited for him loyally all her life; his misfortune would have linked her closer to him; but he had not asked her to wait, or to share the misfortune; he had given her up, and the obvious thing for Prudence had been to forget him. In a circumscribed life like hers, how was it possible for her to forget that she had loved and been loved? She taught herself to look upon his visit to Willowbrook and what had subsequently occurred, as a midsummer's day-dream; but beyond that she had not been successful.

John Dent's name was seldom spoken now by either Prudence or her guardian; to all appearance he was obliterated from their memories; but the truth is, there was scarcely a month when both Prudence and Mr. Dent did not wonder what had become of him. "I don't believe she ever thinks of him nowadays," reflected Mr. Dent. "He has quite forgotten him," Prudence would say to herself. But Mr. Dent never took his letters from the languid clerk at the post-office without half expecting to

find one from Jack; and Prudence never caught an expression more than usually thoughtful on her guardian's face without fancying he had received news of his nephew.

The image of John Dent rose up before Prudence with strange distinctness that morning as she stood by the bay-window, and flitted with singular persistence across her path on the way down-stairs.

Mr. Dent was seated at the library table, upon which were spread several legal-looking documents with imposing red wax seals. His eyebrows were drawn together, and there was a perplexed look on his countenance which at once reassured Prudence; whatever had occurred, it was nothing tragic.

"We have got hold of the parson's will at last," he said, looking up as she entered the room.

A will had been found the day following Parson Hawkins's death, in an old hair trunk in which he kept private papers; but Mr. Jarvis, the attorney, declared that a later testament had been executed, different in tenor from this, which was dated fifteen years back. No such document was forthcoming, however, after a most rigorous search among the old clergyman's manuscripts. Mr. Jarvis had drawn up the paper himself ten months before, and was bent on finding it.

"My client was queer in such matters," he said. "He would keep scraps of verse and paragraphs cut from newspapers in his strong-box at the bank, and have bonds and leases kicking around the library as if they were worthless. You may depend upon it, he stuck this will away in some corner, and forgot it."

On the sixth or seventh day, when the belief was become general that the parson had destroyed it, the later will was discovered, shut up in a copy of the London folio-edition of Cotton Mather's *Magnalia*, on a shelf in the little room where the parson had died.

"He has left Salome a life-interest in the cottage and an annual sum for her support, to revert at her death to the main estate."

"I am glad of that," said Prudence. "Poor Salome!"

"And the residue of the property," continued Mr. Dent, "after deducting a few minor bequests,—how do you think he has disposed of that?"

"I am sure I cannot imagine. He had no near relatives. To the Sunday-school, perhaps."

"No."

"To the Brick Church, then."

"No."

"To the Mariner's Home."

"No; the Mariner's Home gets two thousand dollars, though."

"Then I cannot guess."

"He leaves it to John Dent," said her guardian, with a curious smile, watching Prudence narrowly as he spoke the words.

"Isn't that rather singular?" said Prudence, without ruffling a feather.

"She does n't care the snap of her finger for him, that is certain," was Mr. Dent's internal comment.—"No, not singular. My brother Benjamin and Parson Hawkins were close friends for many years. I believe Benjamin helped him in some money affair when they were at college together, and his gratitude is not unnatural,—assuming that gratitude is a great deal more common than it is. But the injunction laid upon the executors—and I am one—is singular. The executors are not to make public the contents of the will, and Jack is not to be informed of his inheritance—provided we could find him—until a year after the death of the testator."

"What a strange provision!"

"The parson explains it by saying that every man ought to earn his own living; that sudden wealth is frequently the worst misfortune that can befall a young man, and he wishes his friend's son to rely on his own exertions for a while, 'in order'—and these are the parson's very words—'that he may learn to estimate riches at their proper value, and support prosperity without arrogance.' All of which is sensible enough, quite in the style of your friend Dr. Johnson, but rather odd on the whole. Indeed, the will is as angular

as one of the parson's sermons. Jarvis drew it up, but he could not have composed a sentence of it to save him. Any way, Jack falls heir to a round sum—about eighty thousand dollars, not including the house and lot in Horse-shoe Lane."

"And perhaps at this moment he is without bread to eat, or a roof to shelter him!"

"Most likely. He has not condescended to let his friends know what he has done with himself. But as you said long ago, it will be a great thing for him; it will teach him self-reliance. I did n't think then he needed any lessons in that branch of science; but I have altered my opinion. It was cowardly in Jack to strike his colors at the first fire. I was mistaken and disappointed in him. I suppose it is the fellow's pride that has kept him from writing to me."

"I am sure something ought to be done about him now, uncle."

"If I knew what to do! I could not tell him of Parson Hawkins's will, if he were here. I don't imagine an advertisement in the papers would be a very tempting bait to Jack. Letters have no effect on him, apparently. When I saw you so unhap—I mean when we got the story of that rascally Nevins, I wrote Jack to come home and take a fresh start; offered to organize a mining-company, make him superintendent, and go into the business in a rational manner; but he never answered my letter, if he got it."

"That was very generous of you," said Prudence, to whom this was news.

"I don't like his silence. Why, it is two years and a half, going on three years. Sometimes, you know, I fancy he has fallen in with that man, and come to harm. The idea may have passed through the parson's mind also, which would account for the surprising codicil he added to the will."

The subject of the will and all connected with it was painful to Prudence, but she was instantly curious to know what this surprising codicil was, and said so in that involuntary language which belongs to expressive eyes.

Mr. Dent took up one of the solemn-looking documents and glanced at the last page, then laid it down, then turned to it again, and re-read a certain passage deliberately, as if to assure himself before he spoke.

"In case of John Dent's death," he said, "in case he dies within the twelve months specified, the property comes to you."

"No, no; it must never come to me!" cried Prudence, starting from the great arm-chair in which she had curled herself. "He must be found; whether he is told of it or not, he must be found!"

"I think myself he ought to be looked up. It is ridiculous for him to be roughing it out there — wherever he is — with all this money coming to him in a few months. But it is not clear to me what can be done about it."

"Cannot some one be sent to find him? Joseph Twombly, for instance?"

"Yes, Twombly might be sent; and get some buckshot in that other leg, — his luck. He would go in a second if it was suggested; but Twombly has just secured a good situation in Chicago, — did n't I mention it to you? — and I am not sure I should be justified in asking him."

Joseph Twombly, ex-knight and capitalist, had bowed gracefully and good-humoredly to fate, instead of throwing up his hands and rending his garments, like other people we know of. For many months after his return from El Dorado, the good knight could get nothing to do, and in truth he was not capable of doing much, on account of his wound. He lay idle around Rivermouth, to the no slight embarrassment of Deacon Twombly, who was not prospering in a worldly point of view. Ewelams had become chronic in the deacon's family, and he found himself again banished, as the reader has been informed, to the spare-room in the attic, and a new lamb had come to be fed even before the little one of a previous season was fairly upon its mottled legs. It was at this time, — two weeks before Parson Hawkins's fatal stroke of paralysis, and while Mr. Dent was urging his

friend Dillingham to consider the Rivermouth proposal, — that a piece of sunny fortune fell to the portion of Joseph Twombly.

Mr. Dent was not a man who unbosomed himself to every chance acquaintance, but he had been particularly communicative with Mr. Dillingham touching Rivermouth affairs, and had not left untold the history of his nephew's misfortunes. I am inclined to suspect, however, that Mr. Dent restricted himself to the financial parts of the narrative, and said nothing whatever of the trifling love-passage that had taken place between his ward and John Dent. It would have been hardly fair to Prudence to speak of that; but he talked frequently of his nephew, all the more frequently, perhaps, because the subject was tabooed at home. It chanced one evening, as the two gentlemen were chatting together in a private-parlor at the Astor House, that the conversation turned on Twombly.

"I am afraid Joseph is a heavy burden to the deacon, just now," Mr. Dent said. "I wish I could help the fellow; but every one is retrenching on account of the troubles down South, and there seems to be no opening for Joseph."

"He appears to be an estimable and faithful young person," Mr. Dillingham replied, "and I should take it as a favor if I might be allowed to join you in any plan to assist him. I have no business influence here, but I am confident that a word from me to my Chicago bankers would secure interest for Mr. Twombly there. Suppose I write to them?"

Mr. Dillingham did write, and Messrs. Rawlings & Sons were pleased to find a place in their office for a young man so highly spoken of by their esteemed correspondent. A few days afterwards, Mr. Joseph Twombly, with a comfortable check in his pocket, was on his way to Chicago.

To recall him now, and send him on a wild-goose chase after John Dent, was a step not to be taken without consideration, if at all.

"He is out of the question at present.

Perhaps by and by, if I fail to obtain any clew to Jack's whereabouts, I may be forced to make use of Joseph. What was the name of that banking firm at Salt Lake City which Jack mentioned in his letter? Look it up, and I will write to those people."

"It was Tileston & Co.," replied Prudence, who had an excellent memory.

"And I'll write to Jack also at Red Rock, — the rock on which he split," supplemented Mr. Dent; but his little pleasantry fell cold. Prudence was not in a mood to encourage jests, and Mr. Dent withdrew crest-fallen into his serious shell. "Perhaps it would be advisable to drop him a line at San Francisco," he said. "What do you think?"

Mr. Dent went to work on his letters, and Prudence stole off thoughtfully to the small bay-window room over the hall door, where she always did her meditating. This business of the will weighed heavily upon her. There was something chilling in the reflection that perhaps the dead man had left his money to a dead man, and it would thus fall to her, — an avalanche of clammy gold-pieces slipping through dead men's fingers! She would touch none of it! The idea made her shiver.

She was still sitting by the open casement, dismayed at the prospect, when Mr. Dent stepped out of the door below, a valise in his hand, and his spring overcoat thrown across one arm.

Prudence drew back hastily, and when Mr. Dent looked up at the window, she was not visible. The movement had been mechanical on her part, and she was instantly ashamed of it. Of course it was perfectly proper that her guardian should meet the Rev. Mr. Dillingham in Boston, and conduct him to Rivermouth; Mr. Dent was in a manner bound to so much courtesy; but the thought of a stranger standing in the dear old parson's pulpit brought the tears to Prudence's eyes.

"It is very uncharitable and unchristian, I know," said Prudence, watching her guardian's receding figure, "but I think I shall hate the new minister."

X.

THE NEW MINISTER.

RIVERMOUTH is a town where almost literally nothing happens. Sometimes somebody is married, and sometimes somebody dies, — with surprising abruptness, as the old parson did, for example, — and sometimes a vessel is blown on the rocks at the mouth of the harbor. But of those salient tragedies and comedies which make up the sum of life in cities, Rivermouth knows next to nothing. Since the hanging of a witch or two in the pre-revolutionary days, the office of sheriff there has been virtually a sinecure. The police-court — where now and then a thoughtless, light-fingered person is admonished of the error of his ways, and the one habitual drunkard is periodically dispatched to the Town-Farm — seems almost like a branch of the Sunday-school. The community may be said to have lived for thirty years on a single divorce case, growing out of the elopement of Major Tom Deering with Mrs. Honoria Maddox, — to this day a perilous story

"That matrons tell, with sharpened tongue,
To maids with downcast eyes."

In default of great events, small matters rise to the first magnitude in Rivermouth. There are people there who can give you, if you chance to be to the manner born, the most minute particulars of the career of your great-grandfather, and to whom what you have for dinner is far from being an uninteresting item.

"I see Capen Chris Bell at Seth Wiggins's this mornin'," says Mr. Uriah Stebbens to Mr. Caleb Stokels; "he bought that great turkey of Seth's, and six poun's of steak — right off the tenderline. Guess he expects his brother-in-law's family down from Bostin. Capen Chris Bell always was a good provider."

This piece of information lies like a live coal upon the brain of Mr. Stokels until, with becoming gravity, he turns it over to some other inquiring neighbor.

At a moderate estimate, not less than two thirds of the entire population of Rivermouth sit down in imagination at Captain Bell's dinner-table the next day.

Unless the reader is familiar with the interior life of secluded New England towns like Rivermouth, he will find it difficult to understand the excitement that prevailed on the Sunday when the Rev. Mr. James Dillingham preached his first sermon in the Old Brick Church. Yet even a stranger, passing through the streets, crowded at the earliest stroke of the bells, — I think there is no music this side of heaven sweeter than the clangor of those same Rivermouth bells, — could not have failed to notice an unwonted, eager look on the faces of the neatly-dressed throng. There was something in the very atmosphere different from that of ordinary days. A sort of pious Fourth-of-July halo diffused itself through the fleecy, low-hanging clouds, which, with May-time capriciousness, broke into fine rain before the service was concluded. A circumstance in which Uncle Jedd detected, with microscopic eye, the marked disapproval of Providence.

If such was the significance of the unheralded shower that drenched Rivermouth's spring-bonnets, and bedraggled alike the just and the unjust, it was not so accepted by the congregation of the Old Brick Church.

The Rev. Mr. Dillingham had achieved a signal triumph, and had triumphed in the teeth of very serious obstacles. A small number of the parishioners had been against him from the first, and the death of Parson Hawkins had not only strengthened their opposition, but created a reaction among those who had insisted most strenuously on the removal of the old minister. It so chanced, then, that Mr. Dillingham came to face as critical and unsympathetic a congregation as could well be. Perhaps the only really impartial listeners among his audience were those belonging to other parishes; for it was a noticeable fact that all the other churches in town were nearly empty on this occasion. The Rev. Josiah Jones, who had not spared himself

in preparing his sermon for that forenoon, saw with ill-concealed distaste that the larger portion of his flock had strayed into the neighboring pasture.

If Mr. Dillingham had had an intimation of the actual state of things, he would perhaps not have been so little self-conscious and so entirely composed as he appeared; but happily he had no suspicion of the unfriendly spirit that animated the majority of his hearers.

With a slight flush on his cheeks, which faded out almost immediately, Mr. Dillingham passed from the small room at the rear of the church, and ascended the pulpit stairs — a slim young man, nearly six feet in height, with gentle blue eyes, and long hair of a dull gold color, which he wore brushed behind his ears. It was not a remarkably strong face, Mr. Dillingham's, but it was not without character. The firmly cut mouth and chin saved it, perhaps, from being effeminate. He was twenty-nine or thirty, but did not look it; his closely shaved face and light complexion gave him quite a youthful air, to one looking at him across the church.

"Why, he ain't nothin' but a boy," said Uncle Jedd to himself, regarding the new minister critically for a moment from the vestibule. "*He won't do,*" and the ancient sexton gave a final tug at the bell-rope which he had retained in his hand. While the reverberation of the silvery crash that followed was floating above the house-tops and stealing away to die among the outlying hills, Uncle Jedd softly closed the green baize doors which opened upon the three aisles.

A contagious ripple and flutter had passed over the congregation when Mr. Dillingham ascended the pulpit steps and seated himself in the antique high-backed chair at the left of the desk. This same flutter and ripple was duplicated as he rose to open the service, which he did by repeating the Lord's Prayer in a clear, melodious voice, making it seem a new thing to some who had only heard it droned before. Quick, subtle glances, indicative of surprise and approval, were shot from pew to

pew. The old familiar hymn, too, as he read it, gathered fresh beauty from his lips. A chapter from the Scriptures followed, in which Mr. Dillingham touched the key-note of his sermon. There was a strange light come into the gentle blue eyes now, and the serene, pale face that had seemed to promise so little was alive with intelligence.

By the time he had reached this portion of the service, the young minister had taken more than half of his listeners captive. The sermon itself completed the victory, Mr. Seth Wiggins and Uncle Jedd alone remaining unconquered; the former having dropped into oblivious slumber after the first hymn, and the latter having retreated into the belfry, where he had sat ruminative on a rafter, communing with the glossy pigeons and ringdoves, until it was time for him to open the doors below.

Mr. Wiggins awoke instinctively, with a jerk, for the benediction, and assumed that half-deprecatory, half-defiant expression which marks the chronic delinquent; and Uncle Jedd threw open the padded doors just at the critical instant, as if he had been waiting there a century.

As the people filed out of church, both these gentlemen were made aware that the new minister had created a deep impression on the congregation. A drizzling warm rain had begun to fall, as I have said, and groups of elderly ladies and pretty girls, grasping their skirts with despairing clutches, stood about the vestibule waiting for umbrellas to be brought.

"A young man of uncommon talent," Mr. Lathers, the master of the Boys' High-School, was heard to remark to Mr. Gargoyle, the retired plumber.

"Oh, uncommon," responded that gentleman.

"I think he is just perfectly splendid!" said Miss Imogen Browne, bringing her creaseless lavender gloves together ecstatically.

"So modest!" said Miss Hesba Grafton.

"And such fine eyes!" chimed Miss Amelia, the younger sister.

"How lovely it was in him," remarked Miss Blydenburgh, composedly fastening her bracelet, which had come unlinked, and giving it a little admonitory pat, "to choose for his text the very verse which Parson Hawkins was reading when he died,—‘Thou good and faithful servant, etc., etc.’"

"And how beautifully he spoke of Parson Hawkins," said young Mrs. Newbury, looking distractingly cool and edible—something like celery—in her widows'-weeds. "I was ready to cry."

"I did."

"What a spiritual face he has!" observed the elder Miss Trippew, who painted in water-colors; "it reminded me of our Saviour's in the engraving of Leonardo da Vinci's Last Supper."

"And what a delicious voice!—like Wendell Phillips's."

"Then such a sermon! It is certainly an improvement on the poor old parson's interminable ninthlies and finalities."

"I wonder if he is married?" said Miss Candace Woodman, a compact little person, with almond-shaped brown eyes, and glittering yellow ringlets which might have been sent to the mint and cut up instantly into five-dollar gold pieces.

Miss Candace's remark cast a strange gloom for a moment over the group in which she stood. Presently the umbrellas appeared; snowy skirts were daintily gathered up; the vestibule was deserted; the voices melted away into the distance. Here and there along the streets, darting to and fro in the rain like swallows, one might have caught scores of such light-winged adjectives as enthusiastic young women let loose when they give expression to their admiration.

"Well, well," muttered Uncle Jedd, turning the key in the ponderous lock of the church-door, "I dunno what th' world is a-comin' ter!"

"And what do you think of Mr. Dillingham, Prue?" asked Mr. Dent, as the hoofs of the horses struck on the slippery planks of the bridge leading from town.

Mr. Dent had not even blinked that

day in church. It had been noticed and commented on by the local satirist, that that suspicious smooth place on the wooden pillar intersecting the north-west corner of Mr. Dent's pew was not covered once during the sermon. Mr. Dent himself had observed that "damned spot" for the first time with remorse, and had secretly determined to have the interior of the church repainted at his own expense.

"I think," said Prudence, in reply to her guardian's question, "I think he reads well and speaks well."

"Gad, I never heard anybody speak better, except one, and that was Daniel Webster."

"He is very handsome, and seems to be unconscious that he is conscious of it."

"I declare, Prue, you are too deep for me!"

"Isn't he, and with good reason, just a little bit — you know — meekly conceited?"

"Not at all," said Mr. Dent. "I don't know a man with less conceit than Dillingham. He is in earnest. He is going to be very much interested in his work here, and will make his mark. I am only afraid we shall not be able to keep so brilliant a fellow."

"Why not?"

"When he becomes known, some wealthy Boston or New York society will be sure to make him tempting offers."

"But if he is very much interested in his work here, he will not be tempted."

"Perhaps not. But the best of them like fat salaries," said Mr. Dent, absently.

Prudence pictured to herself Parson Wibird deserting the North Parish, or any parish where he thought his duty lay, to accept a call from some richer congregation; but she was not able to draw a distinct picture of it.

"Then I suppose the fatter the salary is, the deeper the interest they take in their work?" Prudence remarked.

"Yes," said Mr. Dent, shortly.

He felt that he had cast a reflection

upon his friend Dillingham; he did not see exactly how, and it annoyed him. The rest of the ride home was in silence. Prudence, too, was not satisfied with herself. In intimating that she thought Mr. Dillingham conceited, she had departed from her usual candor.

Throughout the services his manner had been without a tinge of self-consciousness. She had taken her seat in the pew rather sadly. To see a new minister standing in the place hallowed so many years by the presence of Parson Wibird — it was only a fortnight ago that he stood there, with his placid, venerable face — could not but be painful to her. The first few words Mr. Dillingham uttered had grated on her heart; then she had yielded insensibly to the charm which had fallen upon most of the congregation, and found herself listening to him with hushed breath. The strains of the organ seemed to take up the prayer where he had paused; the tones of his voice and the rich swell of the music blended and appeared to have one meaning, like those frescoes in which the same design repeats itself in different tints. She listened and listened, and when Uncle Jedd suddenly threw open the muffled green doors, it was as if a spell had been broken. Oh, glorious gift of speaking golden words with a golden tongue!

A sense of having been disloyal to the memory of the old parson was troubling Prudence when Mr. Dent put his question, and she had not answered him fairly. It was sins like that which Prudence would have had to confess if she had been a Roman Catholic.

She liked Mr. Dillingham more than she had believed it possible to like Parson Wibird's successor; but the limitations of her character would not allow her to acknowledge it upon compulsion. On leaving the church she felt in her heart that she disliked Mr. Dillingham for having made her listen to him; and there shaped itself in Prudence's mind an inexplicable wish, — often enough she thought of it afterwards, — that he had never come to Rivermouth.

XI.

A NEW ENGLAND IDOL.

ON the following Sunday the Rev. James Dillingham was formally installed pastor of the Old Brick Church. The Rev. Josephus Starleigh delivered the installation sermon (afterwards printed in pamphlet form at the request of the parish), and Mr. Thomas Jefferson Greene, a young poet of local celebrity, composed an original hymn for the occasion.

So the mantle of Parson Wibird Hawkins fell upon the shoulders of the young minister, and the solemn chant ascended, while the great guns were booming down South.

Those were the days — what ages ago they seem! — when the tap of the snare-drum and the shrill treble of the fife startled New England from her dream, and awoke the vengeful echoes which had been slumbering in the mountain fastnesses and among the happy valleys for nearly half a century.

It had long ceased to be at Mr. Dillingham's option to return to South Carolina, and he must have congratulated himself on having found so pleasant a haven as Rivermouth to rest in until the simoom blew over. And certainly Rivermouth congratulated itself on sheltering so brilliant a young divine. I happened to be there at that period, recovering from a protracted illness, and I had the privilege of witnessing a spectacle which is possible only in genteel decayed old towns, like that in which the scene of my story lies. To see one or two hundred young New England maidens burning incense and strewing flowers before a slim young gentleman in black is a spectacle worth witnessing once in the course of one's life.

The young man who, putting behind him the less spiritual rewards of other professions, selects the ministry as the field of his labors — drawn to his work by the consciousness that it is there his duty points — is certain to impress us with the purity of his purpose. That

he should exert a stronger influence over our minds than a young lawyer does, or a young merchant, or a young man in any respectable walk of life, is easily understood. But a young man, because he buttons the top button of his coat and wears a white neck-tie, is not necessarily a person of exalted purpose or shining ability. Yet he is apt, without any very searching examination, to be so regarded in some of our provincial towns. I think the straight-cut black coat must possess a subtle magnetism in itself, something analogous to the glamour there is in the uniform of a young naval or army officer. How else shall we explain the admiration which we have many a time seen lavished on very inferior young men?

I am not speaking in this vein of the Rev. James Dillingham. The secret of his popularity was an open secret. It was his manly bearing and handsome face and undeniable eloquence that made him a favorite at once in Rivermouth, and would have commended him anywhere. If Mr. Dillingham turned the heads of all the young women in the parish, he won the hearts of nearly all the elderly people also. I think he would have done this by his amiability and talents, if he had not been rich or young or handsome. If he had been married? Well, I cannot say about that. A young unmarried clergyman, especially if he is rich, is likely to be well thought of in a sequestered valley where there are a surplus of blooming Rachels and a paucity of available Jacobs.

From my point of view, it was something of an ordeal that Mr. Dillingham passed through in those first three months. As much as I admired his sermons, and they were above the average both in style and texture, I admired greatly more the modest good sense which enabled him to keep his bark trim in those pleasant but perilous waters. A vain man would have been wrecked in a week. But the Rev. Mr. Dillingham, as Mr. Ralph Dent had declared, was without conceit of the small kind. The attentions Mr. Dillingham received

from all quarters would have gone far to spoil eight men in ten placed in his position. It is so easy to add another story to the high opinion which other people have of you.

There were evening parties made for Mr. Dillingham at the Blydenburghs', the Goldstones', and the Grimes's; there were picnics up the river, and excursions down the harbor, and innumerable teasings on shore. I do not know if Mr. Dillingham had a very strong sense of humor; but even if he were only mildly humorous, he must have been amused as well as embarrassed by the number of embroidered slippers and ingenious pen-wipers and study-caps and carved paper-cutters that fell to his lot at the fair held about this time for the benefit of the foreign missions. If he had been a centipede, he could not have worn out the slippers under four years, wearing them day and night; if he had been a hydra, he could not have made head against the study-caps in a life-time. Briareus would have lacked hands to hold the paper-cutters. The slippers overran Mr. Dillingham's bedroom like the swarms of locusts that settled upon Egypt. The pen-wipers made his study table look like a bed of variegated dahlias.

There were other expressions of regard, less material and tangible than these, to be sure, but which must have been infinitely harder to dispose of. There were sudden droopings of eyelashes, black or golden, when he spoke; furtive glances of shyness or reverence; half-parted lips, indicating that breathless interest which is the very cream of compliment, and flies to the head like wine.

Mr. Dillingham moved gracefully and serenely among the shoals and quicksands; he listened to the songs of the sirens, and passed on. He did not, however, accept the flattery as if it were only his due; he accepted it modestly, and was simply natural, and candid, and good-natured, like a man who finds himself among friends. "I see how it is," he once remarked to Mr. Dent, "I am standing in the sunshine created by my

predecessor." It was no glory of his own; he was fortunate in falling among a people who took kindly to their minister.

If Mr. Dillingham had been blind, he might have seen that he could have his choice of Rivermouth's belles; and he was far from sightless. He read women and men very well in his quiet fashion. Clearly, he was in no haste to be fettered. What a crowd of keen, fair slave-merchants would have flocked down to the market-place, if this slender, blonde prince from Southland had been chained by the ankle to one of the stalls, to be knocked down by Mr. Wiggins to the highest bidder!

Miss Veronica Blydenburgh, who passed her winters in New York and New Orleans, and had flirted in a high-spirited way with various professions, became suddenly pensive. Hesba Grafton candidly owned that she had fallen in love with Mr. Dillingham before he got half-way up the pulpit stairs the first Sunday, but that Fred Shelborne refused to release her, and she supposed she should be obliged to marry Fred, — just to keep him quiet. Young Mrs. Newbury in her widows'-weeds, like a diamond set in jet, seemed to grow lovelier day by day. In my own mind I put the widow down as dangerous. Not that I had any reason for so doing. Mr. Dillingham smiled upon her with precisely the same smile he gave to the Widow Mugridge. There was not a shade of difference perceptible between his manner to the elder Miss Trippew, a remarkably plain lamb, and his manner to Miss Veronica of the golden fleece. I said it before, and I say again, I admired the way he carried himself through all this.

When Mr. Dillingham, the morning following his initial sermon, signified to the deacons his acceptance of the pastorate of the Old Brick Church, a knotty question arose as to the residence of the new minister. There was no parsonage attached to the church; the cottage which Parson Hawkins had occupied so many years did not belong to the society; besides, if there had been a parsonage,

Mr. Dillingham had no family, and the absurdity of his going to housekeeping without a family was obvious. The three or four private boarding places suggested to him failed to meet his views. Deacon Twombly, who saw the advantage of having a lucrative boarder, hinted at his first-floor as furnishing desirable accommodation; but the ewe-lamb was brought up as an objection.

Mr. Dillingham, who was staying at the Bell Tavern, the only hotel in town, — having declined Mr. Dent's offer of hospitality, — cut the Gordian knot by deciding to remain where he was.

This gave a sensible shock to some of the congregation, for it seemed scarcely proper for the pastor of the Old Brick Church to live at a hotel. Deacon Wendell adroitly intimated as much to Mr. Dillingham, who replied that he did not see why it was proper for him to remain six days at the hotel, as he had done, if it was improper for him to remain there six months, or six years. Propriety was not a question of time. The house was quiet, his rooms commodious and comfortable, and he did not see how he could do better. He invited Deacon Wendell to dinner, and no further objections were heard of.

In the first bloom of his popularity Mr. Dillingham could have done pretty much as he pleased, and he did.

Among other innovations, he brought sunshine into the Old Brick Church. Parson Hawkins had been a good man, a saint, indeed; but his saintliness had been of the sombre sort; listening to some of his doctrinal sermons, one might have applied to him that epigram of Landor's, —

"Fear God!" says Percival; and when you hear
Tones so lugubrious, you perforce must fear:
If in such awful accents he should say,
"Fear lovely Innocence!" you'd run away!

That early Puritan taint which sometimes appeared in Parson Hawkins's theology, but never in his daily life, was an alien thing to Mr. Dillingham in or out of the pulpit. The spirit of his teaching was eminently a cheerful spirit.

There was a new order of things in

the North Parish. The late parson had stood a great deal of browbeating first and last. A conservative man, leaning perhaps a little too heavily on the pillars of the church, he had ever consulted the inclination of the deacons. They had an independent minister now; a parson who settled questions for himself, and did not embarrass his mind by loading it with outside opinions. There was a spice of novelty in this, surprisingly agreeable to the palate of a community long accustomed to domineer over its pastor. How long will it last? I used to wonder. I had seen so many idols set up reverently, and bowled over ruthlessly, that I was slightly skeptical as to the duration of Mr. Dillingham's popularity. If the towns-people were image-worshippers, they were iconoclasts also, when the mood was on them. But Mr. Dillingham's popularity did not wane during my three months' stay in Rivermouth; it went on steadily increasing. The war-fever was at its height in those months; and the loyalty of Mr. Dillingham, a Southerner, stood out in striking contrast with the mild patriotism of several of our native-born statesmen. When his first quarter's salary fell due, Mr. Dillingham set the seal to public favor by turning over the amount to the fund for the Soldiers' Hospital. Uncle Jedd himself, one of the last in the parish that held out against the new minister, was obliged to admit that this was very handsome in the young man.

Mr. Dillingham had not been three weeks in Rivermouth before he knew all the queer old men and women in the place, and stood in their good graces. Even the one habitual drunkard, when he was not hiding the light of his countenance at the Town-Farm, would touch his battered hat convulsively, meeting the young parson on the street.

Mr. Dillingham was gifted in a high degree with the genius for knowing people, and displayed consummate tact in his dealings with the poor of the parish. When he made the Widow Pepperell and the Clemmer boys his pensioners, he did it so delicately that the obligation seemed on his side. "The par-

son's smile," said Sandy Marden, "jest doubles what he gives a feller." Jeremiah Bowditch, the unfortunate inebriate mentioned, — a shy, morbid man, and as sensitive as an exposed nerve, — was not afraid to apply to the parson for a dollar, having discovered that the coin would not be dropped upon him from such a moral height as to knock the breath out of his body and wound all his finer feelings.

"What I like in Dillingham," said the Hon. Sam Knubley, democratic member of the General Court, "is that there is n't any 'first family' nonsense about him. You can see with half an eye that he belongs to the Southern aristocracy, but he isn't eternally shinning up his genealogical tree. There's old Blydenburgh, who is always perching himself on the upper branches and hurling down the cocoa-nuts of his ancestors at common folks."

It is not to be supposed that the Hon. Sam Knubley himself would have objected to a few brilliant ancestors. To have the right to fall in at the end of a long queue of men and women distinguished in their day and generation, is a privilege which none but a simpleton would undervalue. It is a privilege, however, which often has its drawbacks. Much is expected of a man whose progenitors have been central figures. To inherit the great name without the great gifts is a piece of ironical good fortune. When one's ancestors have been everything, and one's self is nothing, it is perhaps just as well not to demand from the world the same degree of consideration that was given voluntarily to one's predecessors. I have encountered two or three young gentlemen in the capital of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts who seemed to have the idea that *they* were killed at the battle of Bunker Hill. It was possibly this sort of assumption that displeased the Hon. Sam Knubley; if so, the Hon. Sam Knubley was quite right in the matter.

Mr. Dent witnessed with pride the success of his young friend; and Prudence, who, by the way, had naturally seen a great deal of Mr. Dillingham

meanwhile, began to take herself to task for her cold demeanor towards him.

If the truth must be told, she had been far from cordial to Mr. Dillingham. Now, it is as mortifying to have one's lack of cordiality unnoticed as it is to have one's warmth overlooked. Mr. Dillingham had apparently not observed that Miss Palfrey had treated him with haughtiness. If she had been the Widow Mugridge, he could not have smiled upon her more benignly, or listened to her more attentively, when she was pleased to address him. The offense to her self-love was so subtle that Prudence was never able to account for the restless and half-provoked mood which, up to this time, had always possessed her in his presence.

"The fact is," Prudence soliloquized one evening when the young clergyman had taken tea at Willowbrook, "I have an unamiable disposition; Uncle Ralph has spoiled me by humoring me. I must discipline myself; and I'll begin by treating Mr. Dillingham with a little politeness, if his royal highness will allow it. I always feel as if he stepped down from a throne to converse with me. In spite of his smile and deference, when one is speaking, there's something depressing and condescending in his air. If King Cophetua was the least like that, I wonder the beggar-maid had anything to do with him."

It was, by the way, Miss Veronica Blydenburgh who had christened him King Cophetua.

XII.

PRUE!

THOUGH the Rev. Mr. Dillingham had too much diplomacy to stroke one lamb on the head more tenderly than another, and so throw the whole flock into confusion, he made no secret of his preference for Mr. Dent.

Mr. Dillingham passed most of his leisure hours at Willowbrook. Since his installation, he had taken tea there every Sunday evening. When Mr.

Dent went to town, which was three or four times a week, he always dropped into his friend's study, and frequently Mr. Dillingham rode home with him and remained to dinner. There was a well-stocked fish-pond a few miles beyond Willowbrook; both gentlemen were expert anglers, and they spent their mornings together in the season. Then there were horseback rides, in which Prudence occasionally joined. Mr. Dillingham had purchased a fine animal, which he rode admirably.

"We all ride in the South," he said to Miss Palfrey. "The people in the town stare at me as if I were a part of a circus caravan, but I trust they will get accustomed to the sight. A saddle-horse is a necessity to me; I have had one since I was six years old. To drive around in a gig with side-lanterns, like great goggles, as that good soul Dr. Tredick does, would kill me. I should never get out alive so far as Willowbrook, Miss Palfrey. I'd much prefer being brought here in Mr. Plunket's hand-cart."

Plunket was a harmless, half-witted old fellow about town, who picked up a living by carrying packages in a small hand-cart as aged and shattered as himself. He had not escaped Mr. Dillingham, whose eye for every sort of eccentric character was, as I have said, exceptionally keen.

The friendship between Mr. Dillingham and Mr. Dent deepened as the weeks passed, and the latter gentleman experienced something like a sinking at heart whenever his thought recurred to the possibility that his young friend might be tempted some time or other to desert Rivermouth for a more extended field of operation.

"I wish to heaven, Dillingham," exclaimed Mr. Dent one evening at the tea-table, "that you would give up your apartments in town, and come out here with us. There's a cozy room leading from the south chamber that would make a capital study for you."

"I am afraid I should find it too pleasant," returned Mr. Dillingham, "and fall into a habit of not working.

Besides, my parish calls? I am very sensible of your kindness, my friend; but, really, I think I am better off in my present quarters. You see, two sermons a week keep me pretty busy. Then I am not a lark as regards early rising. I should be a dreadful infliction in a private house. All Miss Palfrey's methodical domestic laws would be overthrown at once."

"I'd like to be an eye-witness to that," Mr. Dent said, laughing; "her law is as the law of the Medes and Persians, which altereth not. Prue is a regular martinet in the commissary department."

"I really am," spoke Prudence for herself. "If one is not down in time, one gets a cold breakfast."

"There, you see," said Mr. Dillingham. "Now, there are two things I never can do; I cannot endure a cold breakfast, and I never can get down early to a warm one."

In spite of this obstacle, however, Mr. Dillingham often occupied that spare room with the southern exposure, which Mr. Dent had mentioned, sometimes spending several days in succession with his Willowbrook friends. Then they met him continually in society in town, and in point of fact saw as much of him as if he had accepted Mr. Dent's proposition.

This intimacy could not fail to give rise to remarks. It was soon whispered, and not too softly, that the young minister was paying attentions to Mr. Dent's ward. Now, though Prudence's coldness had moderated somewhat, and she no longer had to make exertions to be polite to Mr. Dillingham, Mr. Dillingham had not in the least changed his manner to her. She was aware, and the reflection sometimes piqued her, that she was no better acquainted with him after months of intercourse than she was on the day she first saw him. Perhaps it was her own fault they were not warmer friends in the beginning; but it was not her fault now. She had learned to respect his character, to admire his intellect, and to derive a quiet pleasure from his presence; but she had

evidently not taught him to like her more than he had liked her at the start. This was not flattering under the circumstances. The inference was, Mr. Dillingham disliked her, and tolerated her only on account of his friendship for Mr. Dent.

Prudence secretly resented this, and formed a misty idea that it would be an agreeable thing to have him fall slightly in love with her; not seriously in love, but just enough to enable her to teach him a lesson. This idea, in no respect a commendable one, took a more definite shape, and became almost a wish subsequently. Nice young women are not to be treated cavalierly with impunity.

It was rumored at first that Mr. Dillingham was very much interested in Miss Palfrey; that was sufficiently annoying; but later on, rumor changed its tactics, and reported that Miss Palfrey was very much interested in Mr. Dillingham. Gossip, like Providence, is inscrutable in its ways; it has its laws, we may suppose, clearly defined, if one could get at them; but they are not to be reached by inductive reasoning, and it must remain a mystery how it came to be believed in Rivermouth that Prudence was very unhappy in consequence of her unreturned love for Mr. Dillingham.

To say that she did not hear of this exasperating story as soon as it was born, would be to say that Prudence had no intimate female friend, and there was Miss Veronica Blydenburgh.

"And there isn't the least shadow of truth in it, Prue?" said Veronica.

"Not the faintest. How absurd! I don't care that for him," said Prudence, measuring off an infinitesimal portion of her little finger's tip, "nor he for me. He and Uncle Ralph talk fish-hooks and theology and war, and I don't believe Mr. Dillingham has noticed whether I am sixteen or sixty."

"Dear me!" said Veronica, thoughtfully.

"Mortifying, isn't it?"

"To be sure it is."

"I like him, of course," continued

Prudence; "he is extremely agreeable, and all that. If there was, or could be, anything more, I should be the first to tell you."

"Dear me!" repeated Veronica; "and it came so straight—from the Goldstones, you know;" and Veronica, who had put her interrogation rather solemnly, became unnecessarily merry over the absurdity of the thing.

"The Goldstones?" said Prue. "I am very grateful to them!"

After they had parted, Prudence thought of the abrupt change of mood in her friend, and it brought her to a full stop in the middle of the bridge, for Prudence was walking in from Rivermouth. Then she recalled a trivial incident that had taken place a few nights before in town, at a party at the Blydenburghs'. It had made no impression on her at the time, but now she recalled it. Veronica had missed her bracelet late in the evening, a valuable bracelet, a large opal with diamonds. She had been in the garden; she had danced in the parlors; and had gone twice to the supper-room. The bracelet was not to be found in the house, and Veronica with several of the guests, among others Prudence and Mr. Dillingham, went into the garden to search for it in a certain arbor where ices had been served. There were a score or two of Chinese lanterns hung about the trellis-work, and the place was as light as day. In bending over the sward Mr. Dillingham had inadvertently brushed against Veronica's shoulder,—that round white shoulder which had such an innocent arch way of shrinking from the corsage,—and Veronica had started back with a pretty cry, blushing absurdly. Mr. Dillingham had been disconcerted for an instant, then he had bowed in a formal way to Veronica.

This little scene came up before Prudence's eyes again, and she walked on in a reverie.

"It would be a very good match, though," said Prudence, thinking aloud.

The piece of gossip which Miss Blydenburgh had unfolded to her friend vexed that young lady exceedingly.

The other rumor, placing Mr. Dillingham at her feet, had vexed her too; but that could have been borne. It sank into insignificance beside this new version, in which she was made to play the heroine with disheveled hair and unrequited affections,—a rôle to which she was not kindly disposed; for Prudence was as proud as Mrs. Lucifer, if I may make the comparison without assuming the responsibility of creating the personage.

Prudence's prompt impulse was to fall back on her former frosty manner towards Mr. Dillingham; but that was hardly practicable now; besides, the Rivermouth censors would be sure to misconstrue her indifference and attribute it to wounded vanity.

Her wisest course was to treat Mr. Dillingham naturally, and let the shameless scandal die of its own inanity. He would never hear the silly report; there was no one who would venture to touch on so delicate a matter with him. Even the Widow Mugridge, who was capable of almost anything in that line, might be pictured as shrinking before such an attempt; for though Mr. Dillingham was as generally affable and approachable as the sunshine, his familiarity did not breed contempt. In the sea of adulation that dimpled around him, there was a gentle under-tow of wholesome respect. The young clergyman's independence and sharpness, when called for, were quite well understood in the parish. He had wit, but no humor; and the difference between wit and humor, it seems to me, is just the difference between an open and a shut pen-knife. So there was no chance of anybody coming to him with tittle-tattle, especially about Miss Palfrey.

Having settled this in her mind, Prudence calmed; but the gossip still rankled in her bosom, and she felt it would be a most satisfying vindication and triumph if Mr. Dillingham would only fall in love with her mildly, and afford her the opportunity of proving that she did not care for him, in that way.

In other ways she cared for him

greatly. Indeed, she had a strong desire for his friendship. Every one had always liked her; she had never been courteously snubbed before, or snubbed at all, and had no taste for it. The hurt went deeper than her vanity. It was a shocking novelty to encounter a person—a person whom she esteemed, too—whose whole demeanor said to her as plainly as words, but politely, of course: “Miss Palfrey, when you laugh, and say sharp things to me, I smile upon you; when you are demure and repentant and inclined to be friendly, I smile upon you all the same; for, really, I do not care whether you are amiable or unamiable. It is a matter that concerns you, and you alone.”

If Mr. Dillingham had studied Prudence from her infancy, and had wished to win her regard, he could not have proceeded more judiciously. It is true, John Dent did not win her by this method; but she was younger then, and, maybe, off her guard. Perhaps if John Dent had had it to do over again, he might not have found it so easy. What is efficacious at seventeen or eighteen is by no means certain of success at twenty-one.

Prudence did not think often of John Dent at this epoch. The phantom that had haunted her so long had somehow withdrawn itself. For four or five months now she had breathed with a conscious sense of freedom from the past. Mr. Dent's letters to Montana and California had brought no response, and the subject of the will was one that could well lie in abeyance. Nothing could be done about it, and it was not agreeable to talk or think about.

Mr. Dent observed with pleasure Prudence's growing appreciation of Mr. Dillingham, and had some views which he cautiously kept to himself. Nothing would have delighted him more than to see Prue well married now, however much the idea of losing her had distracted him two or three years before; but he was not going to interfere. He had once come near making her very unhappy, and had learned to distrust his own sagacity in matters of the heart.

He purposed in the present case to let things take their own course.

Things were taking their course, perhaps a little lazily, but on the whole to his satisfaction. Prudence was never so lovely or sweet-tempered, and Mr. Dent wondered time and again that Dillingham did not see more clearly than he seemed to see, that Prudence was a very charming young person. Mr. Dillingham held the stirrup for her to mount Jenny, he folded her shawl neatly under the carriage-seat, and was remiss in none of those attentions which a well-bred man pays to a lady, young or old; but in everything he did or said there was an air of having been introduced to Miss Palfrey yesterday. To be sure, he had once or twice addressed her as "Miss Prudence," instead of Miss Palfrey, striking her speechless with astonishment; but then he had corrected himself in the same breath.

"Why in the deuce does n't he call her Prue, like everybody else?" muttered Mr. Dent. "He has known her five months intimately, and Jack called her Prue after fifteen minutes' acquaintance. But that was Jack all over."

The autumn of this year was unprecendently lovely, — it was one prolonged Indian summer, — and horseback rides early in the morning were the chief diversion at Willowbrook, where Mr. Dillingham frequently remained over night to accompany Mr. Dent and his ward. If Mr. Dillingham had a constitutional objection to breakfasting with the larks, he had none whatever to rising at five o'clock to take a four-mile gallop along the Rivermouth lanes, now wonderful with their brilliant foliage. Prudence was an excellent horsewoman, and never lagged behind her comrades.

"As she fled fast through sun and shade
The happy winds upon her played,
Blowing the ringlet from the braid."

Mr. Dillingham must have been a stupid fellow if he did not notice how this autumnal weather heightened Prue's beauty. She had caught a trick of color from nature, and made the rosy maple-leaves by the roadside seem tame in

tint compared with her rich lips and cheeks.

On one of these excursions Mr. Dent was unlucky enough to sprain his ankle, and the rides came to an end, at least Mr. Dent's did.

Mr. Dillingham, who came often now to read and chat with his friend, rode alone several mornings, and then, rather to the surprise of Prudence, invited her to bear him company.

"Would it be proper for me to go, uncle?" asked Prudence, standing with drooped eyelids by Mr. Dent's lounge.

"Would it be proper!" he echoed. "Why, the female population of Rivermouth would turn out in a body, and Dillingham would certainly meet the fate of old Floyd Ireson, who, as you remember, was 'tarred and feathered and carried in a cart by the women of Marblehead'!"

"Very well, then," cried Prue, gayly, "I'll ride Kate instead of Jenny. Jenny pokes along so, and Mr. Dillingham likes a rapid pace."

"'Pokes along so!' what a phrase from a young lady's lips!" said Mr. Dent, critically.

"I said polks," cried Prue, shamelessly.

Mr. Dillingham unbent a little that morning. Being in some sense a host, he was constrained to look after the entertainment of his guest and render himself agreeable. The ride was without incident, save its uninterrupted pleasantness, and Prudence returned with her cheeks in bloom and her gray eyes with the daybreak in them.

Three or four days afterwards the young minister rode up to the gate just before sundown, and asked if Miss Palfrey would repeat her gallop. He had discovered a road leading to some old earthworks overlooking the harbor, where the sunset was a thing to see. Kate was saddled, and the two young people went off in a cloud of dust, Mr. Dent leaning on a cane at the drawing-room window and smiling on them like an amiable Fate.

Mr. Dent's sprained ankle was a phenomenal case, and I am strongly

tempted to prepare an elaborate paper on the subject for the pages of the Boston Surgical and Medical Gazette. At the time of the accident, — he turned his foot in the stirrup while dismounting, — it was thought serious enough to merit Dr. Tredick's attention, who relieved Prudence's solicitude by treating the injury lightly. But the weakened limb did not recover its strength, even after a course of arnica bandages that ought to have caused a new leg to grow, or at least to have mended the old one though it had been fractured in twenty places.

The ankle did not get well, and science, in the person of Dr. Tredick, was at a loss to explain why, and more especially to explain why it should be most troublesome in the afternoons. Mr. Dent was able in the morning to walk on the piazza or go about the house without excessive inconvenience; but towards three or four o'clock, at which hour Mr. Dillingham generally appeared to inquire after the invalid, Mr. Dent found it necessary to take to the lounge in the parlor, or to sit with his foot supported by another chair.

"Don't mind me, Dillingham," Mr. Dent said one day, with touching cheerfulness. "I shall be all right after a while. I miss our rides confoundedly, and I know you detest riding alone. However, there's Prue; she's better than nobody."

"Oh, you flatter me!" says Prue.

"I fear I have already drawn heavily on Miss Prudence's complaisance," replied Mr. Dillingham. He did not correct himself this time. But Prudence was passionately fond of riding, and to ride with Mr. Dillingham was like waltzing with a good partner. She did not require other incentive. So it came about, owing to Mr. Dent's slow recovery, that she often accompanied the young minister alone, not caring greatly now what people said. She was doing nothing wrong, and the innocent enjoyment was an off-set to any malicious criticism.

Mr. Dillingham had thawed perceptibly, and in a stately style was very gracious to her. Prudence's passing

desire to have him love her a little had evaporated; she was content with his friendship. The severest precisian could have discovered nothing to cavil at in Prudence's conduct. As in the old time she had not flirted with John Dent, so in the new she did not flirt with Mr. Dillingham. She made no eyes at him, as Mr. Dent would have stated it, and would have stated it regretfully.

There was not much conversation during these horseback excursions, which usually had the fort for destination; a swift gallop through the bracing autumn air, a halt in the lonely redoubt to breathe the horses and see the sunset, and a dashing gait homeward, being the ends in view.

It was a charming landscape which unrolled itself, like a colored map, at the foot of the precipitous hill crowned by the deserted earth-works. First came a series of cultivated fields, orchards, and gardens, nestled among which were red-roofed barns and comfortable white farm-houses, with striped chimneys, peering through the leafless tree-tops. Then came the river spanned by a many-arched bridge, linking the picturesque town with the open country. Here and there along the wharves, the slender masts of fishing-smacks shot up sharply. The clusters of round islands in the harbor were like emeralds set in turquoise, for the water here, at certain seasons, is of a singularly opaque blue. Beyond the town lay the bright salt marshes softly folded in an azure arm of the sea. All this, in the glow of the declining sun, was fair to look upon.

One November afternoon, in the middle of the month, Prudence and Mr. Dillingham drew rein within the parade-ground of the old fortification just as the sun was sinking. The embrasure at which they halted formed the frame of a fairy picture in which sea and sky and meadow were taking a hundred opaline tints from the reflection of the sunset. While the horses stood champing the bits, and panting, the two riders let the reins slip idly from their fingers, and sat watching the scene in silence.

In a few minutes the vivid colors faded

out of the sky, save at the horizon, where a strip of angry scarlet still lingered, leaving the landscape of a soft pearly gray. By and by the strip of scarlet melted into cinnabar, then into faint gold, then into silver, then into indistinguishable ashes-of-roses like the rest, and the early twilight stretched across land and sea.

"It is like a dream, isn't it?" murmured Prue to herself, for at the in-

stant she had forgotten the presence of her companion.

Mr. Dillingham leaned forward without speaking, and laid his hand lightly on Prudence's, which rested ungloved on the black mane of the mare.

The girl lifted her eyes with a swift movement to the face of the young minister, and then very slowly withdrew her hand.

"Prue!" said Mr. Dillingham, softly.
T. B. Aldrich.

THE LORD'S-DAY GALE.

IN Gloucester port lie fishing craft, —
More staunch and trim were never seen:
They are sharp before and sheer abaft,
And true their lines the masts between.
Along the wharves of Gloucester Town
Their fares are lightly landed down,
And the laden flakes to sunward lean.

Well know the men each cruising-ground,
And where the cod and mackerel be;
Old Eastern Point the schooners round
And leave Cape Ann on the larboard lee:
Sound are the planks, the hearts are bold,
That brave December's surges cold
On George's shoals in the outer sea.

And some must sail to the banks far north
And set their trawls for the hungry cod, —
In the ghostly fog creep back and forth
By shrouded paths no foot hath trod;
Upon the crews the ice-winds blow,
The bitter sleet, the frozen snow, —
Their lives are in the hand of God!

New England! New England!
Needs sail they must, so brave and poor,
Or June be warm or Winter storm,
Lest a wolf gnaw through the cottage-door!
Three weeks at home, three long months gone,
While the patient good-wives sleep alone,
And wake to hear the breakers roar.

The Grand Bank gathers in its dead, —
The deep sea-sand is their winding sheet;
Who does not George's billows dread
That dash together the drifting fleet?
Who does not long to hear, in May,
The pleasant wash of Saint Lawrence Bay,
The fairest ground where fishermen meet?

There the west wave holds the red sunlight
Till the bells at home are rung for nine:
Short, short the watch, and calm the night;
The fiery northern streamers shine;
The eastern sky anon is gold,
And winds from piny forests old
Scatter the white mists off the brine.

The Province craft with ours at morn
Are mingled when the vapors shift;
All day, by breeze and current borne,
Across the bay the sailors drift;
With toll and seine its wealth they win, —
The dappled, silvery spoil come in
Fast as their hands can haul and lift.

New England! New England!
Thou lovest well thine ocean main!
It spreadeth its locks among thy rocks,
And long against thy heart hath lain;
Thy ships upon its bosom ride
And feel the heaving of its tide;
To thee its secret speech is plain.

Cape Breton and Edward Isle between,
In strait and gulf the schooners lay;
The sea was all at peace, I ween,
The night before that August day;
Was never a Gloucester skipper there,
But thought ere long, with a right good fare,
To sail for home from Saint Lawrence Bay.

New England! New England!
Thy giant's love was turned to hate!
The winds control his fickle soul,
And in his wrath he hath no mate.
Thy shores his angry scourges tear,
And for thy children in his care
The sudden tempests lie in wait.

The East Wind gathered all unknown, —
A thick sea-cloud his course before;
He left by night the frozen zone
And smote the cliffs of Labrador;

He lashed the coasts on either hand,
And betwixt the Cape and Newfoundland
Into the Bay his armies pour.

He caught our helpless cruisers there
As a gray wolf harries the huddling fold;
A sleet — a darkness — filled the air,
A shuddering wave before it rolled :
That Lord's-Day morn it was a breeze, —
At noon, a blast that shook the seas, —
At night — a wind of Death took hold!

It leapt across the Breton bar,
A death-wind from the stormy East!
It scarred the land, and whirled afar
The sheltering thatch of man and beast;
It mingled rick and roof and tree,
And like a besom swept the sea,
And churned the waters into yeast.

From Saint Paul's light to Edward Isle
A thousand craft it smote amain;
And some against it strove the while,
And more to make a port were fain:
The mackerel-gulls flew screaming past,
And the stick that bent to the noonday blast
Was split by the sundown hurricane.

Woe, woe to those whom the islands pen!
In vain they shun the double capes:
Cruel are the reefs of Magdalen;
The Wolf's white fang what prey escapes?
The Grin'stone grinds the bones of some,
And Coffin Isle is craped with foam; —
On Deadman's shore are fearful shapes!

Oh, what can live on the open sea,
Or moored in port the gale outride?
The very craft that at anchor be
Are dragged along by the swollen tide!
The great storm-wave came rolling west,
And tossed the vessels on its crest:
The ancient bounds its might defied!

The ebb to check it had no power;
The surf ran up an untold height;
It rose, nor yielded, hour by hour,
A night and day, a day and night;
Far up the seething shores it cast
The wrecks of hull and spar and mast,
The strangled crews, — a woeful sight!

There were twenty and more of Breton sail
Fast anchored on one mooring-ground;
Each lay within his neighbor's hail,
When the thick of the tempest closed them round :
All sank at once in the gaping sea, —
Somewhere on the shoals their corpses be,
The foundered hulks, and the seamen drowned.

On reef and bar our schooners drove
Before the wind, before the swell;
By the steep sand-cliffs their ribs were stove, —
Long, long, their crews the tale shall tell!
Of the Gloucester fleet are wrecks three-score;
Of the Province sail two hundred more
Were stranded in that tempest fell.

The bed-time bells in Gloucester Town
That Sabbath night rang soft and clear;
The sailors' children laid them down, —
Dear Lord ! their sweet prayers couldst thou hear?
'T is said that gently blew the winds;
The good-wives, through the seaward blinds,
Looked down the bay and had no fear.

New England! New England!
Thy ports their dauntless seamen mourn;
The twin capes yearn for their return
Who never shall be thither borne;
Their orphans whisper as they meet;
The homes are dark in many a street,
And women move in weeds forlorn.

And wilt thou quail, and dost thou fear?
Ah, no! though widows' cheeks are pale,
The lads shall say: "Another year,
And we shall be of age to sail!"
And the mothers' hearts shall fill with pride,
Though tears drop fast for them who died
When the fleet was wrecked in the Lord's-Day gale.

Edmund C. Stedman.

MISTRAL'S CALENDAU.

NINE years after the appearance of *Mirèio*, Frédéric Mistral published simultaneously at Avignon and at Paris, and in parallel Provençal and French, a second poem of heroic proportions, entitled *Calendau*. The critics, who had been quite thrown off their guard by the strangeness and the sweetness, the innocent ardor and frank garrulity of the earlier poem, were far more wary in their reception of its successor. Their verdict was unanimously and even emphatically favorable, but it was still a verdict, not a startled cry of admiration. *Calendau* won priceless praise, but it created comparatively no excitement, was not long talked about, and never, we believe, translated.

It is proposed to give some account of this riper and more formal production of M. Mistral's genius, which, if it have not quite the wayward and fascinating audacity of its elder, does yet give evidence of immense vigor in its author, and of a wealth of imagination sufficiently rare; while it seems to include almost all of legendary and picturesque Provence not portrayed, or at least touched with light, in the previous work.

The reader of *Calendau* must begin by disabusing himself of the idea that the sensations which he received from *Mirèio* are to be precisely repeated. Nothing, indeed, is in the nature of things more unlikely than that we shall be twice surprised by the same person, in the same way. The curious *naïveté* of the former tale is abandoned, perhaps deliberately, along with the rather transparent pretense of singing for "shepherds and farmer-folk alone." The usual reading public is addressed in *Calendau*, and means not wholly unusual are employed to excite and detain our interest.

In the first place the lovers in *Calendau* are not children. They are young, indeed, to judge by our slow northern standards, but they are, to all intents,

man and woman, and the lady at least has lived and suffered much when we see her first. Then, it is not a story of to-day; and there can be no doubt that the romantic charm of *Mirèio* is perpetually enhanced by the wonder that so artless and idyllic a life as the one there described can be lived anywhere at the present time. The date of *Calendau's* adventures is placed a hundred years back, and very skillfully. In the dark and desperate times which preceded the outbreak of the first great revolution in France, rapine and bloodshed, flight, treachery, and siege were matters of frequent occurrence, and the wildest incidents were unhappily probable. Moreover, the shadows of even one century are sufficient to confuse the wavering line between nature and the supernatural, and thus to afford all needful latitude to an imagination which, although capable, as we know, of a most winning playfulness, does yet appear to be essentially sombre. And this introduction of a semi-supernatural element, together with the stress continually laid on the ancient literature and mediæval honors of Provence, impart to *Calendau* a kind of transitional character, which is far from impairing its interest. The work seems, whether the author intended it or no, almost to bridge the strange chasm between the old Provençal poetry and the new, and to give an effect of continuity to the unique and brilliant literature of Southern France. And if the fresh realism of *Mirèio* be not here, and we deem this a little more like ordinary books than the other, that very likeness is also of use sometimes, as affording us a distinct and accurate measure of the poet's own undeniable originality.

He opens his poem conventionally with an allusion to his earlier effort, and in the same metre.

I, who once sang the love and sorrows sore
Of a young maiden, now essay once more —

God helping me — to tell a tale of love;
How a poor fisherman of Cassis strove
And suffered, till he won a shining crown,
Stainless delights, and honor, and renown.

There follows an invocation to the spirit of Provence, as illustrated in the famous past, and then the opening scene of the story, which is characterized by a suppressed fervor, a kind of silent intensity of light and color and emotion, hardly to be paralleled in English verse.

One summer day, from a high mountain-seat,
Rock-built and with the blossoming heather sweet,
Two lovers watched the white caps come and go
Like lambs upon the shining sea below,
While the note only of the woodpecker
Startled the silence of the noontide clear.

Cornice-like hung in air the narrow ledge,
The dark pines thronged beneath; but, from the edge,

One saw the sun-touched faces of the trees
Laugh to the laughter of the southern seas.
White on the beach gleamed Cassis: far away
Sparkled Toulon, and the blue Gardiole I lay

Cloud-like along the deep. So spake the youth
Unto the maiden: "Never, in good sooth,
Did hare or pigeon eager huntsman tire
Like thee! Have I not won at thy desire
Fortune and fame, and wrought all prodigies?
Poor dreamer whom my dream forever flies!"

And he goes on to describe, in ardent fashion, the impossibilities he would yet undertake for the sure hope of winning her. The lady answers with tears in her divine eyes, owning for the first time, seemingly, that she loves him, and him alone, but hinting at some insurmountable obstacle to their union. Her lover interrupts her with a burst of impetuous gratitude for her confession:—

"Why should not then our joy be perfected?
We love, we are young, we are free as birds!" he said.

"Look! how the glowing Nature all around
Lies in the soft arms of the Summer bound,
Courts the endearments of the tawny queen,
And drinks the breath of her dark beauty in!"

"The azure peaks, the faint, far hills, lay bare
Their beating bosoms to the radiant air.
The changeful sea below us, clear as glass,
Hinders the ardent sun-rays not to pass
Into its deepest depth; and joys no less
Of Rhone and Var, to feel the mute caress.

"Nay, do not speak! But hark how earth and sea
Have both one language, how exultantly
They tell the passionate need they have of love!
Dost tremble, sweet? I bid thy fear remove.

1 *La Gardiole*. A mountain chain bordering on the sea between Cassis and Marseilles.

Come, let me lead thee to the altar straight,
Life at its longest is too brief!" "Oh, Fate!

"Oh, cruel star!" brake forth the woman's wail.
"Thou must not! Cease, in God's name, lest I fail
To keep my truth."

And after murmuring something of dishonor to an ancient and unstained name, she breaks off with a passionate prayer that the sombre woods and mountain solitudes about her may continue to shelter her, as they have hitherto, from the wrath of her enemies, and the seductions of her own heart. There follows a picture of the two lovers, without which the reader can hardly form a clear idea of their personality.

She sprang upon her feet, inspired, erect.
Oh, beauteous was her head! and well-bedecked
By its dense coronal of shining hair,
Whereof the twin-coils were as broom-boughs fair
With yellow flower, and from her eye sincere
Storms might have fled, and left the heavens clear.

White were her teeth, as the fine salt of Berre,²
And shy, at times, the lofty glances were
Of the proud orbs, whose wondrous hue recalled
The steadfast splendors of the emerald.
And desert sunshine faint reflected shone
In the warm tint her peach-like cheeks upon.

So towered the lithe, tall shape divinely molded
By the white linen robe her limbs that folded.
While, at her knees, her rapt love listening,
As in the blue he heard an angel sing,
Leaned on his elbow with up-gazing eyes,
And he, — he too was made in splendid wise:

With supple limbs, yet strong as sail-yards be
(A score of years or barely more, had he),
And large eyes sad with love, and black as night;
The down upon his lip was soft and light
As on vine branches —

He renews his suit in the most fervid and persuasive terms, and, when he is again tenderly repulsed, grows keenly reproachful and hints at toils and sufferings undergone for her sake, which he scorns to dwell upon in detail. Is she a woman, he demands at length, or is she Esterello, the fairy who is said to haunt that mountain region, teasing men with her loveliness, luring them to her pursuit, but always eluding them in the end? And she replies, in sad jest, that she is Esterello, and can never reward, however she may return, any mortal love. Then she invites him to a grotto hard by, where the stalactites weep perpetual pearls.

2 The salt obtained from the salt-mines of Berre, a small village near Aix, is considered the finest in France.

"And this, my friend," she in her dreamy way,
 "Is Esterello's palace! Look, I pray,
 At these fair hangings! God himself," said she,
 "Wrought all this foliage of white jewelry
 The rainfall feeds. Wilt try my leaf couch here?
 My only seat, — but heights are ever drear.

"Is it not sweet here? This most quiet spot
 The raging heats of summer enter not,
 But all is cool." He took the leafy seat,
 She dropped upon her knees beside his feet,
 And the strange light that flooded all the place
 Clothed them, as in one garment, with its rays.

In this becoming attitude the lady tells her true story. She was, by birth, a princess of Baux, the last representative of one of the most ancient and illustrious houses in Provence. In her impoverished orphanhood, for only the Castle of Aiglun had descended to her out of all the vast possessions of her family, she had had many suitors, and had fixed her choice upon the least worthy. He was a stranger of brilliant and commanding, but always sinister, appearance, whom, when benighted in a great storm, she had received into her castle, who had described himself to her as Count Severan, an adventurer of high birth with a large secret following, by the help of which he intended one day to avenge upon a corrupt government the wrongs of their beautiful province, and who had completely subjugated the fancy of the young girl. Their bans were hastily published, and the night of their wedding-feast arrived, but, as the bridegroom presented the guests, one after another, by high-sounding but wholly unfamiliar names, the bride noted with terror that they had more the air of *come* (that is, the overseers of gangs of galley slaves) than of gentlemen. A scene of furious revelry ensued, but while the bridegroom was in the midst of a pompous oration, there forced his way into the brilliant hall an unbidden guest.

He stopped midway of his insensate boast,
 For in the open doorway rose a ghost.
 An old, most miserable, coarse-clad man,
 Down whose gaunt cheeks the grimy sweat-drops

ran,
 The threshold crossed of that high banquet-hall,
 And stood, a loathly shape, before us all.

White turned the bridegroom, and a deadly ray
 Leaped from his eyes as he the steps would stay
 Of the strange comer, but it might not be.
 Forward he came silently, solemnly,
 As when God takes a beggar's shape sometimes
 The rich man to confound amid his crimes.

With slowly-trailing steps he neared the host,
 And scanned him long with lean arms tightly
 crossed.

Till on the breast of each expectant one,
 Great terror fell as with a weight of stone.
 An icy wind blew from the night, and flared
 The festal lamps, and at last some one dared

To break the silence with a brutal sneer —
 "Ho for a funio, this curst laud to clear
 Of beggar vermin! or in four more days
 We are devoured!" "What dost thou in this place,
 And with this bridal pair, old fool?" they cried.
 The insulted stranger not a word replied.

Then some began to jeer his hairless pate,
 His bloodshot eyes, and heavy, shambling gait:
 "Were it not better, thou ill-omened bird,
 To hide thy glum face in thy hole?" He heard
 And still unrummuring each affront he took,
 Yet on the host bent one beseeching look.

But others — "Come, old fellow, these fine folk
 Are not worth minding! They must have their
 joke

But do thou glean about the board! Make haste,
 And snatch a joint or carcass where thou mayst;
 Look! Are thy jaws not equal to a chine
 Of pork? Or wilt toss off a cup of wine?"

"Nay, masters," answered wearily and slow
 The wan intruder; "you'll not tempt me so,
 For I want no man's leavings. I am here
 To seek my son." "His son?" 'Tis mighty queer!
 Why, pray, should this old snakeskin vender's son
 Be haunting the fine lady of Aiglun?"

There was a base doubt in the mocking look
 Of them which stung, and I could ill brook.
 But still they plied him: "Tell us which he is,
 This son of thine, and tell the truth in this,
 Or from the gargoye of the highest tower
 Of old Aiglun thou'lt dangle in an hour!"

Then the old man: "Behold, I am denied!
 Spurned like the sweeping of the floor aside!
 Now shall ye hear the raven croak!" quoth he,
 And rose up in his rags right awfully.
 "Hold!" cried the Count, "out with him from the
 hall!"

Stony his face, and pallid as the wall.

"Fall on him, valets! Hunt the spectral thing!"
 Two tears that I can yet see glistening,
 Hot, bitter tears in aged eyes and weak,
 Rose and rolled down the beggar's furrowed cheek.
 Heart-rending memory! Pale as death we grew,
 While he took up his broken tale anew.

"I am like Death," he moaned, "of all forgot!
 Yet comes he to the feast, though bidden not.
 Oh, ay, and woe is me! I fain once more
 Would see my son — he drives me from his door.
 'Fall on him! Hunt him!' says he in his ire;
 Thou haughty bridegroom, I am still thy sire."

The beggar then turns upon the horrified bride, and denounces his unnatural child to her as a base-born churl, a common robber, a murderer. None dares dispute, or seeks to detain him as he turns to leave the hall, save the lady herself, who, in her first revulsion of feeling, springs forward, calling the old man *father*, and praying him to stay.

He puts her aside with a pitying prophecy, and she swoons away. Awakening late in the night, she finds herself in her own chamber with only her old nurse mourning over her. The castle is still. She collects her thoughts, realizes the ruin that has befallen her life, thanks God that she is, at least, the wife of Severan only in name, and resolves to fly, leaving her ancestral home in the possession of the banditti below. After long wanderings and many privations, she had made herself a kind of hermitage on this Mount Gibal, at the southern extremity of Provence, where she had ever since lived a mysterious and ascetic life, accounted a supernatural being by the peasantry who caught occasional glimpses of her. Here Calendau, the brave young fisherman from Cassis on the beach below, had long since found, and loved, and sought to woo her, although himself regarding her with a kind of superstitious awe. Hence, after the fantastic fashion of the ladies of old, she had sent him forth to deeds of high emprise, which he had achieved one after another, returning to lay his trophies at her feet, and only now, after many such adventures, to learn that his lady returned his love and to hear her tragic story.

She ceased. As one who from an evil dream Awakes, Calendau rose, fist clenched, a gleam Of fury in his eyes. "No longer fear Thy bandit lord, but think that I am here, Adore, and will release thee! He or I, I swear it by the fires of hell, shall die."

But she: "Ah no! Thine eyes affright me more Than ever he. Go not! Stain not with gore Our sinless love!" "Nay, but his life must end!" "Am I not then thy sister, thy sweet friend? Oh, leave me not!" He answered sullenly, "I have one only word: *The wretch shall die*, —

"Being a robber and accurst. And oh, Thou knowest full well whether I love or no." "I will no murderer's love! All undefiled The hand I take must be." He said, and smiled, "Princess, fear not! This hand hath ne'er a stain, And white for thy dear sake it shall remain.

"Not as a felon will I seek his death, But as one brave another challengeth, I will appease my wrath! Alone, breast bare I will go down into the tiger's lair, — God grant my foot slip not! — and once within Will suite amid his band this new Mandrin.¹

¹ Mandrin, a famous brigand chief, was born in 1715, at Sainte-Etienne-de-Geoirs, in Dauphiny, and broken on the wheel at Valence, in 1755.

"Farewell, my queen!" He said, and made one dash, Swift as the swamp-fire's gleam, the lightning's flash, Forth of the grot, then paused. She, at his side, "Thou goest to thy death!" in anguish cried, "Cannot love stay thee? Art thou mad to brave Twenty fierce outlaws in their highland cave?"

"Yea, were there twenty thousand in their stead, I would not strike my sail! Behold," he said, "Love is my strength, — what better following?" Adown the mount he plunged with valiant spring, Flung back his vest as the bold Gascons do, And turned him to far lands and conflicts new.

The third canto opens with a rapid account of Calendau's journey across Provence. It is a series of pictures, each brilliant, distinct, and harmonious in coloring, a lovely panoramic view. M. Mistral had shown himself a master of this kind of painting in those cantos of *Mirèio* which describe the muster of the farm laborers, and the flight of the heroine across La Crau and Camargue. We cull a stanza here and there.

Afar over the sage-fields hummed the bees, Fluttered the birds about the sumac-trees. How lucid was the air of that sweet day! How fair upon the slopes the shadows lay! The ranged and pillared rocks seemed to upbear Levels of green land, like some altar-stair.

O'er the sheer verge the golden pumpkin hung His heavy head, the rock-born aloes flung Its flowery rays abroad like God's own lustre. Deep in the dells, full many a coral cluster The barberry ripened. The pomegranate red Reared like an Indian cock its crested head.

As Calendau drew near his lady's ancestral home, he asked of all he met the way to the Castle of Aiglun.

"O, cheery plowman, in thy furrow toiling, O, merry pitch-man, thy sweet resin boiling, How far from this to old Aiglun?" he cried, "Climb, gallant, climb!" the laborers replied; "Then down the deepest chasm, if so be The horrid heights no terror have for thee."

So he went down the deep, chill, darksome vale. The frowning precipice well-nigh made full Even his high heart. There the unwilling day On snake and lizard flings one noontide ray, Then hides behind the cliff. The gorge along Tumbles in foam the angry Esteron.

Presently, however, the defile widened, giving to view an open space where Calendau came suddenly upon the self-styled count himself, surrounded by some thirty or forty of his followers, both men and women. The outlaws were reposing after the fatigues of the chase, and taking their noonday lunch upon the sunlit turf. The intruder is of course ordered to stand and deliver, but

his beauty attracts the women, and his boldness the men. The count himself sees in the audacious stranger a possible recruit, and the end of it all is that he is invited to share their repast on condition that he will tell his story, and declare his business there. Calendau asked no better. His tale, he says, is one of love, and of many labors wrought in the hope of rendering himself worthy of his lady's distinguished favor. Some say that lady is a fairy, Esterello by name, and it is certain that she lives alone in a wild solitude, that her beauty is more than human, and her thoughts and visions too high for earth. At all events he will call her Esterello.

The next six cantos are occupied chiefly with Calendau's recital of his own exploits. After each feat performed he seeks his lady in her retreat, but finds her for a time ever harder and harder to win. The strenuous and often rude action of the hero's narrative is beautifully broken and relieved by the moonlight quiet and mystery of these scenes upon the mountain. Other themes are also introduced, which both lighten the monotony of grotesque or stern adventure, and assist in preserving the continuity of the main story: the irrepressible comments of Calendau's listeners; the wonder, and sometimes incredulity of the men; the sentimental admiration of the women; and, on the part of Severan himself, the secret suspicion, early aroused and constantly strengthened, that Calendau's austere and angelic lady-love is none other than his own fugitive bride, of whom he had never been able to obtain a trace. He chooses, however, to allow the young enthusiast to finish his tale, both that he may become possessed of the fullest possible information, and also that he may have time to mature some perfectly effectual plan of vengeance on the two.

Calendau begins by telling them that his own birth was humble. He came of honest and thrifty fisherfolk from Cassis, on the Mediterranean coast, and he cannot help lingering lovingly over some of the details of his simple early life.

"I would you once had seen the goodly sight,
The Cassis men under the evening light!
And in the cool, when they put out to sea,
Hundreds of fishing craft go silently
And lightly forth, like a great flock of plover,
And spread abroad the heaving billows over.

"And the wives linger in the lone doorways,
Watching, with what a long and serious gaze,
For the last glimmer of the swelling sail.
And if the sea but freshen, they turn pale,
For well they know how treacherous he is,
That cruel deep — for all his flatteries.

"But when the salt sea thunders with the shocks
Of rude assault from the great equinox,
And bits of foundered craft bestrew the shores,
Then can we naught but close our cottage doors,
And young and old about the warm fireside
Wait the returning of the summer-tide.

"Ah! those were evenings — when the autumn
gales

Blew loud, and mother mended the rent sails
With homespun thread; ay, and we youngsters too
Were set to drive the needle through and through
The gaping nets, and tie the meshes all
There where they hung suspended on the wall.

"And in his tall chair by the ingle nook
My father sat, with aye some antique book
Laid reverently open on his knee.
And 'Listen, and forget the rain,' quoth he,
Blew back his mark, and read some tale divine
Of old Provençal days, by the fire-shine."

But Calendau asks pardon for dwelling on these scenes of childhood. Manhood had begun for him when he met his lady in the forest. He had first thought to win her with gold, and had undertaken to make himself rich by the difficult and dangerous tunny-fishing of the Mediterranean coast, in which immense fortunes are sometimes made. The fifth canto of the poem *La Madrugada* describes this exciting sport. The sketch is one of great power, and has a kind of restless brilliancy. Many local legends and wild superstitions of the coast are introduced, yet it is intensely real. We give the passage which describes Calendau's crowning success:—

"But when with dawn the pallid moon had set,
The whole unnumbered shoal into the net
Came pouring. Ah, but then I was elate!
Drunk with my joy, thought I had conquered fate;
'Now, love,' I said, 'thou shalt have gems and gems;
I'll spoil the goldsmiths for thy diadems!'

"Love is the sun, the king of all this earth —
He fires, unites, fulfills with joy, gives birth,
Calls from the dead the living by the score,
And kindles war, and doth sweet peace restore.
Lord of the land, lord of the deep is he,
Piercing the very monsters of the sea

"With fire-tipped arrows. Lo the tunny yon'
Now in one silver phalanx press they on;

Anon they petulantly part and spring
And plunge and toss, their armor glittering
Steel-blue upon their crystal field of fight,
Or rosy underneath the growing light.

"'T was nuptial bliss they sought. What haste!
What fire!

With the strong rush of amorous desire
Spots of intense vermilion went and came
On some, like sparkles of a restless flame,
A royal scarf, a livery of gold,
A wedding robe, fading as love grew cold.

"So at the last came one prodigious swell,
And the last line, that seemed invincible,
Brake with the pressure, and our boats leaped high.
'Huzza! the prey is caged!' we wildly cry;
'Courage, my lads, and don't forget the oil!
The fish we have, — let not the dressing spoil!

"'Bout ship!' We bent our shoulders with a will,
Our oars we plucked sturdily but still,
And the gay cohort, late alive with light,
Owned, with a swift despair, its prisoned plight,
And where it leaped with amorous content,
Quivered and plunged in fury impotent.

"'Now then, draw in! But easy, comrades bold,
We are not gathering figs!' 1 And all laid hold
With tug and strain to land the living prize,
Fruit of the treacherous sea. In ecstasies
Of rage our victims on each other flew,
Dashing the fishers o'er with bitter dew.

"Too like, too like our own unhappy people,
Who, when the tocsin clangs from tower and steepie
Peril to freedom and the land we cherish,
Insensate turn like those foredoomed to perish,
Brother on brother laying reckless hand,
Till comes a foreign lord to still the land.

"Yet had we brave and splendid sport, I ween,
For some with tridents, some with lances keen
Fell on the prey. And some were skilled to fling
A winged dart held by a slender string.
The wounded wretches 'neath the wave withdrew,
Trailing red lines along the mirror blue.

"Slowly the net brimful of treasure mounted;
Silver was there, turquoise and gold uncounted,
Rubies and emeralds million-rayed. The men
Flung them thereon like eager children when
They stay their mother's footsteps to explore
Her apron bursting with its summer store

"Of apricots and cherries."

The wealth thus suddenly acquired
Calendau spends with ostentatious pro-
fusion. He appoints a *fête* at Cassis,
to be celebrated with public games,
boat-racing, and trials of strength, and
promises largess to the crowd. He then
buys the costliest trinkets, fit only for a
queen's casket, and proceeds to offer
them to his Esterello, by whom they are
refused with a sort of gentle disdain.
She reminds him that she has no fur-

1 *Eico n'es pas de figo bourjassoto*. A popular
proverb signifying, It is no trivial matter. The
bourjassoto is a species of black fig.

ther use for jewelry, and that the field-
flowers are, for her, a far more appro-
priate garniture, and she reproves his
shallow confidence and youthful vanity.
Still further mortification awaits him
at the Cassis fête, to which the next canto
is devoted, and where he had antici-
pated a public ovation; but where
certain comrades, who are jealous of
his prosperity, overcome him by treach-
ery in the games, and poison the minds
of his townsfolk against him. Wounded
and sore, both in body and mind, he
repairs again to his fair recluse, and
this time she is kinder.

"I came once more unto my lady's eyrie,
Heart hot with sense of wrong and limbs a-weary,
And oh, the rest I found there, and the balm!
Coolness as of clear water, and a calm
Celestial. 'Oh entreat me pityingly,
My strange white Fay,' I said; 'no gems have I

"For thee to-day. One only laurel-bough
Thick set with thorns is all I offer now;
And so I dropped under the shady trees,
And told her of my hard-won victories, —
All barren, — and my shame; and she, grave-eyed,
Looked up and listened from the grass beside."

Then she tells him a thrilling story,
or rather chants him a ballad, out of that
legendary lore of Provence with which
her memory is stored, and on which, in
her solitude, her imagination is ever
brooding. We give it entire: —

At Arles in the Carolingian days,
By the swift Rhône water,
A hundred thousand on either side,
Christian and Saracen fought till the tide
Ran red with the slaughter.

May God forefend such another flood
Of direful war!
The Count of Orange on that black morn
By seven great kings was overborne,
And fled afar,

Whenas he would avenge the death
Of his nephew slain.
Now are the kings upon his trail;
He slays as he flies; like fiery hail
His sword-strokes rain.

He hies him into the Aliscamp,¹ —
No shelter there!
A Moorish hive is the home of the dead,
And hard he spurs his goodly steed
In his despair.

Over the mountain and over the moor
Flies Count Guillaume;
By sun and by moon he ever sees
The coming cloud of his enemies;
Thus gains his home,

1 The Aliscamp, that is, *Elysii Campi* — an an-
cient cemetery near Arles, supposed to have been
consecrated by Christ in person.

Halts, and lifts at the castle gate
 A mighty cry,
 Calling his haughty wife by name,
 "Guibour, Guibour, my gentle dame,
 Open! 'Tis I!"

"Open the gate to thy Guillaume
 Ta'en is the city
 By thirty thousand Saracen,
 Lo, they are hunting me to my den;
 Guibour, have pity!"

But the countess from the rampart cried,
 "Nay, chevalier,
 I will not open my gates to thee;
 For, save the women and babes," said she,
 "Whom I shelter here,

"And the priest who keeps the lamps alight,
 Alone am I.
 My brave Guillaume and his barons all
 Are fighting the Moor by the Aiscamp wall,
 And scorn to fly!"

"Guibour, Guibour, it is I myself!
 And those men of mine
 (God rest their souls!), they are dead," he cried,
 "Or rowing with slaves on the salt sea-tide.
 I have seen the shine

"Of Arles on fire in the dying day;
 I have heard one shriek
 Go up from all the arenas where
 The nuns disfigure their bodies fair
 Lest the Marran wreck

"His brutal will. Avignon's self
 Will fall to-day!
 Sweetheart, I faint; oh let me in
 Before the savage Mograbin
 Fall on his prey!"

"I swear thou liest," cried Guibour,
 "Thou base deceiver!
 Thou art perchance thyself a Moor
 Who whinest thus outside my door,
 My Guillaume, never!"

"Guillaume to look on burning towns
 And fired by — *thee*!
 Guillaume to see his comrades die,
 Or borne to sore captivity,
 And then to *flee*!

"He knows not flight! He is a tower
 Where others fly!
 The heathen spoiler's doom is sure,
 The virgin's honor aye secure,
 When he is by!"

"Guillaume leapt up, his bridle set
 Between his teeth,
 While tears of love and tears of shame
 Under his burning eyelids came,
 And hard drew breath

And seized his sword and plunged his spurs
 Right deep, and so
 A storm, a demon, did descend
 To roar and smite, to rout and rend
 The Moorish foe.

As when one shakes an almond-tree,
 The heathen slain
 Upon the tender grass fall thick
 Until the flying remnant seek
 Their ships again.

Four kings with his own hand he slew,
 And when once more
 He turned him homeward from the fight,
 Upon the drawbridge long in sight
 Stood brave Guibour.

"By the great gateway enter in,
 My Lord!" she cried,
 And might no further welcome speak,
 But loosed his helm, and kissed his cheek,
 With tears of pride.

The docile Calendau goes on his way
 inspired and heartened. His next feat
 is to scale Ventour, the most precipitous
 peak in Provence, hitherto considered
 inaccessible, and he signalizes his
 achievement by felling a grove of
 larches on the very crest of the mount-
 ain. The difficult ascent is very graph-
 ically described:—

"Savage at once and sheer, yon tower of rocks;
 To tufts of lavender and roots of box
 I needs must cling, and as my feet I ground
 In the thin soil, the little stones would bound
 With ringing cry from off the precipice,
 And plunge in horror down the long abyss.

"Sometimes my path along the mountain face
 Would narrow to a thread; I must retrace
 My steps and seek some longer, wearier way.
 And if I had turned dizzy in that day,
 Or storm had overtaken me, then sure
 I had lain mangled at thy feet, Ventour.

"But God preserved me. Rarely as I strove
 With only death in view, I heard above
 Some solitary sky-lark wing her flight
 Afar, then all was still. Only by night
 God visits these drear places. Chery hum
 Of insect rings there never. All is dumb.

"Oft as the skeleton of some old yew,
 In a deep chasm, caught my downward view,
 'Thou art there!' I cried; and straightway did dis-
 cover
 New realms of wood towering the others over,
 A deeper depth of shadows. Ah, methought
 Those were enchanted solitudes I sought!

"From sun to sun I clambered, clinging fast
 Till all my nails were broken. At the last,
 The utter last, — oh palms of God — I caught
 The soft larch-murmur near me, and distraught,
 Embraced the foremost trunk, and forward fell,
 How broken, drenched, and dead, no words can tell!

"But sleep renews. I slept, and with the dawn
 A fresh wind blew, and all the pain was gone,
 And I rose up both stout of limb and glad;
 Bread in my sack for nine full days I had,
 A drinking-flask, a hatchet, and a knife
 Wherewith to carve the story of my strife

"Upon the trunks. Ah! fine that early breeze
 On old Ventour, rushing through all the trees!
 A symphony sublime I seemed to hear,
 Where all the hills and vales gave answer clear,
 Harmonious. In a stately melancholy
 From the sun's cheerful glances hidden wholly

"By the black raiment of their foliage
The larches rose. No tempest's utmost rage
Could shake them, but with huge limbs close entwined,
Mute they turned their faces to the wind;
Some hear with mold and moss, while some lay prone
Shrouded in the dead leaves of years agone.

"A sudden fear assailed my spirit bold.
'O kingly trees!' I cried; 'O hermits old!
All hail, and pardon! And thou too, Ventour,
Long steeled the tempest's torment to endure,
Wilt thou not howl in all thy caves to-day,
Because thy stately crown is rent away?"

"But now the deed is done, the battle dared.
Mightily swings the ax, and rent and scared
Are the millennial slumbers of the place.
Mightily cleaves the iron relentless ways
Along the wood, and every resinous scale
Weeps drops of gold, but these shall not avail

"To stay the slaughter. A heart-rending shriek
Springs, as the great trunk parts, from root to peak;
From bough to bough quivers a dying groan,
As falls the monarch headlong from his throne,
And thunders down the vale, spreading about
Tumult and din as of a water-spout."

Not content with the havoc thus wrought in the forest solitudes, and the consternation excited in the valley below, and heedless even of the blandishments of a certain lady of Maltbrun, who desires to regale and refresh him in her highland castle after his exploit, Calendau next assails what is called the Honey-comb Rock, a series of clefts and fissures where the mountain bees have been for ages depositing their honey undisturbed; and barely escapes with his life from the consequences of this last piece of bravado. But when he approaches Esterello once more, bearing a larch bough and a slice of honey-comb as his trophies, he finds her rather amused, than overawed, by his latest achievement. She cannot help praising his prowess, and half relenting to his fantastic fidelity, but she declares her fervent and somewhat mystical belief, that the solitudes of nature are sacred, and that he who wantonly invades and violates them deserves a severe punishment. She reminds him once more that her beloved heroes of old fought to redress human wrong, and mitigate human suffering, and tries to awaken him to a higher ideal of life and love. Count Severan can hardly restrain himself at this stage of the story.

"Go then in peace," she said, "and if one day
A man and knight indeed thou comest my way,
Then, — with a sudden smile, — 'then I will tell
Whether I found thy honey sweet!' Ah well,
Bright seemed the word, and kind, and the day
bright,
And the birds sang, and the stream leapt in light.

"So, at the last, thou hadst her?" Severan
Burst forth. "Thy tale is growing tedious, man.
'Pardon, my gracious lord!' Calendau cried,
'And deign a little longer to abide;
'T were base to cheat your honor of the rest,
Seeing my story's end will be its best!'"

In the eighth canto, Calendau signalizes his devotion to a loftier ambition, by interposing between two hostile bands of freemasons, whom he finds one day engaged in a fierce and sanguinary fight, and finally, by common consent of the parties, arbitrating and restoring peace among them. The theme hardly seems a very poetic one, but it is treated with the dignity which never forsakes Mistral, — a deal of strange and sombre history, or rather mythology, is introduced, and the rival claims and bizarre pretensions of the children of Hiram and Solomon are detailed with a certain weird pomp. Again Severan interrupts Calendau's narrative fiercely and scornfully, and with a wrathful side-glance at the listeners who hang upon his lips.

"At least they named thee their Grand-Chief, I hope,
Their master, king, — whate'er they call it, — pope,"
Missed Severan. "Nay," was the tranquil word,
"Nor pope, nor king, nor general; but, my lord,
Provence and Aquitaine, do not forget,
Will one day give me a name nobler yet, —

"He who won Esterello." "Oh, have done!"
The huntresses 'gan clamor, all as one;
"Nor look that look that freezes all our blood!"
For now, with lifted eyes the hero stood,
And sweet and misty was their gaze afar,
Like his who sees a vision or a star.

And now Calendau goes on to relate how he addressed himself to the most perilous and unselfish of all his undertakings, — the achievement of which brings the reader to the commencement of the story. There was a certain brigand named Marco Mau, the pest and terror of all southern Provence, much as Severan himself was of the north. No hearth or home or sanctuary, or life of man or chastity of woman, was safe from the violent assaults of this ruffian and his armed

band; and him Calendau, at the head of a small picked company, tracked, defied, besieged in his stronghold, and finally slew. Of course he won the enthusiastic gratitude of his townspeople and countrymen in general, and they became eager to make amends for all the petty jealousies of the past, and whatever injustice they had previously done him. In the great city of Aix he was received like a prince, and rare civic honors were bestowed upon him. And when he enters the lists at the Fête-Dieu and is proclaimed victor in one after another of the strange, antique games which characterize that festival, the enthusiasm of the people mounts to the highest pitch, and Calendau himself is filled with a sacred joy and gratitude, as unlike as possible to the vain exultation of his earlier days. He knows that his present honors and popularity have been well won by hard and beneficent service, and he thinks his Esterello must approve him at the last. We are now at the crisis of the story, and the interest deepens rapidly.

"What maudlin tales these foreigners do spin! Is it not supper-time?" once more brake in Count Severan. "Come, hurry to the end! For whither, boaster, does thy prowess tend? Thou hast not won her yet! So much I know, — And others will yet reap where thou didst sow!"

"Will reap! What mean you, scoundrel? storm and war!"

Cried the young fisher in tones louder far Than e'en the bandit's, and more awesome still; "But I have won her! Laugh or weep, who will! My plume is flying free, and I can guide Full well the stormy clouds whereon I ride!

"I would that you had seen my lady bright, As once again I climbed her balmy height. 'To-day they named me Chief of Youth,' I said. Flamed in her cheeks two roses of deep red, And her throat swelled, and in her glorious eyes I saw the lucent, loving tears arise.

"Ay, and I drank those tears! And from that hour. —

Whether it be yon nectar's wondrous power, I know not, — but my doubts, my fears are dead. The flowers bloom, look you, wheresoe'er I tread, And wheresoe'er I turn my blessed vision, The land is all one scene of peace Elysian, —

"The sky seems vaster than it did of old; And I can hear the concords manifold In Nature's varying voices. And I know Why the winds cry aloud or whisper low, Why strives the angry sea, and by what token, Weary and sad, retires with pride all broken.

"For hearken what she said, this queen of mine: 'Now is my soul, Calendau, wholly thine, Only my body must I keep mine own; But thee I love, my knight, and thee alone! 'T were sweet, — and why stay I my steps like this, Nor rush with open arms to utmost bliss?

"Now shalt thou know! A treacherous bond," cried she, 'And yet invincible, constraineth me, — I am an outlaw's wife.' "Ho! not so fast!" The huntsmen jeered. "The rocket bursts at last!" But the poor women trembled where they sate Yearning o'er him who thus had sealed his fate.

While he — Calendau — cast his cap aside, Leapt up, "And that same impious bond," he cried, "By the good grace of God, I break to-day! Yet if I fall let not my slayer say I am abased; for what I have, I ween Is bliss enough — an ocean deep, serene,

"As heaven itself! E'en death shall powerless prove, And break his horns against our mighty love. Fair as the day my lady's body is, And yet the whitest pearl of rich Ganges A boar may swallow. She I dare call mine Is but the angel whom that pearl doth shrine.

"The low, the evanescent love of sense Is but a madness. It is long gone hence. I love my sister's soul, and enter there, And come and go, and all I see is fair. Oh, never painter lived who could retrace Even in symbol that angelic grace!

"O ye unspeakable joys of the spirit, Ye are the paradise true souls inherit! Ye are indeed the purifying fires Wherein love loseth all its low desires. O oneness wonderful! Accord complete, Tender and piercing, sad because so sweet!

"Death shall elrelong to marble turn our frames, But the twin thought of us, the inseparate flames Of divine essence, by the self-same road Shall journey to the Infinite of God! The one adored, the one who doth adore, Giving and taking blessing evermore."

Thus the enraptured youth, like the brave sower Who goes forth full of hope the rude fields o'er, And sows broadcast, on all the stony plain And hard, his sacred and life-giving grain. Large drops his forehead beaded, but his smile With faith was radiant and content the while.

And they who heard him dumbly felt a thrill, Born of that zeal divine, unwonted steal Through all their frames, and hearkened eagerly As the mule pricks his ears when he sees fly The sparks from off the anvil. But the view Of that clear river of love, forever new,

Incapable of stain, marriage of soul Made but for heaven, that smiles at Death's control, Stirred to its utmost spite one felon heart; And scowling Severan, where he sat apart, While hate burned like a blister at his breast, Brooded revenge with feverish unrest,

Yet held as with a leash his passions in, Muzzled like ravening dogs, until his spleen

Took shape. "Calendau hath won all things now,
The aureole is growing round his brow;"
So his thought ran. "Of heaven he is sure,
And there of honor bright and favor pure.

"He hath her soul! He is become as God!
Now, though the lightning lay its fiery rod
Upon him, and his frame be ground to dust,
He is not dispossessed of that fair trust.
He hath her soul, and what to him is death?
Ha! ha! I'll break the sword and leave the
sheath!

"By the insidious poison of a bliss
More deadly than all pain, that soul of his
I will make one corruption! Ay, the germ
Of yonder tree of life shall feed the worm!
And were thy baser passions tighter reined
Than now, proud youth, thy doom were still or-
dained."

With this infernal thought the count arose,
Blandly a signal gave, and all of those
About set forth together for Aiglun,
Climbing the tortuous torrent-side. The sun
Set suddenly behind the mountain-wall,
And swift and sombre 'gan the night to fall.

Till from the east the early moon did peep,
As a maid, risen from her couch of sleep,
Her lattice ope, the coolness to inhale.
The crickets chirred incessant in the vale,
And where the onion-fields lay black in shade,
The court-mole trilled forth her long roulade.

Rarely from far above the piercing cry
Of some belated quail fell mournfully,
Or a young partridge in the vale astray
Whimpered afar. And cooler grew away
The air, until the deepened shades of night
Were cloven by the bat's precipitous flight.

The eleventh canto, *The Orgie*, is devoted to the fulfillment of Severan's sinister design, and it reveals a wholly new aspect of M. Mistral's versatile genius. The inconceivable luxury of the bandit's castle, the costly profusion of the garden feast, the music, the tempered light, the heavy odors, and the artfully intensified beauty of the women, whom Calendau seemed hardly to have heeded before, are all described in diction infinitely voluptuous, and with an effect of sensuous splendor and enchantment hardly attainable in a northern tongue. The revelry, restrained at first to a certain languorous measure, grows faster, while from time to time the lurid scene is relieved by glimpses of the summer night scenery, with what effect those will readily understand who remember the peaceful light of sunset sky and sea around the fierce duel of the rivals in Mirèio.

There were swift clouds abroad that night, and
dark,
Hiding the moon at times. The restless spark
Of myriad fire-flies, like an emerald shower,
Quivered in all the air. And hour by hour
Warmer the night turned, and heat lightnings
parted
From the far heights, and through the ether
darted.

And if the mad mirth failed, at intervals
Sounded distinctly all the waterfalls
And tinkling fountains; and anon there came
Dashes of cooling spray to cheeks aflame.
For a cascade that plunged adown the hill,
By art compelled, with many a silver rill

Threaded the pleasure, — seeming now asleep,
Then hurrying to a verge with one gay leap,
Dispersed in diamond rain, it passed from view.
Only the grass below right verdant grew,
And loveliest flowers, jasmine and the tuberosa,
Froighted the dark with sweets, — how sweet to
those

Hot revelers! And the cantharides
Shook their keen odors from the great ash-trees.
At last the host: "And are ye satisfied
With feasting? Ho then for a dance!" he cried.
"Young, rosy limbs in play I hold a sight
Aye worth the rapture of a gallant knight."

There followed one of those intoxicating and lascivious dances, indigenous in the neighborhood of Marseilles, and parent of the Carmagnole and more modern abominations. In the midst of it Calendau finally shakes off his gathering stupor and challenges Severan to instant and mortal combat. A scene of frightful confusion ensues, but the struggle is, of course, a brief one; Calendau is overpowered by numbers, bound and flung into a dungeon, and his torture exquisitely enhanced by the assurance that Severan and his troop, following the clue furnished by Calendau's story, will set forth that very night to capture and bring back, alive or dead, the lost lady of Aiglun. From this dungeon he is released at early daybreak, by Fortuneto, the youngest, fairest, and tenderest of the unhappy slaves whose allurements he had resisted the night before, and he flies to the defense of his lady. He is only just in season. The "cornice-like ledge" where we saw them first forms a kind of natural fortress, and there the young lover, informed with the valor of ten, holds the troop at bay for one long twenty-four hours, and at last disables so many that they retreat, but only to set fire to the woods

that girdle the mountain. A terrible night ensues, during which the two can do no more than wait for death together; but when the first rays of dawn are struggling with the lurid flames and stifling smoke, the bells are suddenly heard to ring in Cassis and all along the shore. The rumor has spread that Calendau, the darling and benefactor of the coast, is in uttermost peril, and the whole population turns out to fight the flames. The strange battle is made sufficiently thrilling and dubious, although the reader foreknows its end. Severan is killed by the fall of a burning trunk, and —

Two thousand souls, a people in its might,
Engage the roaring fires in sturdy fight,
Felling a pathway to the mountain-crest,
Just as the sun leaps up to flood the east
With radiance; and the child of yonder wave
And the white fairy of the highland cave,

He with his nostrils wide to the pure morn,
She with the torrent of her bright hair borne

Downward, like jujube flowers, stand forth together,
The glory of the blue bejeweled weather
Flung like an arch triumphal o'er the twain.
Hand in hand on the height they hear again

And yet again exultant shouts ascending,
Two thousand voices in one pean blending
"Hail to Calendau! who hath brought renown
And praise of men to our poor fishing-town!
Who hath won Estereillo! Plant the may
For him who is our consul from to-day!"

The happy crowd therewith in triumph bear
Forth of their citadel the rescued pair,
The tried, the true, the blest beyond desire;
While the sun, which is God's own realm of fire,
Goes up his dazzling way with blessing rife,
Calling new lovers and new loves to life.

So happily ends the poem. The brief abstract here given conveys a very inadequate idea of the abundance of incident, the range of tone, and the immense variety of action by which it is characterized. Where nearly every page is strikingly picturesque, selection becomes a difficult task.

Harriet W. Preston.

THE MIDNIGHT HOUR.

WHEN all the clanging noises of the day
Are hushed in westward darkness, — sped away
Like roaring trains that o'er the horizon's bound
Have whirled their hurricane of fire and sound, —
And the still zenith of the midnight sky
Uprisen from the underworld on high
Brings thence an Orient peace, a calm delight,
And pours it down upon the western night,

Then open thought and life before me. Then
Kindles the heart aflame; and blessed men
Descend to dwell with me, laying their hands
In mine, and guiding me to pleasant lands
Where I may dwell a season undisturbed, —
The scholar's midnight kingdom. Not perturbed
Their rapt communion in that silent hour;
Most intimate and tender then their power.

T. M. Coan.

IN WEIMAR WITH LISZT.

FROM A YOUNG LADY'S LETTERS HOME.

WEIMAR, *May 1, 1873.*

LAST night I arrived in Weimar, and this evening I have been to the theatre, which is very cheap here, and the first person I saw, sitting in a box opposite, was Liszt, from whom, as you know, I am bent on getting lessons, though it will be a difficult thing I fear, as I am told that Weimar is overcrowded with people who are on the same errand. I recognized Liszt from his portrait, and it entertained and interested me very much to observe him. He was making himself agreeable to three ladies, one of whom was very pretty. He sat with his back to the stage, not paying the least attention, apparently, to the play, for he kept talking all the while himself, and yet no point of it escaped him, as I could tell by his expression and gestures. He is the most interesting and striking looking man imaginable. Tall and slight, with deep-set eyes, shaggy eyebrows, and long iron-gray hair, which he wears parted in the middle. His mouth turns up at the corners, which gives him a most crafty and Mephistophelean expression when he smiles, and his whole appearance and manner have a sort of Jesuitical elegance and ease. His hands are very narrow, with long and slender fingers that look as if they had twice as many joints as other people's. They are so flexible and supple that it makes you nervous to look at them. Anything like the polish of his manner I never saw. When he got up to leave the box, for instance, after his adieux to the ladies, he laid his hand on his heart and made his final bow, — not with affectation, or as in mere gallantry, but with a quiet courtliness which made you feel that no other way of bowing to a lady was right or proper. It was most characteristic. But the most extraordinary thing about Liszt is his wonderful variety of expression and play of feature. One moment

his face will look dreamy, shadowy, tragic. The next he will be insinuating, amiable, ironical, sardonic; but always the same captivating grace of manner. He is a perfect study. I cannot imagine how he must look when he is playing. He is all spirit, but half the time, at least, a mocking spirit, I should say. I have heard the most remarkable stories about him already. When he walks out in Weimar he bows to everybody just like a king! The Grand Duke has presented him with a house beautifully situated on the park, and here he lives elegantly, free of expense, whenever he chooses to come to it.

WEIMAR, *May 7, 1873.*

There isn't a piano to be had in Weimar for love or money, as there is no manufactory, and the few there were to be disposed of were snatched up before I got here. So I have lost an entire week in hunting one up, and was obliged to go first to Erfurt and finally to Leipsic, before I could find one — and even that was sent over as a favor, after much coaxing and persuasion. I felt so happy when I fairly saw it in my room! As if I had taken a city! However, I met Liszt two evenings ago at a little tea-party given by a friend and *protégée* of his to as many of his scholars as have arrived, I being asked with the rest. Liszt promised to come late. We only numbered seven. There were three young men and four young ladies, of whom three, including myself, were Americans. Five of the number had studied with Liszt before, and the young men are artists already before the public. To fill up the time till Liszt came, our hostess made us all play, one after the other, beginning with the latest arrival. . . . After we had each "exhibited," little tables were brought in and supper served. We were in the midst

of it, and having a merry time, when the door suddenly opened and Liszt appeared. We all rose to our feet and he shook hands with everybody without waiting to be introduced. Liszt looks as if he had been through everything, and has a face *seamed* with experience. He is tall and very narrow, and wears a long abbé's coat reaching nearly down to his feet. He made me think of an old-time magician more than anything, and I felt that with a touch of his wand he could transform us all. After he had finished his greetings, he passed into the next room and sat down. The young men gathered round him and offered him a cigar, which he accepted and began to smoke. We others continued *our nonsense where we were*, and I suppose Liszt overheard some of our brilliant conversation, for he asked who we were, I think, and presently the lady of the house came out after Miss W. and me, the two American strangers, to take us in and present us to him. After the preliminary greetings we had some little talk. He asked me if I had been to Sophie Meuter's concert in Berlin the other day. I said yes. He remarked that Miss Meuter was a great favorite of his, and that the lady from whom I had brought a letter to him had done a good deal for her. I asked him if Sophie Meuter was a pupil of his. He said no, he could not take the credit of her artistic success to himself. I heard afterward that he really had done ever so much for her, but he won't have it said that he teaches! After he had finished his cigar, Liszt got up and said, "America is now to have the floor," and requested Miss W. to play for him. This was a dreadful ordeal for us new arrivals, for we had not expected to be called upon. Miss W. had been up since five o'clock in the morning, and had traveled all day; and I had been without a piano for nearly a week. However, there was no getting off. A request from Liszt is a command, so we had to do as best we might. He is just like a monarch, and no one dares speak to him until he addresses one first, which I think no fun. He did not play to us at all, except

when some one asked him if he had heard R. play that afternoon. R. is a young organist from Leipsic, who telegraphed to Liszt to ask him if he might come over and play to him on the organ. Liszt, with his usual amiability, answered that he might. "Oh," said Liszt, with an indescribably comic look, "he improvised for me for a whole half-hour in this style," — and then he got up and went to the piano, and without sitting down he played some ridiculous chords in the middle of the key-board, and then little trills and turns way up in the treble, which made us all burst out laughing. Shortly after I had played I took my leave. Liszt had gone into the other room to smoke, and I didn't care to follow him, as I saw that he was tired and had no intention of playing to us. Our hostess told Miss W. and me to "slip out so that he would not perceive it." The next day he sent for me to come to him. So I trust that means that I have passed the Rubicon and that the magician intends to admit me into the "charmed circle" of young artists who cluster about him, but whom he does not "teach" — oh no!

WEIMAR, May 21, 1873.

Liszt is so *besieged* by people, and so tormented with applications, that I fear I should only have been sent away if I had come without Frau von S.'s letter of introduction, for he admires her extremely, and I judge that she has much influence with him. He says people "fly in his face by dozens," and seem to think he is "only there to give lessons." He gives *no* paid lessons whatever, as he is much too grand for that, but if one has talent enough, and pleases him, he lets one come to him and play to him. I go to him every other day, but I don't play more than twice a week, as I cannot prepare so much, but I listen to the others. Up to this point there have been only four in the class beside myself, and I am the only new one. From four to six p. m. is the time when he receives his scholars. The first time I went I did not play to him, but listened to the rest. Urspruch

and Leitert, the two young men whom I met the other night, have studied with Liszt a long time, and both play superbly. Fräulein Schultz and Miss Gaul (of Baltimore) are also most gifted creatures. As I entered Liszt's *salon*, Urspruch was performing Schumann's *Symphonie Etuden* — an immense composition, and one that it took at least half an hour to get through. He played so splendidly that my heart sank down into the very depths. I thought I should never get on there. Liszt came forward and greeted me in a very friendly manner as I entered. He was in very good humor that day, and made some little witticisms. Urspruch asked him what title he should give to a piece he was composing. "*Per astra ad astra*," said Liszt. This was such a good hit, that I began to laugh, and he seemed to enjoy my appreciation of his little sarcasm. That was the beginning of our friendship. I did not play that time, as my piano had only just come, and I was not prepared to do so, but I went home and practiced tremendously for several days on Chopin's *B minor Sonata*. It is a great piece, and one of his last works. When I thought I could play it, I went to Liszt, though with a trembling heart. I cannot tell you what it has cost me every time I have ascended his stairs. I can scarcely summon up courage to go there, and generally stand on the steps awhile before I can make up my mind to open the door and go in!

This day it was particularly trying, as it was really my first serious performance before him, and he speaks so very indistinctly that I feared I should n't understand his corrections, and that he would get out of patience with me, for he cannot bear to explain. I think he hates the trouble of speaking German, for he mutters his words and does not half finish his sentences. Yesterday when I was there he spoke to me in French all the time (though I do not speak it), and to the others in German, — one of his funny whims, I suppose.

Well, on this day the artists Leitert and Urspruch, and the young composer Metzdorf, who is always hanging

about Liszt, were in the room when I came. They had probably been playing. At first Liszt took no notice of me beyond a greeting, till Metzdorf said to him, "Herr Doctor, Miss F. has brought a sonata." "Ah well, let us hear it," said Liszt. Just then he left the room for a minute, and I told the three gentlemen that they ought to go away and let me play to Liszt alone, for I felt nervous about playing before them. They all laughed at me and said they would not budge an inch. When Liszt came back they said to him, "Only think, Herr Doctor, Miss F. proposes to send us all home." I said I could not play before such great artists. "Oh, that is healthy for you," said Liszt with a smile, and added, "you have a very choice audience, now." I don't know whether he appreciated how nervous I was, but instead of walking up and down the room as he often does, he sat down by me like any other teacher, and heard me play the first movement. It was frightfully hard, but I had studied it so much that I managed to get through with it pretty successfully. Nothing could exceed Liszt's amiability, or the trouble he gave himself, and instead of frightening me, he inspired me. Never was there such a delightful teacher! and he is the first sympathetic one I've had. You feel so free with him, and he develops the very spirit of music in you. He does n't keep nagging at you all the time, but he leaves you your own conception. Now and then he will make a criticism, or play a passage, and with a few words give you enough to think of all the rest of your life. There is a delicate *point* to everything he says, as subtle as he is himself. He does n't tell you anything about the *technique*. That you must work out for yourself. Luckily for me, Kullak was such a tremendous *Techniker* that I know how to study. When I had finished the first movement of the sonata, Liszt said "Bravo!" Taking my seat, he made some little criticisms, and then told me to go on and play the rest of it.

Now I only half knew the other movements, for the first one was so

extremely difficult that it cost me all the labor I could give to prepare that. But playing to Liszt reminds me of trying to feed the elephant in the Zoological Garden with lumps of sugar. He gulps down whole movements as if they were nothing. One of my fingers fortunately began to bleed, for I had practiced the skin off, and that gave me a good excuse for stopping. Whether he was pleased at this proof of industry, I know not; but after looking at my finger and saying, "Oh!" very compassionately, he sat down and played the whole three last movements himself. That was a great deal, and showed off all his powers. It was the first time I had heard him, and I don't know which was the most extraordinary,—the *Scherzo*, with its wonderful lightness and swiftness, the *Adagio* with its depth and pathos, or the last movement, where the whole key-board seemed to "*donnern und blitzen*."¹ There is such a vividness about everything he plays that it does not seem as if it were mere music you were listening to, but it is as if he had called up a real, living *form*, and you saw it breathing before your face and eyes. It gives me almost a ghostly feeling to hear him, and it seems as if the air were peopled with spirits. Oh, he is a perfect wizard! It is as interesting to see him as it is to hear him, for his face changes with every modulation of the piece, and he looks exactly as he is playing. He has one element that is most captivating, and that is, a sort of delicate and fitful mirth that keeps peering out at you here and there! It is most peculiar, and when he plays that way, the most bewitching little expression comes over his face. It seems as if a little spirit of joy were playing hide and go seek with you.

WEIMAR, May 29, 1873.

I am having the most heavenly time here in Weimar, studying with Liszt, and sometimes I can scarcely realize that I am at that summit of my ambition,—to be *his* pupil! It was the Frau von S.'s letter that secured it for me, I am

¹ Thunder and lightning.

sure. He is so overrun with people, that I think it a wonder he is civil to anybody, but he is the most amiable man I ever knew, though he *can* be dreadful too, when he chooses, and he understands how to put people outside his door in as short a space of time as it can be done. I go to him three times a week. At home Liszt does not wear his long abbé's coat, but a short one, in which he looks much more artistic. His figure is remarkably slight, but his head is most imposing. It is *so* delicious in that room of his! It was all furnished and put in order for him by the Grand Duchess herself. The walls are pale gray, with a gilded border running round the room, or rather, two rooms, which are divided, but not separated, by crimson curtains. The furniture is crimson, and everything is so *comfortable*, such a contrast to German bareness and stiffness generally. A splendid grand piano stands in one window (he receives a new one every year). The other window is always wide open and looks out on the park. There is a dove-cote just opposite the window, and the doves promenade up and down on the roof of it, and fly about, and sometimes whirl down on the sill itself. That pleases Liszt. His writing-table is beautifully fitted up with things that all match. Everything is in bronze, ink-stand, paper-weight, match-box, etc., and there is always a lighted candle standing on it by which he and the gentlemen can light their cigars. There is a carpet on the floor,—a rarity in Germany,—and Liszt generally walks about, and smokes, and mutters (he can never be said to *talk*), and calls upon one or other of us to play. From time to time he will sit down and play himself, where a passage does not suit him, and when he is in good spirits he makes little jests all the time. His playing was a complete revelation to me, and has given me an entirely new insight into music. You cannot conceive, without hearing him, how poetic he is, or the thousand *nuances* that he can throw into the simplest thing, and he is equally great on all sides. From the zephyr to

the tempest, the whole scale is equally at his command. I've begun to study now in an entirely new way, and I feel that every time I go to him it is worth a thousand dollars to me.

But Liszt is not at all like a master, and cannot be treated like one. He is a monarch, and when he extends his royal sceptre you can sit down and play to him. You never can ask him to play anything for you, no matter how much you're dying to hear it. If he is in the mood he will play; if not, you must content yourself with a few remarks. You cannot even offer to play yourself. You lay your notes on the table, so he can see that you *want* to play, and sit down. He takes a turn up and down the room, looks at the music, and if the piece interests him, he will call upon you. We bring the same piece to him but once, and but once play it through.

Yesterday I had prepared for him his *Au Bord d'une Source*. I was nervous and played badly. He was not to be put out, however, but acted as if he thought I had played charmingly, and then he sat down and played the whole piece himself, oh, so exquisitely! It made me feel like a wood-chopper. The notes just seemed to ripple off his fingers' ends with scarce any perceptible motion. As he neared the close I remarked that that funny little expression came over his face which he always has when he means to surprise you, and he suddenly took an unexpected chord, and extemporized a poetical little end, quite different from the written one. — Do you wonder that people go distracted over him?

WEIMAR, June 6, 1873.

When I first came there were only five of us who studied with Liszt, but lately a good many others have been there. Day before yesterday there came a young lady who was a pupil of Henselt in St. Petersburg. She is immensely talented, only seventeen years old, and her name is Laura Kahrer. It is a very rare thing to see a pupil of Henselt; for it is very difficult to get lessons from him. He stands next to

Liszt. This Laura Kahrer plays everything that ever was heard of, and she played a fugue of her own composition the other day that was really vigorous and good. I was quite astonished to hear how she had worked it up. She has made a grand concert tour in Russia. I never saw such a hand as she had. She could bend it backwards till it looked like the palm of her hand turned inside out. She was an interesting little creature, with dark eyes and hair, and one could see by her Turkish necklace and various other bangles, that she had been making money. She played with the greatest *aplomb*, though her touch had a certain roughness about it to my ear. She did not carry me away, but I have not heard many pieces from her. However, all playing sounds barren by the side of Liszt, for *his* is the living, breathing impersonation of poetry, passion, grace, wit, coquetry, daring, tenderness, and every other fascinating attribute that you can think of! I'm ready to hang myself half the time when I've been to him. Oh, he is the most phenomenal being in every respect! All that you've ever heard of him would never give you an idea of him. In short, he represents the whole scale of human emotion. He is a many-sided prism, and reflects back the light in all colors, no matter how you look at him. His pupils *adore* him, as in fact everybody else does, but it is impossible to do otherwise with a person whose genius flashes out of him all the time so, and whose character is so winning.

One day this week, when we were with Liszt, he was in such high spirits that it was as if he had suddenly become twenty years younger. A student from the Stuttgart conservatory played Liszt's *Concerto*. His name is V., and he is dreadfully nervous. Liszt kept up a little running fire of satire all the time he was playing, but in a good-natured way. I should n't have minded it if it had been I. In fact, I think it would have inspired me; but poor V. hardly knew whether he was on his head or his feet. It was too funny. Everything that Liszt says is

so striking. For instance, in one place where V. was playing the melody rather feebly, Liszt suddenly took his seat at the piano and said, "When I play, I always play for the people in the gallery [by the gallery he meant the cock-loft, where the rabble always sit, and where the places cost next to nothing], so that those persons who pay only five groschens for their seat also hear something." Then he began, and I wish you could have heard him! The sound did n't seem to be very *loud*, but it was penetrating and far-reaching. When he had finished, he raised one hand in the air, and you seemed to see all the people in the gallery drinking in the sound. I never shall play a melody now without thinking of the people in the gallery and instinctively articulating it. That is the way Liszt teaches you. He presents an *idea* to you, and it takes fast hold of your mind and sticks there. Music is such a real, visible thing to him, that he always has a symbol, instantly, in the material world to express his idea. One day, when I was playing, I made too much movement with my hand in a rotatory sort of a passage where it was difficult to avoid it. "Keep your hand still, Fräulein," said Liszt; "*don't make omelette*." I could n't help laughing, it hit me on the head so nicely. He is far too sparing of his playing, unfortunately, and, like Tausig, only sits down and plays a few bars at a time, generally. It is dreadful when he stops, just as you are at the height of your enjoyment, but he is so thoroughly *blasé*, that he does n't care to show off, and does n't like to have any one pay him a compliment. Even at the court it annoyed him so that the Grand Duchess told people to take no notice when he rose from the piano. On the same day that Liszt was in such high good-humor, a strange lady and her husband were there who had made a long journey to see him, in the hope of hearing him play. She waited patiently for a long time through the lesson, and at last Liszt took compassion on her, and sat down with the remark that "the young ladies played a great deal

better than he did, but he would try his best to imitate them," and then played something of his own so wonderfully, that when he had finished we all stood there like posts, feeling that there was *nothing* to be said. But he, as if he feared we might burst out into eulogy, got up instantly and went over to a friend of his who was standing there, and who lives on an estate near Weimar, and said, in the most commonplace tone imaginable, "By the way, how about those eggs? Are you going to send me some?" It seems to be not only a profound bore to him, but really a sort of sensitiveness on his part. How he can bear to hear *us* play, I cannot imagine. It must grate on his ear terribly, I think, because everything *must* sound expressionless to him in comparison with his own marvelous conception. I assure you, no matter how beautifully we play any piece, the minute Liszt plays it, you would scarcely recognize it! His touch and his peculiar use of the pedal are two secrets of his playing, and then he seems to dive down into the most hidden thoughts of the composer, and fetch them up to the surface, so that they gleam out at you one by one, like stars! The more I see and hear Liszt, the more I am lost in amazement! I can neither eat nor sleep on those days that I go to him. All my musical studies till now have been a mere going to school, a preparation for him. I often think of what Tausig said once: "Oh, compared with Liszt, we other artists are all blockheads." I did not believe it at the time, but I've seen the truth of it, and in studying Liszt's playing, I can see where Tausig got many of his own wonderful peculiarities. I think he was the most like Liszt of all the army that have had the privilege of his instruction. I began this letter on Sunday, and it is now Tuesday. Yesterday I went to Liszt, and found that Bülow had just arrived. None of the other scholars had come, for a wonder, and I was just going away, when Liszt came out, asked me to come in a moment, and introduced me to Bülow. There I was, all alone with these two great art-

ists in Liszt's *salon*. Wasn't that a situation? I only stayed a few minutes, of course, though I should have liked to spend hours, but our conversation was in the highest degree amusing while I was there. Bülow had just returned from his grand concert tour, and had been in London for the first time. In a few months he had given one hundred and twenty concerts! He is a fascinating creature too, like all these master artists, but entirely different from Liszt, being small, quick, and airy in his movements, and having one of the boldest and proudest foreheads I ever saw. He looks like strength of will personified! Liszt gazed at "his Hans," as he calls him, with the fondest pride, and seemed perfectly happy over his arrival. It was like his beautiful courtesy to call me in and introduce me to Bülow, instead of letting me go away. He thought I had come to play to him, and was unwilling to have me take that trouble for nothing, though he must have wished me in Jericho. You would think I paid him a hundred dollars a lesson, instead of his condescending to sacrifice his valuable time to me for nothing.

WEIMAR, June 19, 1873.

I think I am improving so much with Liszt! I can at last say that my ideal in *something* has been realized. He goes far beyond all that I expected. Anything so perfectly beautiful as he looks when he sits at the piano I never saw, and yet he is almost an old man now.¹ I enjoy him as I would an exquisite work of art. His personal magnetism is immense, and I can scarcely bear it when he plays. He can make me cry all he chooses, and that is saying a good deal, because I've heard so much music, and *never* have been affected by it. Even Joachim, whom I think divine, never moved me. When Liszt plays anything pathetic, it sounds as if he had been through everything, and opens all one's wounds afresh. All that one has ever suffered comes before one again. Who was it that I heard say once, that years ago he saw Clara

¹ Liszt was born in 1811.

Schumann sitting in tears near the platform, during one of Liszt's performances? Liszt knows well the influence he has on people, for he always fixes his eye on some one of us when he plays, and I believe he tries to wring our hearts. When he plays a passage, and goes *pearling* down the key-board, he looks over at one or other of us and smiles, to see whether we are appreciating it. He does such bewitching little things! The other day, for instance, Fräulein Gaul was playing something to him, and in it were two runs and after each run two staccato chords. She did them most beautifully, and struck the chords immediately after. "No, no," said Liszt, "after you make a run you must wait a minute before you strike the chords, as if in admiration of your own performance. You must pause, as if to say, 'How nicely I did that.'" Then he sat down and made a run himself, waited a second, and then struck the two chords in the treble, and as he did so he said "*Bra-vo*," and then he played again, struck the other chords, and said again "*Bra-vo*," and positively it was as if the piano had softly applauded! That is the way he plays everything. It seems as if the piano were speaking with a *human* tongue. Our class has swelled to about a dozen persons now, and a good many others come and play to him once or twice and then go. As I wrote to L. the other day, that dear little scholar of Henselt, Fräulein Kahrer, was one, but she only stayed three days. She was a most interesting little creature, and told some funny stories about Henselt, who she says has a most violent temper, and is very severe. She said that one day he was giving a lesson to the Princess Katherina, and he was so enraged over her playing that he snatched away the music, and dashed it to the ground. The princess, however, did not lose her equanimity, but folded her arms and said, "Who shall pick it up?" And he had to bend and restore it to its place. I've never seen Liszt look angry but once, but then he was terrific. Just like a lion! It was one day when a student from the Stutt-

gart conservatory attempted to play the *Sonata Appassionata*. He had a good deal of technique, and a moderately good conception of it, but still he was totally inadequate to the piece, and indeed only a *mighty* artist like Tausig or Bülow ought to attempt to play it. It was a hot afternoon, and the clouds had been gathering for a storm. Just as the Stuttgarter played the opening notes of the sonata, the tree-tops suddenly waved wildly, and a low growl of thunder was heard muttering in the distance. "Ah," said Liszt, who was standing at the window, with his delicate quickness of perception, "a fitting accompaniment." (You know Beethoven wrote the *Appassionata* one night when he had been caught in a thunder-storm.) If Liszt had only played it to us himself, the whole thing would have been like a poem. But he walked up and down the room and forced himself to listen, though he could scarcely bear it, I could see. A few times he pushed the student aside, and played a few bars himself, and we saw the passion leap right up into his face like a glare of sheet-lightning. Anything so magnificent as it was, the little that he did play, and the startling individuality of his conception, I never heard or imagined. I felt as if I did not know whether I were "in the body or out of the body." The Stuttgarter made some such glaring mistakes, not in the notes, but in rhythm, etc., that at last Liszt burst out with, "You come from Stuttgart, and play like *that*!" and then he went on in a tirade against conservatories and teachers in general. He was just like a thunder-storm himself. He frowned, and bent his head, and his long hair fell over his face, and the poor Stuttgarter sat there like a beaten hound. Oh, it was awful. If it had been I, I think I should have withered entirely away, for Liszt is always so amiable that the contrast was all the stronger. He hasn't the nervous irritability common to artists, but on the contrary his disposition is the most exquisite and tranquil in the world. We have been there incessantly, and I've never seen him ruffled except two

or three times, and then he was tired and not himself, and it was a most transient thing.

WEIMAR, July 15, 1873.

Liszt is such an immense, inspiring force, that one strides forward with him at double rate, though with double expenditure, too!

To-day I'm more dead than alive, as we had a lesson from Liszt yesterday that lasted four hours. There were twenty artists present, all of whom were anxious to play, and as he was in high good-humor he played ever so much himself, in between. It was perfectly magnificent, but exhausting and exciting to the last degree. When I come home from the lessons I fling myself on to the sofa, and feel as if I never wanted to get up again. It is a fearful day's work every time I go to him. First four hours' practice in the morning. Then a nervous, anxious feeling that takes away my appetite and prevents me from eating my dinner. And then several hours at Liszt's, where one succession of concertos, fantasias, and all sorts of tremendous things are played. You never know before whom you must play there, for it is the musical headquarters of the world. Directors of conservatories, composers, artists, aristocrats, all come in, and you have to bear the brunt of it as best you can. The first month I was here it was quite another matter, when there were only five of us, but now the room is crowded every time. There is a young lady from Norway, lately come, who is a most *superb* pianist. She was a scholar of Kullak's, too, but it is four years since she left him, and she has been concertizing a good deal. Yesterday she played Schumann's *A minor Concerto* magnificently. A new artist, a young Belgian, has also arrived, named Servais. He never learned a note of music until he was nineteen years old, and then all of a sudden he took it up. He improvised and composed continually, and finally came to Liszt about four years ago, to whom, he says, he owes everything. Liszt gave him a great deal of advice

and instruction, and Servais has returned to him every summer. This season Servais shut himself up in his room for three weeks, and composed a splendid cantata, called *Tasso*. It took the first prize at Brussels, four thousand thalers, which he received on condition that he should travel four years and perfect himself in different countries in musical study. But first the cantata is to be produced in Brussels with a grand orchestra of a hundred performers and two hundred singers, under Servais' personal direction! Is n't *that* a jump? Little Katie Gaul, of Baltimore, is another of Liszt's favorites. She is only sixteen, and plays astonishingly for that age. Liszt always calls her "America." She has caught many of his ways exactly in playing delicate music. Her touch is most exquisite, and in elegant pieces where a great deal of smooth and beautiful execution is required, she is perfect. She is going to study in Stuttgart two or three years more, and return to Liszt every summer. Think of such advantages!—but five years at least, and all the way from that to ten, do the best masters in Germany demand to form an artist of the first rank.

WEIMAR, July 24, 1873.

Liszt is going away to-day. He was to have left several days ago, but the Emperor of Russia (or Austria, I don't know which) came to visit the Grand Duke, and of course Liszt was obliged to be on hand, and to spend a day with them. He is such a grandee himself, that kings and emperors are quite matters of course to him. *Never* was a man so courted and spoiled as he. The Grand Duchess herself frequently visits him. But he never allows any one to ask him to play, and even she does n't venture it. That is the only point in which one sees Liszt's sense of his own greatness; otherwise his manner is remarkably unassuming. Liszt will be gone until the middle of August, and I shall be thankful to have a few weeks of repose, and to be able to study more quietly. With him one is at high press-

ure all the time, and I have gained a good many more ideas from him than I can work up in a hurry. In fact, Liszt has given me an entirely new side of the technique. He is a wonderful *composer*, by the way, and that is what I was unprepared for in him. His oratorio of *Christus* was brought out here this summer, and many strangers and celebrities came to hear it, Wagner among others. It was magnificent, and one of the noblest, and decidedly the grandest oratorio that I ever heard. I've never had time to write home about it, for I felt that it required a dissertation in itself to do it justice. I wish it could be performed in Boston. It is arranged for piano for four hands, but the arrangement is very expensive. So also is Bülow's edition of Beethoven's Sonatas, which, however, every artist *must* have. Ah, you cannot *conceive* anything like Liszt's playing of Beethoven. None like him can span the spaces of Beethoven's mind, and bring its conceptions into unity before you. But it bores Liszt so dreadfully to hear his sonatas, that though I've heard him teach a good many I have n't had the courage to bring him one. I suppose he is sick of the sound of them.

On Monday I had the most delightful *tête-à-tête* with him, quite by chance. I had occasion to call upon him for something, and strange to say he was alone, sitting by his table and writing. Generally all sorts of people are up there. He insisted upon my staying a while, and we had the most amusing and entertaining conversation imaginable. It was the first time I ever heard Liszt really *talk*, for he contents himself mostly with making little jests. He is full of *esprit*. We were speaking of the faculty for mimicry, and he told me such a funny little anecdote about Chopin. He said that when he and Chopin were young together, somebody told him that Chopin had a remarkable talent for mimicry, and so he said to Chopin, "Come round to my rooms this evening, and show off this talent of yours." So Chopin came. He had purchased a blonde wig ("I was very blonde at that time,"

said Liszt), which he put on, and got himself up in one of Liszt's suits. Presently an acquaintance of Liszt's came in. Chopin went to meet him instead of Liszt, and took off his voice and manner so perfectly, that the man actually mistook him for Liszt, and made an appointment with him for the next day; "and there I was in the room," said Liszt! Wasn't that remarkable?

The other day we all made an excursion to Jena, which is about three hours' drive from here. We went in carriages in a long train, and pulled up at a hotel named The Bear. There we took our second breakfast. There was to be a concert at five in a church, where some of Liszt's music was to be performed. After breakfast we went to the church, where Liszt met us, and the rehearsal took place. After the rehearsal we went to dinner. We had three long tables which Liszt arranged to suit himself, his own place being in the middle. He always manages every little detail with the greatest tact, and is very particular never to let two ladies or two gentlemen sit together, but always alternately a lady and a gentleman. The dinner was a very entertaining one to me, because I could converse with Liszt, and hear all he said, as he was nearly opposite me. After dinner he said, "Now we'll go to Paradise." So we put on our things and proceeded to walk along the river to a place called Paradise, on account of its loveliness. We passed the University, on one corner of which is a tablet with "W. von Goethe" written against the wall of the room which Goethe occupied. It seemed strange to me to be passing the room of such a celebrity as Goethe, with another celebrity like Liszt!—This walk along the river was enchanting. The current was very rapid, and the willows were all blowing in the breeze. There is an odd triangular-shaped hill that rises on one side very boldly and abruptly, called the Fox's Head. The way was under a double row of tall trees, which met at the top and formed a green arch over our heads. It was all breeze and freshness, and the sunlight struck picturesquely

aslant the hill-sides. After our walk we went to the concert, which was lovely, and then at seven we were all invited to tea at the house of a friend of Liszt's. He was a very tall man, and he had a very tall and very hospitable daughter, nearly as big as himself, who received us very cordially. The tea was all laid on tables in the garden, and the sausages (of course) were broiling over a fire made on the ground. We sat down pell-mell, anywhere, and it was all so easy and so gay! In America our short twilight and the mosquitoes do not permit us this delight of supping out of doors, and it is such a pity!

WEIMAR, August 23, 1873.

Liszt has returned from his trip, and this week is the first time that I have been able to play to him without being nervous, and that my fingers have felt warm and natural. It has been a fearful ordeal, truly, to play there, for not only was Liszt himself present, but such a crowd of artists, all ready to pick flaws in your playing, and to say, "She has n't got much talent." I really begin to feel at last as if I had a little, but you have no idea how difficult it is to play *anything* perfectly! I am so glad that I stayed until Liszt's return, for now the rush is over, and he has much more time for those of us who are left, and plays a great deal more himself. Yesterday he played us a study of Paganini's, arranged by himself, and also his *Campanella*. I longed for —, for she is so fond of the *Campanella*. Liszt gave it with a velvety softness, clearness, brilliancy, and pearliness of touch, that was inimitable. And oh, his grace! *Nobody* can compare with him! Everybody else sounds heavy beside him. However, I have felt some comfort in knowing that it is not Liszt's genius alone that makes him such a player. He has gone through such technical studies as no one else has except Tausig, perhaps. He plays everything under the sun in the way of *Etuden*. Has played them, I mean. On Tuesday I got him to talking about the composers who were the fashion when he was a

young fellow, in Paris, — Kalkbrenner, Herz, etc., — and I asked him if he could not play us something by Kalkbrenner. "Oh yes, I must have a few things of Kalkbrenner's in my head still," and then he played part of a concerto. Afterward he went on to speak of Herz, and said, "I'll play you a little study of Herz's that is infamously hard. It is a stupid little theme," and then he played the theme, "but *now* pay attention." Then he played the study itself. It was a most ridiculous thing, where the hands kept crossing continually with great rapidity, and striking notes in the most difficult positions. It made us all laugh; and Liszt hit the notes every time, though it was disgustingly hard, and as he said himself, he "used to get all in a heat over it." He had evidently studied it so well that he could never forget it. He went on to speak of Moscheles and of his compositions. He said that when between thirty and forty years of age, Moscheles played superbly, but as he grew older he became too old-womanish and set in his ways, — and then he took off Moscheles, and played his Etuden in his style. It was very funny. But it showed how Liszt has studied *everything*, and the universality of his knowledge, for he knows Tausig's and Rubinstein's studies as well as Kalkbrenner and Herz. There cannot be many persons in the world who keep up with the whole range of musical literature as he does. Liszt loved Tausig like his own child, and is always delighted when we play anything arranged by him. His death was an awful blow to Liszt, for he used to say, "That will be the inheritor of my playing." I suppose he thought he would live again in him, for he always says, "Never did such a talent come under my hands." I would give anything to have seen them together, for Tausig was a wonderfully bright and captivating little fellow, and I can imagine he must have fascinated Liszt. They say he was the naughtiest boy that ever was heard of, and caused Liszt no end of trouble and vexation; but he always forgave him, and after the vexation was past Liszt would pat

him on the head and say, "*Karlchen, entweder wirst du ein grosser Lump, oder ein grosser Meister.*"¹ That is Liszt all over. He is so indulgent that in consideration of talent he will forgive anything.

WEIMAR, September 9, 1873.

This week has been one of great excitement in Weimar, on account of the wedding of the son of the Grand Duke. All sorts of things have been going on, and the Emperor and Empress came on from Berlin. There have been a great many rehearsals at the theatre, of different things that were played, and of course Liszt took a prominent part in the arrangement of the music. He directed the Ninth Symphony, and played twice himself with orchestral accompaniment. One of the pieces he played was Weber's *Polonaise in E major*, and the other was one of his own *Rhapsodies Hongroises*. Of these I was at the rehearsal. When he came out on the stage the applause was tremendous, and enough in itself to excite and electrify one. I was enchanted to have an opportunity of hearing Liszt as a concert player. The director of the orchestra here is a beautiful pianist and composer himself, as well as a splendid conductor, but it was easy to see that he had to get all his wits together to follow Liszt, who gave full rein to his imagination, and let the *tempo* fluctuate as he felt inclined. As for Liszt, he scarcely *looked* at the keys, and it was astounding to see his hands go rushing down the piano and perform passages of the utmost rapidity and difficulty, while his head was turned all the while towards the orchestra, and he kept up a running fire of remarks with them continually. "You violins, strike in *sharp* here." "You trumpets, not too loud there," etc. He did everything with the most immense *aplomb*, and without seeming to pay any attention to his hands, which moved of themselves. He never did the same thing twice alike. If it was a scale the first time, he would make it in double or broken thirds the second, and so on,

¹ You'll turn out either a great blockhead or a great master.

constantly surprising you with some new turn. While you were admiring the long roll of the wave, a sudden spray would be dashed over you, and make you catch your breath! No, never was there such a player! The nervous intensity of his touch takes right hold of you. When he had finished, everybody shouted and clapped their hands like mad, and the orchestra kept up such a *fanfare* of applause, that the din was quite overpowering. Liszt smiled and bowed, and walked off the stage indifferently, not giving himself the trouble to come back, and presently he quietly sat down in the parquette, and the rehearsal proceeded.

WEIMAR, September 24, 1873.

We had our last lesson from Liszt a few days ago, and he leaves Weimar next week. He was so hurried with engagements the last two times that he was not able to give us much attention. I played Rubinstein's *Concerto*. He accompanied me himself on a second piano. We were there about six o'clock p. m. Liszt was out, but he had left word that if we came we were to wait. About seven he came in, and the lamps were lit. He was in an awful humor, and I never saw him so out of spirits. "How is it with our *Concerto*?" said he to me, for he had told me the time before to send for the second piano accompaniment, and he would play it with me. I told him that unfortunately there existed no second piano part. "Then, child, you've fallen on your head, if you don't know that at least you must have a second copy of the *Concerto*!" I told him I knew it by heart. "Oh!" said he in a mollified tone. So he took my copy, and played the orchestra part which is indicated above the piano part, and I played without notes. I felt inspired, for the piano I was at was a magnificent grand that Steinway presented to Liszt only the other day. Liszt was seated at another grand facing me, and the room was dimly illuminated by one or two lamps. A few artists were sitting about in the shadow. It was at the twilight hour, "*P'heure*

du mystère" as the poetic G. used to say, and in short, the occasion was perfect, and could n't happen so again. You see we always have our lessons in the afternoon, and it was a mere chance that it was so late this time. Well, I felt as if I were in an electric state. I had studied the piece so much that I felt perfectly sure of it, and then with Liszt's splendid accompaniment, and his beautiful face to look over to,—it was enough to bring out everything there was in one. If he had only been himself I should have had nothing more to desire, but he was in one of his bitter, sarcastic moods. However, I went thundering on to the end—like a cataract plunging into darkness, I might say—for it was the end, too, of my lessons with Liszt!

BERLIN, October 19, 1873.

Coming back from dear little Weimar, this Berlin seems to me like a great roaring wilderness, and all the houses appear to have grown. There is an immense number of new ones going up on all sides, and the noise, and the crowd, and the confusion are enough to set one crazy, after the idyllic life I've been leading all summer. Liszt was kindness itself when the time came to say good-by, but I could scarcely get out a word, nor could I even thank him for all he had done for me. I did not wish to break down and make a scene, as I felt I should if I tried to say anything. So I fear he thought me rather ungrateful and matter-of-course, for he could n't know that I was feeling an excess of emotion which kept me silent. I miss going to him inexpressibly, and although I heard my favorite Joachim last night, even *he* paled before Liszt. He is on the violin what Liszt is on the piano, and is the only artist worthy to be mentioned in the same breath with him. But Liszt, in addition to his marvelous playing, has this fascinating and imposing personality, whereas Joachim looks like any heavy German. Liszt's face is all a play of feature, a glow of fancy, a blaze of imagination, whereas Joachim

is absorbed in his violin, and his face has only an expression of fine discrimination and of intense solicitude to produce his artistic effects. Liszt is a complete actor who intends to carry away the public, who never forgets that he is before it, and who behaves accordingly. Joachim is totally oblivious of it. Liszt subdues the people to him by the very way he walks on to the stage. He gives his proud head a toss, throws an electric look out of his eagle eye, and seats himself with an air as much as to say, "Now I am going to do just what I please with you, and you are nothing but puppets subject to my will." He said to us in the class one day, "When you come out on the stage, look as if you did n't care a rap for the audience, and as if you knew more than any of them. That's the way I used to do. — Did n't that make the critics mad though!" he added, with an ineffable look of malicious mischief. So you see his principle, and that was precisely the way he did at the rehearsal in the theatre at Weimar that I wrote you about,

and I don't doubt that he assumed the same absolute-despot air when he played at the court concert before the emperor in the evening. Joachim, on the contrary, is the quiet gentleman-artist. He advances in the most unpretentious way, but as he adjusts his violin he looks at his audience with the calm air of a musical monarch, as much as to say, "I repose wholly on my art, and I've no need of any 'ways and manners.'" In reality I admire Joachim's principle the most, but there is something indescribably bewitching about Liszt's willfulness. You feel at once that he is a great genius, and that you *are* nothing but his puppet, and somehow one takes a base delight in the humiliation! The two men are intensely interesting, each in his own way, but they are extremes.

Heigh-ho! *Es war eben zu schön*, — the artist-life we led all summer with Liszt. To young artists he is a great illuminating, emancipating, life-giving Force, like the Sun, — and to us all, leaving him is like passing from sunlight into shadow indeed.

A. F.

THE OLD SEXTON.

BENT and white was the sexton,
With the snows of many a year;
And I thought in my early childhood,
That he could not long be here.

Ah, little I knew of the future!
Oh, not for the aged dead,
At rest from his weary labor,
Are the silent tears I shed!

The sexton old grows older;
And to-day in the autumn mild,
Wrinkled, and white as the winter,
He buried my beautiful child.

A. L. Carlton.

LIFE IN THE BACKWOODS OF CANADA.

II.

SUMMER and mosquitoes! Inseparable words in Canada, except in the large towns; for I am told that the larger the clearing, the fewer the mosquitoes. We have four and one half acres quite clear, but unfortunately our log-house, instead of being placed in the middle, is at one end, with a well wooded hill and a portion of dense forest at the back and at one end; delicious retreat for our enemies, from whence they issued in myriads, tormenting us from morning till night, and all night long. This Egyptian plague began in the end of May, and lasted till the middle of September. We being new-comers they were virulent in their attacks, and we were bitten from head to foot; in a short time we felt more like lepers than healthy, clean people, and the want of sleep at night was most trying to us all after our hard work. Our only resource was keeping large smudges continually burning in pans. These smudges are made of decayed wood called "punk," and smolder and smoke without flaming. When I went to bed at night (my only time for reading) I used to turn a long trunk end upwards close to my bolster, and place a large pan of "punk" on it, so that myself and my book were well enveloped in smoke. Many times in the night we had to renew our pans, and until the first dawn of day the buzzing of these hateful insects prevented all chance of sleep. Nor were the mosquitoes our only foes. Flies of all kinds swarmed around us, and one in particular, the deer fly, was a long black fly frightful to look at from its size. Still, as the flies did not circle about in the air as the mosquitoes did, we could better defend ourselves against them.

Towards the end of June I entered upon an entirely new phase of bush life, which was anything but pleasant to a person of a nervous, susceptible tem-

perament. This was my being in perfect solitude for many hours of every day. Your sister-in-law needed medical advice, and it was thought advisable to place her in lodgings at B——e. Her brother coming to pay her a visit entirely agreed in the necessity of the case, and as he kindly smoothed away the money difficulty, it was carried into execution. She could not go alone, and therefore your eldest sister accompanied her, and I lost my constant and only companion. I undertook now to keep house for both your brothers, as in his wife's absence C. could have little comfort at home. I only saw them at meal-times, and though your eldest brother came home always before dusk, yet I could not but be very nervous at being so much alone. The weather became so hot that the stove was moved into the open air at the back of the house, and to save me fatigue, your brother cut a doorway at the back close to where the stove was placed. Unfortunately there was a great press of work at this time, and moreover no lumber on the premises, and therefore no door could be made, and the aperture, which I had nothing large enough to block up, remained all the summer, to my great discomfiture. I found more than enough of occupation, for though your brother made and baked the bread, which I was not strong enough to do, yet I cooked, washed for them, and did the housework, which I found sufficiently fatiguing, and was very glad after dinner to sit down to my writing-table, which I took good care to place so as to face the open door, never feeling safe to have it at my back. Your dear sister F. was so kind, that at great inconvenience to herself, on account of the heat and the flies in the forest, she managed to come nearly every day at four p. m. with the dear children, and remained till your brother came back for the night. He was occupied for many weeks in making hay with your

brother and brother-in-law in C.'s beaver meadow, which is a large one and very productive. They made a great deal of hay and put it up in large cocks, but a great deal of it was lost by rotting on the ground, from not being carried away in proper time. The delay was occasioned by none of us having oxen of our own, and from not having the means of hiring till the season was past.

I fully realized during this summer that solitude in the bush is not privacy. Though in case of any accident I was out of reach of all human help, yet I was liable at any moment of the day to have some passing settler walk coolly in, and sit down in my very chair if I had vacated it for a moment. I got one fright which I shall not easily forget. I had given your two brothers their breakfast, and they had started for their hay-making. I had washed up the breakfast things, cleared everything away, and was arranging my hair in the glass hanging in the bed-place, the curtain of which was undrawn on account of the heat. My parting look in the glass disclosed a not very prepossessing face in the doorway behind, belonging to a man who stood there immovable as a statue and evidently enjoying my discomfiture. I greeted him with a scream which was almost a yell, and advanced pale as a ghost, having the agreeable sensation of all the blood in my body running down to my toes! His salutation was, "Wall, I guess I've skeered you some!" "Yes!" I replied, "you startled me very much!" He then came in and sat down. I sat down too, and we fell into quite an easy flow of talk about the weather, the crops, etc., etc. How devoutly I wished him anywhere else, and how ill I felt after my fright, I need not say, but I flatter myself that nothing of this appeared on the surface; all was courtesy and politeness. At length he went away, and, finding your brother in the beaver meadow, took care to inform him that he "had had quite a pleasant chat with his old woman!"

I had visitors during the summer

who were much more welcome. Two nice intelligent little boys, with bare feet and shining faces, the children of an American from the "States" settled in the Muskoka road, used to come twice a week with milk, eggs, and baskets of the delicious wild raspberry at five cents a quart. While they were resting and refreshing themselves with cold tea and bread and butter, we used to have quite pleasant conversations. They were very confidential, told me how anxiously they were expecting a grandmother of whom they were very fond, and who was coming to live with them; of their progress and prizes in the Sunday-school some miles from here which they regularly attended; of their garden, and of many other little family matters, and, when I gave them some story-books for children and little tracts, they informed me that they would be kept for Sunday reading. They never failed, with the things they brought for sale, to bring me as a present a bunch of beautiful sweet-peas and mignonnette, and occasionally a scarlet gladiolus. When they were gone I used to sit down to my letter-writing; and after all my grubbing and housework, I felt quite elevated in the social scale to have a beautiful bouquet on my writing-table, which I took care to arrange with a background of delicate fern leaves, and dark, slender sprigs of the ground hemlock. The very smell of the flowers reminded me of my beloved transatlantic home, with its wealth of beautiful plants and flowering shrubs, and every room decorated with vases of lovely flowers, which I passed some delicious morning hours in collecting and arranging.

I remained all the summer strictly a prisoner at home. The not being able to shut up the log-house of course prevented my leaving it, for the bush is not Arcadia, and however primitive the manners and customs may be, I have failed to recognize primitive innocence among its inhabitants. As to the berry-picking, which is the favorite summer amusement here, I would sooner have gone without fruit than have ventured into the swamps and beaver meadows, where the raspberries, huckleberries,

and cranberries abound. My fear of snakes was too overpowering. C. killed this summer no less than seven, and though we are told that in this part of Canada they are perfectly innoxious, yet your brother pointed out that three out of the seven he killed had the flat conformation of head which betokens a venomous sort.

I noticed this summer many times the curious appearance of our clearing by moonlight. In the day, the stumps stood out in all their naked deformity, as we had no "crops of golden grain" to hide them, but at night I never beheld anything more weird and ghostly. The trees being mostly chopped in the winter, with deep snow on the ground, the stumps are left quite tall, varying from five to seven feet in height. When these are blackened by the burning, which runs all over the clearing, they present in the dim light the appearance of so many spectres. I could almost fancy myself in the cemetery on the Dunkirk road near Calais, and the blackened stumps those hideous black crosses which the French are so fond of erecting in their church-yards.

I very much missed the flocks of birds I was accustomed to in Europe, but as I always forbade any gun being fired off in my clearing, I soon made acquaintance with some. It was a treat to me to watch two audacious woodpeckers who would come and nibble at my stumps, and let me stand within a few feet of them, without the least fear. There was also a pretty snow-bird, which knew me so well that it would wait till I threw out crumbs and bits of potato for it, and once, when we had some meat hanging in a bag on the side of the house, which your brother tied up tightly to save it from depredation, this sagacious creature perched on the shed near, and actually looked me into untying the bag and pulling partly out a piece of the pork, upon which it set to work with such good will that in a few days some ounces of fat had disappeared.

In the mean time our news from B——e was not too good. After five weeks'

residence there, your sister-in-law had borne a little boy, and at first all had gone well; but she became very ill, and also the baby, and as he had to be brought up by hand, and there was a difficulty in getting pure milk in the town, it was thought better, when he was five weeks old, to bring them all back.

All journeys to and from the bush are prosecuted under such difficulties that it is very fortunate they are few and far between. Indeed, few of the better class of settlers would remain, but for the near prospect of government granting money for roads in the township. Towards the end of August I was compelled to pay my half-yearly visit to B——e for the purpose of getting my pension list signed and duly forwarded. Your brother likewise had to take in two settlers in the vicinity, to swear off some land before taking it up for G. At first we thought of making our way to the post-office, three miles off, and from thence taking places in the mail cart, but as we had to take in our settlers, and to pay all their expenses to and from B——e, your brother thought it best to send to the town for a wagon and team expressly for ourselves. This arrived, but alas! in the afternoon instead of the morning, which had been specially mentioned. On this day we fully proved the glorious uncertainty of the Canadian climate. The morning had been lovely, but towards three p. m. a soft, drizzling rain began to fall, which increased in volume and power till it became a drenching torrent. Your brother-in-law took charge of me, and assisted me in scrambling over the different gullies, but by the time I considered it safe to get into the wagon, I was already wet through. The horses were so tired, having come from a distant journey, that we traveled very slowly, and it was dark when we drew up at the half-way house, where we were to have tea and to rest the poor animals.

Here we remained for two hours, and when we again started it was quite dark, with torrents of rain still falling,

and the addition of occasional peals of thunder and flashes of lightning. The whole eight miles from the half-way house the horses could only walk very slowly, the night being pitch dark. I should have been very nervous but for my implicit faith in the sagacity of the horses, and the great care of the driver, whom we only knew under his sobriquet of "Canadian Joe." He was a quiet, careful man, a French Canadian, who beguiled the way by singing very sweetly, and with whom it was pleasant to converse in the language we loved so well. He took us safely into B—e, with the addition to our party of two travelers we overtook on the road, and upon whom we had compassion. When we got in, the hotel was about closing for the night, the fires were out, and the landlady had gone to bed ill; but the master bestirred himself, showed me to a comfortable bedroom, and made me some negus, which your brother, himself wet to the skin, soon brought me, and which at least warmed me a little after so many hours of exposure to cold and wet.

The next morning, as soon as we could get into thoroughly dried clothes, we went to see our invalids. Your poor sister-in-law was still suffering much, but her baby was improving, and after more than two months' absence, I was thankful to see your sister only looking very pale, and not as I expected, utterly worn out by her arduous duties and compulsory vigils and anxieties. Your brother was obliged to return to the bush on Saturday, but I remained to come home with your sister and sister-in-law the next week. In the mean time, having been to the magistrate's office and transacted all our business, I greatly enjoyed with your brother walking about the neighborhood. It was indeed a treat to walk on a good road, and to see signs of life everywhere, instead of the silent monotony of the forest. We noticed an amazing change for the better in this "rising village of the far West," which we had not seen for six months. The hotels and stores seemed to have quad-

rupled themselves, good frame houses were springing up in every direction, and a very pretty little church, since opened for Church of England service, was nearly finished. These lumber houses are very ugly at first, on account of the yellow hue of the wood, but this is soon toned down by exposure to the weather, and climbing plants and pretty gardens soon alter their appearance, and make them picturesque.

The dull, primitive life of the bush certainly prepares one to be pleased with trifles. I reveled like a child in the unwonted stir and hum of life about me. On Tuesday your brother C. came in, and made arrangements to take his wife, child, and your sister back on the following day. I made up my mind to go back with them, and again we took care to secure Canadian Joe and his team. It was a perilous journey for one in so much physical suffering, but it was admirably managed. We laid a soft mattress in the bottom of the wagon, with plenty of pillows. On this we placed your sister-in-law with the baby by her side. C. sat with them to keep all steady; your sister and I sat with the driver. Canadian Joe surpassed himself in the care he took of the invalid; every bad piece of road he came to, he walked his horses quite softly, looking back at C. with a warning shake of the head, as much as to say, "Take care of her now!" We traveled slowly, but by his great care arrived safely, and at the cleared farm nearest to mine we were met by your brother and brother-in-law, who had skillfully arranged a ship's hammock on a pole, and made of it a very tolerable palanquin. Into this your sister-in-law was carefully lifted, and two of the gentlemen carried her, the third relieving them at intervals. They got her safely over all the gullies, and carried her past my log-house to her own home, where she was at once put to bed, and in a very few days began to recover. Your sister and I took charge of the dear little baby, and after a most fatiguing walk, and much dangerous scrambling, with such a precious load, we got him safely here, where he has

remained our cherished nursling ever since, and has thriven well. His dear young mother, having quite recovered, comes every day to be with her little treasure. We only just arrived in time; the rain began again and continued for some days. We had much trouble with the rain drifting in through the clap-boards of the roof—the heat of the stove having warped them considerably; and at night we lay with the baby between us, and a large umbrella fixed at the head of the bed to save us from the roof drippings!

We had two visits this autumn from which we derived much pleasure. One from our old friend C. W., and one from a friend and connection of your sister-in-law's family, her eldest brother having married one of his sisters. H. L. was quite an addition to our working party. More than six feet high, strong and active, he fraternized at once with your brothers, and cheerfully helped them in their daily labors. Your brother hired a team of oxen for some days, and had the remaining trees lying in our clearing logged up, and watched for the first fine dry weather to complete the burning begun in spring. Our two young friends assisted him in his labors, and they managed so well that the regular day's work was not interfered with. Every evening they set fire to some of the log-heaps, and diligently "branded" them up till they were reduced to ashes. As we could not admit our two friends into the house after a certain hour in the evening, and as their vigils extended far into the night, your brother used to provide the party with plenty of potatoes, which they roasted in the ashes and ate with butter and salt, with a large pot of coffee, and an unlimited supply of tobacco—they being all inveterate smokers.

As they all had fine voices and sang well together, the gypsy party was not a dull one, and the forest echoed with their favorite songs. Fortunately there was no one in our solitary neighborhood to be disturbed from their slumbers, and provided they did not wake the baby, we rather enjoyed the unwonted

noise, knowing how much they were enjoying themselves.

Perhaps the most amusing time of all was the Saturday afternoon, when what we ladies called the "Jew trading" invariably took place. I really think that every article belonging to our young men changed hands at these times, and the amusing manner in which the stores of each were laid out for public admiration, and regularly *haggled* for, cannot be forgotten. In this manner your eldest brother's celebrated Chassepot gun, picked up on the field of Sedan, gave place to a Colt's revolver and a small fowling-piece; his heavy gold seal (a much coveted article) took the more useful form of corduroy trousers and heavy boots; in like manner both your brothers gladly bartered their fine dress shirts and handkerchiefs and satin ties for coarser garments better fitted for the bush, of which both C. W. and H. L. had a good stock now quite useless to them, as neither could make up his mind to a bush life. These amusing transfers of property came to a close at last, after some weeks of incessant trafficking, with your brother's solemnly asking my permission to hand over to H. L., as a make-weight in the scale, a large woolen comforter which I had knitted for him.

Not one of the ladies in our three families has a special vocation for grubbing and housemaiding, though all have done it since we came here without complaint, and have done it well. Indeed, a most respectable settler, who, with other men and a team of oxen, was working for some days on our land to help your brother, remarked to his wife, that he was quite astonished that a young lady (meaning your eldest sister) evidently unaccustomed to hard work, could do so much and could do it so well. He had noticed how comfortably all the different meals had been prepared and arranged. Your sister F. too, in spite of the hindrance of three little children, has always given satisfaction to the workmen employed by her husband. Thinking over these

things, a very grave subject of consideration has arisen among us on the subject of domestic servants. Should any providential change in our circumstances take place, or our farms become even moderately thriving, we should certainly once more require these social incumbrances; but where to find them would be the question — certainly not in the settlement to which we belong. We should of course hail the day when we could have the help in all household matters we formerly enjoyed, but we must surely seek for it at a distance from here. The children of the settlers, both boys and girls, know well that on attaining the age of eighteen years, they can each claim and take up from government a free grant of one hundred acres. They naturally feel their incipient independence, and their individual interest in the country, and this makes them less inclined to submit to the few restrictions of servitude still sanctioned by common-sense and general observance. They serve their temporary masters and mistresses under protest, as it were, and are most unwilling to acknowledge their title to these obnoxious names. They consider it their undoubted right to be on a footing of perfect equality with every member of the family, and have no inclination whatever to “sit below the salt.” When your sister-in-law returned from B——e her health was for some time too delicate for her to do any hard work, and we, having the charge of the baby, could give her no assistance. Your brother C. looked about the settlement for a respectable girl as a servant. He found one in every way suitable, about sixteen and apparently healthy, strong, willing, and tolerably competent. He liked her appearance, and engaged her at the wages she asked. She entered upon her place, did her work well, and gave entire satisfaction. Everything was done to make her comfortable, even to the extent of giving her the whole Sunday to herself, as she was in the habit of attending the church some miles off, and also the Sunday-school. In little more than a week she suddenly

left, assigning no reason but that she was “wanted at home,” which we knew to be a falsehood, as she had two or three sisters capable of assisting her mother. We were greatly puzzled to find out her true reason for leaving. After a time it was made clear to us by a trustworthy person who had it from the family themselves. The young lady had found it *intolerably dull*, and it was further explained to us, that no settler would allow his daughter to be in service where she was not allowed to sit at the same table with the family, and to join freely in the conversation at all times.

In support of my oft-repeated assertion that poor ladies and gentlemen form the worst, or at least the most unsuccessful class for emigration to Canada, I must give you a slight sketch of the class of settlers we have here, and of the conditions they must fulfill before they can hope to be in easy circumstances, much less in affluent ones. Of course I am speaking of settlers from the “old country,” and not of Canadians born who sometimes find their way from the “front,” to try their fortunes in the backwoods. The settlers in this neighborhood for a circuit of about eight miles are all of the lower classes: weavers from Scotland, agricultural laborers from England, artisans and mechanics from all parts. Whatever small sum of money a family of this class can collect with a view to emigration, very little of it is spent in coming over. They are invariably steerage passengers, and on landing at Quebec are forwarded free of all expense, and well provided for on the road, by the Emigration Society, to the part where they intend settling. Say that they come to the free grant lands of Muskoka. The intending settler goes before the commissioner of crown lands, and (if a single man) takes up a lot of one hundred acres; if married and with children, he can claim another lot as “head of a family.” He finds the conditions of his tenure specified on the paper he signs, and sees that it will be five years before he can have

his patent, and then only if he has cleared fifteen acres, and has likewise built thereon a log-house of certain dimensions. He pays some one a dollar to point out his lot, and to take him over it, and then selecting the best site, and with what assistance he can get from his neighbors, he clears a small patch of ground and builds a shanty. In the mean time, if he have a wife and family they are lodged and boarded at some near neighbor's for a very small sum. When he and his family have taken possession, he underbrushes and chops as much as he possibly can before the winter sets in, but on the first approach of the cold weather he starts for the lumber shanties, and engages himself to work there, receiving from twenty to twenty-five dollars a month and his food. Should he be of any particular trade, he goes to some large town, and is tolerably sure of employment. It is certainly a very hard and anxious life for the wife and children, left to shift for themselves throughout the long, dreary winter, too often on a very slender provision of flour and potatoes, and little else. When spring at last comes, the steady, hard-working settler returns with quite a little sum of money wherewith to commence his own farming operations. One of the most respectable settlers near us is a man who began life as a sturdy Kentish plowboy. He is now an elderly man with a very large family and a most thriving farm. He has thirty acres well cleared and under cultivation, has thirteen head of cattle and some fine pigs, has the best barn in the place, and has just removed his family into a large, commodious plank house, with many rooms and a very fine cellar, built entirely at odd times by himself and his son, a steady, clever lad of eighteen. This man for several years has gone at the beginning of the winter to one of the hotels in B——c where he acts as "stable boy," and makes a great deal of money, besides his food, which in such a place is of the best. He could very well now remain at home and reap the reward of his thrift and industry, but prefers go-

ing on for a year or two longer, while he still has health and strength.

Now it is obvious that ladies and gentlemen have not and cannot have these advantages. The ladies of a family cannot be left unprotected during the long winter, and indeed are for the most part physically incapable of chopping firewood, and doing other hard outdoor work. I speak most distinctly of *poor* ladies and gentlemen. Should people of ample means *choose* to encounter the inevitable privations of bush life, there are, of course, none which cannot be at least alleviated by a judicious expenditure of money. Here the settlers' wives and daughters work almost as hard as their husbands and fathers — log, burn, plant, and dig; and in some instances, with the work adopt the habits of men, and smoke and chew tobacco to a considerable extent. This, I am happy to say, is not the case with all, nor even, I hope, with the majority; but nearly all the women, long before attaining middle age, look prematurely worn and faded, and many of the settlers themselves bear in their faces the unmistakable signs of hard work, scanty food, and a perpetual struggle for existence.

I have often spoken of the broad, deep gully at the end of my lot near the "concession" road. We had an old negro located on the strip of land between, for more than five weeks. One fearfully cold day last winter, during a heavy snow-storm, your brother C. came upon a poor old man "camping" for the night on the road near here. He talked to him a little, gave him all the small change he happened to have about him, and coming home and telling us, we made a small collection, which with a loaf of bread he took to the old man next morning before he went away. Before the close of this autumn, C. again met his old acquaintance, looking more ragged and feeble than ever. He had with him only his ax and a small bundle. He said that he was making his way to a lot which he had taken up eight miles off, where he was going to locate himself and remain. He spoke, too, of having friends in the front, who would give

him some assistance, and at least send him some flour. Again he camped out for the night, and we held a family consultation about him. Your brothers proposed going with him to his lot, and helping him to build his shanty. They talked of taking provisions and being out for some days. They also talked of taking him provisions twice a week during the winter, for fear he should starve, as he complained that his neighbors were very unkind to him, and did not want him located among them. We all loudly protested against this plan as being altogether quixotic, and reminded them that to carry out their plan they must periodically neglect their own work, leave us alone, and run the risk of being sometimes weather-bound, thus causing injury to their own health, and much alarm to us. We suggested an expedient: to let poor Jake settle himself near my gully for the winter, your brother to build him a shanty there, and to take him every day sufficient warm food to make him comfortable. C. promised to join with us, in giving him so much bread and potatoes every week. I paid one visit to the old negro, whom I found ugly, dirty, and with only one eye, but not at all repulsive-looking, as he had a very pleasant countenance, and talked well and intelligently. He agreed to our plan, and your brothers soon raised the logs of a good shanty, and till it was completed he built himself a wigwam, Indian fashion, which he made very warm and comfortable. We told him also that if he liked to make a small clearing round his shanty, we would pay him for his chopping when he left. The winter soon came, and the snow began to fall. The first very frosty night made us anxious about our old pensioner, and your brother went to him early the next morning with a can of hot tea for his breakfast. What was his astonishment when he crossed the gully to hear loud voices in Jake's little encampment. On reaching it he asked the old man who was with him. He significantly pointed to the wigwam, from which a woman's voice called out, "Yes! I'm here, and I've got the

hagur!" (ague?) A few minutes afterwards the owner of the voice issued from the hut, in the person of a stout, bold-looking, middle-aged woman (white), who evidently considered old Jake, his shanty, his wigwam, and all his effects, as her own undoubted property.

We found that this was the Mary of whom Jake had spoken as being the person with whom he had boarded and lodged in the front, and who had found him out here. In the course of the day both your brothers paid the old man a visit, and signified to him that it would be as well if he and his companion took their departure, as we knew he was not married to her, and we had a wholesome dread of *five children*, whom Jake had incidentally mentioned, following in the wake of their mother. We gave them leave, however, to remain till the Monday following, as we did not wish to drive any one out precipitately, who was suffering from the "hagur." Till they went, we supplied them with provisions. On the following Monday they departed. Your brothers gave poor Jake two dollars for the little bit of chopping he had done, and we gave him some bread, coffee, and potatoes, as provision for his journey. Your brothers saw him and Mary off with all their bundles, and returned home, leaving my gully as silent and solitary as ever. We heard afterwards that Jake did not go to his own lot, as he seemed to intend, but was seen with his companion making his way to the main road out of the bush. A settler overtook them, and told us they were quarreling violently for the possession of a warm quilted French counterpane, which we had lent to old Jake to keep him warm in his wigwam, and had allowed him to take away.

We were disappointed this year in not having a visit from the old colporteur of Parry's Sound. He came last year during a heavy storm of snow, with a large pack of cheap Bibles and Testaments, and told us he was an agent for the Wesleyan Society, and had orders to distribute gratis, where there was really no means of paying. In answer to some remark of mine, he said that the

"Bible must always follow the ax." This poor man was verging towards the decline of life, had a hollow cough, and was in frame very feeble and fragile, yet he was full of zeal, traveled incessantly, and dispensed numbers of copies of the Word of God as he passed from settlement to settlement. I bought two New Testaments for eight cents each, well printed, and strongly bound.

I am drawing to the close of my pleasant task of recording bush reminiscences. My labors have at least kept me from vain and fruitless regrets and repinings.

"*Lasciate ogni speranza voi che entrate!*" How often have I repeated these dismal words to myself since I came into the bush, and felt them to be the knell of hope and happiness. But time flies, whether in joy or sorrow. We are now in the middle of our second winter, those dreadful winters of close imprisonment which last for nearly seven months, and which your sister and I both agree form the severest trial of bush life. My aspirations in former years were manifold, but were I asked now what were the three absolute essentials for human happiness, I should be tempted to reply, "Roads to walk upon, a church to worship in, and a doctor within reach in case of necessity!" All these are wanting in the bush, but

as we have incessant daily occupation, an extensive correspondence, and as providentially we brought out all our stock of cherished books, we manage to live on without too much complaining. Your brother C. is doing pretty well, and hopes to bring his few animals (a settler's riches), safely through the winter. Your brother-in-law also is making progress, and is expecting from England a partner (a young relation of his own), whose coming will probably insure him success. We remain just as we were, striving, struggling, and hoping against hope, that success may yet crown our endeavors. Our farm stock is easily counted, and easily taken care of: your brother's dog, with three very fat puppies, my pretty cat "Tibbs," with her little son "Hidge," and a magnificent tom puss, whose real home is at "Pioneer Cottage," but who, being of social habits, and having a general invitation, does me the honor to eat, drink, and sleep here.

My sketches of bush life have been an occupation and an amusement to me, but I can truly say that they very faintly portray our sufferings and our privations. I now take leave of my readers (should I by chance have any), both gentle and simple, and heartily say to each and all, "God be with you!"

H. B. K.

THE LAY OF THRYM; OR, THE HAMMER RECOVERED.

A NORSE LEGEND.

WROTH was Vingthor when, awaking, he his mighty hammer missed;
Felt about him, shook his beard, and smote his forehead with his fist.
“Hear, O Loki, what I tell thee, known to none above, below:
Stolen is the Æsir-hammer. Swift to Freyia let us go!”

To the dwelling of fair Freyia straight they flew as swift as wind.
“Lend thy feather dress, O Freyia — I my hammer fain would find.”
“Though ’t were woven gold or silver, I would lend it,” Freyia said.
Then with whistling plumage Loki over plains and mountains sped;
Flew beyond the Æsirs’¹ dwellings, till he came to Jötun-lands.
On a mound sat Thrym, the lord of Thursar, plaiting golden bands —
Plaiting collars for his greyhounds, smoothing down his horses’ manes.
“Why to Jötunheim alone, O Loki, com’st thou o’er the plains?”
“Hast thou hidder Vingthor’s hammer? Ill betide thee if thou hast!”
“I have hidden Vingthor’s hammer in the earth full many a rast:
None shall get it thence again, though he should labor all his life,
Till he brings to me fair Freyia for my own and wedded wife.”

Then with whistling plumage Loki flew beyond the Jötun-land,
Till within the Æsirs’ courts he saw the mighty Vingthor stand.
“Thou hast labored — hast thou prospered? Tell thy tidings from the air:
They who sit are often false, although their speech be smooth and fair.”
“I have labored — I have prospered. Thrym thy hammer took, O king.
None shall get it thence, save he who Freyia for his wife will bring.”

Forth to Freyia then they flew, and first of all these words they said:
“Put thy bridal raiment on, O Freyia; thou with Thrym must wed.
Ride with us to Jötunheim; the Thursars’ lord shall be thy spouse.”
Then did Freyia chafe with anger, and she knit her queenly brows,
And the Æsirs’ palace trembled as she paced it through and through;
And the famed Brisenga necklace from her neck in shivers flew.
“I should be the frailest woman, and the basest of my time,
If with thee, in bridal raiment, I should ride to Jötunheim!”

Straightway then in council gathered all the Æsir to debate
How Hlorridi’s² hidden hammer they should rescue from its fate.
Heimdall, then, of Æsir brightest, thus amid the gods did speak:
“Let Thor dress in bridal raiment, with the necklace on his neck.
By his side the keys shall jingle, round his knees a gown be spread,
Jewels sparkle on his breast, a golden coif upon his head.”

Then outspoke the mighty Vingthor: “Shall a woman’s part be mine?
For the gods will smile to see me robed in bridal raiment fine.”

¹ Æsirs — gods of the Scandinavian mythology.

² One of the names of Thor.

Then spake Loki: "Mighty Thor, such words do not become thee well.
If thy hammer thou shalt lose, in Asgard will the Jötuns dwell."

So in bridal robes they dressed him; like a maiden he was led;
By his side the keys did jingle, round his knees a gown was spread;
Jewels sparkled on his breast, a golden coif upon his head.
Then said Loki, "I will aid thee as thy servant for a time,
And we two will ride together till we come to Jötunheim."

Swift the goats were caught and harnessed; swift and far their feet did run.
Rocks were shivered — earth ablaze. To Jötunheim rode Odin's son.
Thrym, the lord of Thursar, shouted, "Up now, every Jötun's son!
Freyia for my wife they bring me — Niörd's maid from Noatun.
Hither bring the gold-horned cattle, oxen black, the Jötun's pride.
Treasures I have many — only needed Freyia for my bride."

In the evening came the Jötuns. Beer for them was brought in pails.
Thor alone devoured an ox, and salmons eight with bones and scales.
All the sweetmeats women fancy disappeared with wondrous speed;
While he quenched his thirst by drinking three huge horns of foaming mead.
Then said Thrym, the lord of Thursar, "Never in my life I saw
Maidens drink such draughts of mead, or brides with such a hungry maw!"
Said the crafty Loki, sitting as a handmaid all the time,
"Eight nights Freyia naught has eaten, longing so for Jötunheim."

'Neath her veil Thrym stooped to kiss her, but sprang back along the hall:
"Why are Freyia's eyes so piercing? Sparks of fire my heart appall!"
Said the crafty Loki, sitting as a handmaid all the time —
"Eight nights Freyia has not slept, so eager she for Jötunheim."

In then came the Jötun's sister — for a bride-gift dared to crave.
"Give me all thy ruddy rings, if thou my love wouldst seek to have."

"Bring the hammer now!" Thrym shouted. "Let us consecrate the bride;
Lay Miöllner¹ on her knee. Naught can now our lives divide."

In his breast then laughed Hlorridi, when his hammer he beheld.
Up he rose, and slew the Jötuns: all the Jötun race he felled;
Felled the Jötun's aged sister, who a bride-gift sought to gain:
She, instead of golden rings, by Vingthor's hammer stroke was slain.
So got Odin's son his hammer from the Jötuns back again.

C. P. Cranch.

¹ The hammer.

A MODERN FINANCIAL UTOPIA: HOW IT GREW UP, AND WHAT BECAME OF IT.

THERE is one great, plain, practical fact in respect to irredeemable paper money, which in itself is a sufficient answer to all the arguments that may be advanced in its favor. And that is, that there cannot be one single instance referred to in the history of any state, nation, or people, in which its adoption and use has not been wholly disastrous. The more conspicuous examples and illustrations which prove this assertion — namely, the John Law scheme of 1716–1720, the currency of the American colonies before the revolution, the Continental money, the French *assignats*; and later and in this century, the paper money experience of Austria, Russia, Italy, Spain, Turkey, and the South American states — are all more or less familiar; but there is another example, little known, and rarely if ever referred to, which, occurring within a comparatively recent period, and under conditions analogous to those which in the opinion of many render the United States an exception to all the rest of the world, is no less interesting and instructive. We refer to the fiscal experience of the Republic of Texas, which, during the brief period of its existence as an independent nation, committed on a small scale nearly all the financial blunders, and tried nearly all the financial experiments, which the greater nations of Europe have before and since committed and tried on a large scale, and, as might naturally have been expected, with an almost exact parallelism of results. The details of this curious history were first collected by the late William M. Gouge of Philadelphia, — an American writer on finance whose reputation was never commensurate with his worth and abilities, — who visited Texas after its annexation for the purpose of specially studying up this subject; and whose work, published near a quarter of a cent-

ury ago, and now a rare volume, constitutes the source from which has been derived the following information.

Previous to the year 1835, Texas was one of the states of the Republic of Mexico; and its currency consisted of gold and silver, and, to a very limited extent, of the notes of the banks of the United States. As the civilized population was small, no large amount of currency of any kind was required, but as compared with other newly settled countries, money was reported “to have been plenty.” A great part of the Texan currency consisted of what were termed “hammered dollars,” or old Spanish dollars from which the royal effigy had been effaced by the Mexicans as a testimony of disrespect for their former rulers. Time contracts were however made in new Mexican dollars, which were termed “eagle money,” and circulated at one hundred cents to the dollar; while the “hammered dollar,” though containing fully as much pure silver, circulated at only ninety cents; the probable reason for the current depreciation of the latter being, that the destruction of their certificate of value effected by defacing the stamp, also prevented their use in settling foreign exchanges, and consequently their exportation.

After the commencement of the revolution, and the inauguration of a provisional government, in November, 1835, hammered money gradually disappeared from circulation, and bank-notes from the States came in more freely and constituted the chief currency. In 1837, however, the banks of the United States suspended specie payments, and while all of the circulating medium of Texas became greatly depreciated, a very considerable portion derived from the banks of the State of Mississippi became altogether worthless. “Thereby,” says the

historian above referred to, "many of the people of Texas suffered severely, but their aggregate losses did not equal their aggregate gains, as many of these notes had been obtained in loans and many of these loans were not repaid."

From the very first the Texans do not appear to have ever allowed themselves to be embarrassed by the idea of Old-World bankers, political economists, and doctrinaires that the circulating medium of a country should be based upon the precious metals. They were wiser than all that; and they had in their possession something more valuable than gold and silver, — the element and source of all wealth, — namely, an almost unlimited quantity of cheap, fertile land. This was the true thing, in their opinion, to bank on, and bank on it they did. The first bank chartered, nearly six months before the commencement of hostilities, was the "Commercial and Agricultural Bank" of the department of Brazos. Its capital was not to exceed one million of dollars, divided into shares of one hundred dollars each. It was authorized to establish branches anywhere and everywhere; receive eight per cent. per annum on loans not exceeding six months, and ten per cent. on loans exceeding that time; and only the capital of the bank was to be responsible for the notes it issued. But the subscribers were required "*to adequately secure the value of their shares with real estate in the republic.*" In short it was a most liberal charter, and the only thing any way illiberal about it was the single clause, "that as soon as one hundred thousand dollars, at least, have entered the vaults of the bank, it may commence operations." "Dollars," however, at that time, in Texas, says our historian, "*meant just whatever the people meant to make it mean.*" William M. Strong, of Pennsylvania, Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, had not then taken his seat on the bench; but the Texans in 1835 knew as well as Judge Strong did, when he gave the legal tender decision in 1871, that

"*value was an ideal thing;*"¹ that "*it is hardly correct to speak of a standard of value;*"¹ that "*the gold and silver thing we call a dollar is, in no sense, a standard of a dollar;*"¹ in fact, that anything is a dollar which the law-making powers may imagine it to be, and that it is not at all necessary that their "imagining" for one year should be the same as their "imagining" for some other and subsequent year. And as the Bank of Agriculture and Commerce appears to have commenced operations, and as there is no evidence that the one hundred thousand dollars was ever paid in, we are warranted in supposing that the "ideal" took in every respect the place of the real. That the Congress of Texas had also faith to a large extent in the *ideal* standard of value is made evident by the fact that, by an act passed in December, 1836, the secretary of the treasury was authorized and empowered "to negotiate a loan from any bank or banks that may be established in this republic, of sufficient amount for the payment of all just claims" held by certain creditors against the government; and lest the Bank of Agriculture and Commerce, with its capital of one million of "ideal" dollars, and the value of its shares made good by the pledge of real estate, should not be able to afford sufficient banking facilities to a population not exceeding fifty thousand, including the "State," the "Texas Railroad and Navigation Banking Company" was in 1836 incorporated in addition. The capital of this company was fixed at five millions, to be increased if desired to ten millions, with the right of connecting the waters of the Rio Grande and the Sabine by means of internal navigation, and the privilege of making branch canals and branch roads in every direction; and this too at a time when the Republic of Texas had not the means of supporting a navy sufficient to protect its coasts from the attacks of one small sloop of war belonging to the Mexicans. The five millions of stock were immediately subscribed by eight

¹ *Decisions Supreme Court of the United States*, 1871.

individuals and firms; but the operations of the banking company were exceedingly limited, and are thus reported: None of the subscribers paid in anything. One sold his interest, however, to a firm in New York, and took his pay in store-goods. A second sold his for ten thousand dollars; while a third swapped his for three leagues of land, which he subsequently sold at ten dollars and a half an acre. "The rest of the subscribers retain their original stock to this day." Other projects of a like character were brought forward; namely: "A Joint Stock Company for the erection of a Hotel and Bath House at Velasco, with Banking Privileges;" "The Texas Internal Improvement and Banking Company;" "The Red River and Aransaso Bay, Navigation, Railroad, and Banking Company;" and finally, for establishing a bank on the faith of the government. All these projects were favorably received; but before the necessary laws could be passed, to put them in operation, news was received of the general failure of the banks of the United States (1837), and the republic was deprived of its prospective capital, enterprise, and consequent development. To supply the necessities of a circulating medium occasioned by the discredit of bank-notes issued in the United States, individuals and municipalities commenced in 1837 to issue "shin-plasters," or notes for the fractional parts of a dollar, and continued to do so until 1840, when an end was put to them by the bankruptcy of the issuers.

It is now desirable to turn back and consider more directly the means by which Texas provided funds to carry on the war. At the outset the new republic had, apart from the pledge or sale of its lands, but few financial resources. A financial report made to the provisional government or council in November, 1835, brought out the fact, that although an army was in the field, engaged in active operations, yet "our finances, arising from the receipt of dues for lands, as will appear on file in Mr. Gail Borden's report, which were in his hands, are fifty-eight dollars and

thirty cents. This money has been exhausted, and also an advance by the president of the council of thirty-six dollars. There were also several hundred dollars in the hands of the alcalde of Austin. Upon this money several advances have been made; as such you may consider that at the present moment the council is out of funds."

But it will never do to despise the day of small things. The men who had undertaken to make of Texas a free and independent republic were, in respect to audacity, enterprise, and self-reliance, typical emigrants from the great American nation, and having put their hands to the plow had no intention of stopping half-way in the furrow. But to succeed in their undertaking "ways and means" were indispensable; "and finding," says Mr. Gouge, "that other nations in their periods of exigency had resorted to taxing, borrowing, begging, selling, robbing, and cheating, they determined to try all six," and he might have added, they in all six succeeded. The first feasible and ready way of collecting a revenue through taxation, that suggested itself, was by duties on imports, and the Texan legislators accordingly took to the tariff after the most approved American fashion; enacting a given rate of duties on the 12th of December, revising the same on the 15th, and making a new tariff on the 27th. In the ten years that Texas existed as an independent republic, it had no less than seven distinct tariffs.

Export duties on cotton were also recommended. The chief reliance of the government was, however, upon loans, and commissioners were early appointed to borrow one million of dollars at a rate not exceeding ten per cent., on bonds running for not less than five or more than ten years; the commissioners being authorized to pledge the public faith, the public lands, the public revenues, and in short everything that Texas possessed in the way of security, for their repayment.

The idea that "a national debt was a national blessing" was one for which it has been generally supposed an agent

of Jay Cooke & Co., employed to write up the 5-20 bonds, in 1863, was entitled to a patent for originality; but the records of the Congress of Texas show that the unexpatriated Yankee was after all but a poor though probably unconscious imitator, and that his conceptions of the felicity of owing somebody nationally never began to rise to the height of those indulged in by a Mr. Chenoweth, who, as chairman of the national committee on finance, submitted to the first Congress on the 16th of December, 1835, a report, of which the following is an extract:—

“At present our indebtedness is small, and our liabilities almost entirely to private individuals, whose claims, your committee are of opinion, may properly be merged and canceled by the creation of substantial loans. An outstanding national debt may in many respects be looked upon as beneficial, by a community isolated and dependent as Texas, if the creditors, as such, can afford us substantial patronage. And until we can stand immutable among the nations of the earth, your committee would advise *that the pecuniary interests of our creditors will excite for us the sympathy and protection of mankind.*”

In one sense Mr. Chenoweth’s “advice” proved correct, though not altogether in the manner he anticipated; for the various debt certificates of Texas being largely disposed of in the United States, an earnest sympathy for the republic was thereby naturally created among the holders; and this sympathy ultimately was most powerful in securing the annexation of Texas to the United States, and subsequently an appropriation from Congress of the sum of \$10,000,000, with the understanding that the same should be used in the payment of the debts of the republic.

Under the head of “selling,” as an expedient for providing ways and means, the public lands were offered by the government of Texas at low prices and in any quantity; but as the cash value of the article was small,—the price fixed by the Mexican government before the war being less than four cents

per acre,—and as, furthermore, until after independence was fully established it was a question whether the vendor could pass an adequate and sufficient title, the receipts from this source were inconsiderable.

Under the head of “begging,” the foreign agents of the republic were authorized to receive money or donations of any kind that might be given by citizens of any country they might visit; and that the hat thus passed round did not return empty is evident from the circumstance that on the 30th of November, 1835, formal resolutions of thanks were passed by the council to John Hutchins of Natchez, Mississippi, for his liberal donation of one hundred dollars “for the use of Texas in her struggle for liberty.”

Under the head of “robbing,” the council, on the 17th of January, 1836, enacted, that whereas it was impossible for the troops at Bexar “to drive beeves and procure provisions for their use without horses; *Therefore be it resolved,* that the commandant be authorized to employ as many Mexicans, or other citizens, for the purpose of driving up beeves, and procuring provisions, as may be required for that purpose.” Letters of marque and reprisal were also early authorized and issued: but in this department of robbery the Texans could plead the precedents of the best-established and most Christian governments.

Under the head of “cheating,” Mr. Gouge groups the several acts and proceedings of the republic in respect to the manufacture and issue of paper money. The national treasury was first established, so far as the election of a treasurer could establish it, in November, 1835. Previous to this there had been a fiscal committee, and this had made a report, which, as the first official financial document of a *de facto* government, destined in the course of the following year to come into possession and control of a territory larger than France, deserves to be handed down to posterity. The report related to a matter of extortion and swindling on the

part of certain contractors, and alleged, that one Thomas Bray, for furnishing "Cole's company of wagoners with one hundred and seven pounds of bread, had charged twenty-five cents per pound, or twenty-six dollars and seventy-five cents, whereas he should have charged but fourteen cents per pound; and that one Madison M. Stevens had charged an extortionate sum for "carrying one express to Nacogdoches." It was accordingly recommended that Bray be allowed but fifteen dollars and seventy-eight cents, and Stevens but ten dollars and fifty cents in full of all accounts, and the report was ordered to lie on the table. A month afterwards, by some skill of manipulation not unworthy in these later days of a Chorpennin and his counsel, Hon. John Cessna, the committee made another report, in which it was recommended that Messrs. Bray and Stevens be paid in full, — and paid in full they probably were. How good a field there would have been for Chorpennin and Cessna to have operated in is illustrated by the following extract from a message which the first governor, Henry Smith, about this same time sent in to the "*Honorable President and Members of the General Council.*" He says: —

"Instead of acting as becomes the counselors and guardians of a free people, you resolve yourselves into low, intriguing, caucusing parties; pass resolutions without a quorum, predicated on false premises; and if you could only deceive me enough, you would join with it a piratical coöperation. You have acted in bad faith, and seem determined by your acts to destroy the very constitution you are pledged and sworn to support. I have been placed on the political watch-tower, and I hope I will be able to prove a faithful sentinel. You have also been posted as sentinels; but you have permitted the enemy to cross the lines, and you are ready to sacrifice your country at the shrine of plunder. Mr. President, I speak collectively, as you all form one whole, though at the same time I do not mean all. I know you have honest men there; but you

have Judas in the camp, — men who, if possible, would deceive their God.

"Notwithstanding their deep-laid plans and intrigues, I have not been asleep. They will find themselves circumvented in every tack. I am now tired of watching scoundrels abroad and scoundrels at home, and as such I am now prepared to drop the curtain.

"Look around upon your flock; your discernment will easily detect the scoundrels; the complaint, contraction of the eyes; the gape of the mouth; the vacant stare; the hung head; the restless, fidgety disposition; the sneaking, sycophantic look; a natural meanness of countenance; an unguarded shrug of the shoulders; a sympathetic tickling and contraction of the muscles of the neck, anticipating a rope; a restless uneasiness to adjourn, dreading to face the storm themselves have raised. Let the honest and indignant part of your council drive the wolves out of the fold. Some of them have been thrown out of folds equally sacred, and should be denied the society of civilized men.

"But, thanks be to my God, there is balm in Texas, and a physician near."

And the governor then, in the capacity of a physician, proceeded to administer the balm by ordering the council to be forthwith prorogued, "unless your body will make the necessary acknowledgment of your error, and forthwith" (before twelve o'clock to-morrow) "proceed" (by issuing a circular and furnishing expresses), "to give it circulation and publicity, in a manner calculated to counteract its baleful effects."

But the council wouldn't be prorogued, and refused to accept the balm. They referred the governor's message to a committee, who forthwith reported, "That they are unable to express any other views than indignation at language so repulsive to every moral feeling of an honorable man, and astonishment that this community should have been so miserably deceived in selecting, for the high office of governor, a man whose language and conduct proves his early habits of association to have been vulgar and depraved." The report con-

cluded with resolutions that they would sustain the dignity of the government, and that Henry Smith be ordered forthwith to cease the functions of his office. The next day they issued an address to the people, in which they repelled the charges brought against them in "that impudential document," and brought counter-charges against his excellency himself. A single paragraph is given by Mr. Gouge to show the character of this address: "All these acts of stubbornness and perverseness were not sufficient to gratify his thirst for sole dominion. His dignity was insulted at the idea of the existence of the coördinate branch of government to curb his acts and check his usurpation. He became more and more restless, until, enraged at the presumption of the council, in the exercise of a constitutional right, he ignites; his fury, in a blaze, consumes his prudence (what he had); he orders the council to disperse, shuts the door of communication between the two departments, and proclaims himself the government."

At this rejoinder and counter-attack Governor Smith seems to have been considerably astonished; and sought to reconcile matters with the council by sending the next day a message, in which, after confessing that he had used "much asperity of language," he concludes as follows:—

"Believing the rules of Christian charity require us to bear and forbear, and as far as possible overlook the errors and foibles of each other, in this case I may not have exercised towards your body that degree of forbearance which was probably your due. If so, I have been laboring under error, and as such, hope you will have the magnanimity to extend it to me, and the two branches again harmonize to the promotion of the true interests of the country." But it was of no use; Governor Smith's "Christian charity" was exercised too late. The council deposed him so far as they could, and for the remainder of the session, Lieutenant-Governor Robinson "reigned in his stead."

The formal establishment of a national treasury was one thing; the filling it with money was quite another and different thing. And as sufficient funds for defraying the expenses of the government and the army did not come from any of the expedients of taxation, loans, the establishment of companies with banking privileges, the sale of lands, begging, or seizing private property by land and sea, the republic next undertook to pay its way by drawing drafts on itself. To give these drafts credit and circulation an act was passed, December, 1836, "That it shall be the duty of the several collectors (of customs) to receive the orders of the auditor upon the treasury of the republic when offered by importers in payment of duties at the time of importation;" and in June following, it was enacted, "That properly audited drafts on the treasury of the republic shall be received in payment of taxes imposed, except on billiard tables, retailers of liquors, and nine-pin alleys, or games of that kind." By these two acts, Texas gave her audited drafts a greater value than they would otherwise have possessed, and caused them to pass into hands that otherwise would not have received them. From first to last, the issue of these audited drafts amounted to about eight millions of dollars (\$7,834,207). They do not appear to have ever to any extent answered the purpose of currency; and the circumstance that they were issued for odd numbers of dollars and cents, and when passed from hand to hand required a calculation, doubtless contributed to prevent such a result. They gradually depreciated in value, and in December, 1837, one year after the passage of the act authorizing their reception for custom dues, another act was passed declaring that the state would no longer receive such drafts in payment of debts due to itself.

The greatest and best stroke of financial policy on the part of the new republic was, however, reserved to the last; and in November, 1837, when borrowing, begging, selling land scrip, and issuing audited drafts had been

exhausted as expedients for raising money, the government commenced the issue of treasury notes. These notes were in the form of bank-notes, and by law were required to be printed "*in neat form.*" They were also for round or even sums, and mainly for small amounts, and specified on their face "*that they will be received in payment for lands and other public dues, or be redeemed with any moneys in the treasury not otherwise appropriated.*"

And here commences by far the most valuable of all the lessons deducible from the study of the fiscal experience of the Republic of Texas, — a lesson, moreover, exceptionally interesting, from the circumstance that we find in it a showing and demonstration that the working and effect of a system of irredeemable paper money is one and the same, whether the field of its influence be a rich, densely populated old country like Austria or Great Britain, or a disturbed, thinly populated community, with little accumulated capital, and occupying, as it were, the very border line between barbarism and civilization.

The first noticeable and most interesting fact connected with the history of these Texan treasury notes is, that although the credit of Texas at the time of their issue was so bad that a foreign loan could not be negotiated, and the audited drafts on the treasury had so far depreciated as to have but a nominal value, and that of less than *fifteen* cents on the dollar, yet the notes themselves, though practically unredeemable, were when first issued at par, or nearly par, with specie, and furthermore were kept so for months, or until their issue exceeded in amount half a million of dollars. The explanation of this curious phenomenon is, that the people of Texas, at the time of the authorization of these treasury notes, had practically no circulating medium for effecting exchanges, or none that was really worthy of the name; and although a community can get along in its business without a currency, as it can without horses and carts, ships and steam-engines, — all

alike instrumentalities for effecting the interchange of commodities, — there is no community that will dispense with any of these agencies if it can help it. With the outbreak of the revolution the hammered money and the eagle money, as already stated, soon disappeared. With the failure of the banks of the United States in 1837, the notes of the banking institutions of the southwestern States, which had come in like a flood and had supplied to Texas the void occasioned by the disappearance of its specie circulation, became worthless; while the issue of skin-plasters or fractional notes of persons and firms, although continued, was by law forbidden. The want of some medium that should have *one* value, and would regulate prices and facilitate exchanges, was therefore much felt; and when the government gave the people the best medium they could, threw around it all the guarantees that it was in their power to supply, and issued no more of the "*medium*" than was necessary to meet a specific want, the people in turn accorded to the medium a value proportional to the work it performed, or the necessity it supplied. The first issue of notes, in addition to a pledge of government faith to receive them in payment of all public dues and to redeem them as soon as there was anything to redeem them with, carried also a promise of *ten* per cent. interest; a rate easily calculated, and which offered an inducement for hoarding the notes, to such Texans as could afford it and had also faith in their ultimate payment. The whole revenue from customs was also devoted to sustaining the credit of these treasury notes, and about this time the laws for raising a revenue from imports began to be effective; the gross revenue accruing from the customs for the quarter ending September 30, 1837, having been about sixty thousand dollars.

The Texans were, moreover, exceedingly wise in their day and generation in another matter. The original treasury notes, although intended to serve as currency, were nevertheless, from the fact that they carried ten per cent. in-

terest, in reality a species of national "bond;" and being issued in round sums of small amounts, as low even as one dollar, they were taken up as investments, or speculated in by persons of very small means, who never regarded themselves in any sense as capitalists. Very considerable sums thus found their way into the United States and were permanently held there, and even the negroes of New Orleans were enabled to enjoy the luxury of speculating in foreign securities. It is also curious to recall that at the time of the formation of the syndicate in 1870-1871, for the purpose of funding the national debt of the United States at a lower rate of interest than six per cent., this very same plan that worked so successfully in Texas in 1837 was brought forward and urged before the committees of Congress with great ingenuity and ability, by the then head of the European banking firm of Bowles Brothers, as a condition precedent and essential to placing permanently a large amount of Federal securities among the masses in Europe, at a very low rate of interest. According to Mr. Gouge, Texas treasury notes continued to be at par, or nearly at par, with specie, until their amount exceeded half a million of dollars. If we take the population of Texas at that time as about *forty* thousand, and suppose that one fifth of the entire issue of half a million was hoarded, or floated off into the United States, then the result affords a very striking and curious confirmation of the theory held by many of the best informed bankers and economists, that an average of about *ten dollars per capita* is the utmost limit of paper money that a community can permanently float, and at the same time keep on a level or par with specie.¹ It is also a fact in regard to the Continental money, that, so long as its issue was not in excess of thirty millions, or at the rate of about ten dollars *per capita*, or up to January, 1778, its maximum depreciation

was not in excess of five per cent., as compared with specie.

But all history shows that when a nation has once embarked in a scheme of irredeemable paper money, it is extremely difficult, if not wholly impossible, to resist the current and drift of its influence; and the experience of Texas constitutes no exception to this general rule. The five hundred thousand paper treasury dollars had done good service; they had doubtless been printed in a "neat form" as the law provided; had proved attractive to the masses, and had relieved the most urgent financial necessities of the republic. Why should not the people of Texas have more of so good a thing? They accordingly, through their legislative agents and representatives, determined to have more; and in the spring of 1838, a bill, bearing the familiar title of "*An Act to define and limit the issue of promissory notes*," was reported in the House of Representatives, which authorized an additional issue of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. The Senate, however, increased the existing amount to one million, and as thus amended, the bill passed both houses by large majorities. Sturdy and honest Sam Houston was then President, and when the bill came up for his signature, he promptly vetoed it, and gave his reasons therefor in a message, so full of common-sense and sound principles that there is nothing which the people of the United States could to-day read with greater profit and instruction. Indeed, it would almost seem as if he had before him, at the time of writing, the present condition of the United States, rather than that of his own people. He says, "When the (treasury note) currency was projected, both the government and the country were without resources. National existence and freedom had been achieved, but the struggle had left us destitute and naked. There were no banks! There was no money! Our

¹ The theory is that if the notes are redeemable in specie on demand, and more than ten dollars *per capita* is issued, the excess will be presented for redemption and be thus voluntarily retired. If the

notes are not redeemable on presentation, the moment the line of excess is passed, that same moment indicates the commencement of permanent depreciation.

lands could not be sold, and the public credit was of doubtful character! To avoid the absolute dissolution of the government, it became necessary to resort to some expedient that might furnish temporary relief. This could only be effected by creating a currency that should command some degree of credit abroad.

"It was hoped and believed, that if a small issue of government paper was made, with specific means of redemption pointed out, which appeared to be ample and well guaranteed, and the government should evince a prudent and discreet judgment in its management, it would command such articles in the market of the United States as were indispensable to the country.

"The result has justified the expectation."

But he continues, and his words are as full of truth now as then, "*The government will never be able by all the issues it can make, to satisfy the demands of private speculation and interest.* The vast issues of all the banks in the United States (reference being here made to the condition of things in 1836-1837), in their most extended condition, failed to attain this object. There has not probably been in circulation at any time, more than half a million of dollars. The present bill requires the secretary of the treasury to increase the issue to a million. No time or discretion is allowed to that officer. The circulation of the country is to be doubled in as little time as is required to issue the paper."

The objections of the executive for the moment prevailed; but another bill was passed a week after, which allowed the president to increase the amount of treasury notes to one million, if in his judgment the interests of the country required it; and at the same time, it specifically appropriated four hundred and fifty thousand of such notes, or an amount nearly equal to the whole existing issue, to the payment of army, navy, and civil indebtedness. The barriers against unlimited inflation were thus indirectly removed, and from this time

there does not appear to have been any effort to restrain further action in this direction. The first issues of these notes, as already stated, carried interest. The new issues were without interest, and on account of a red impression on their back, were everywhere known as "red-backs;" thus affording another example in illustration of the trite proverb, that "history repeats itself."

As might have been expected, with the authorization of the new issues the notes began to depreciate; and the depreciation increased with each additional emission. In all, paper money in the form of treasury notes to the nominal amount of \$4,717,939 was issued. In January, 1839, these notes were worth no more than *forty cents on the dollar*; in the spring of 1839 they were worth thirty-seven and a half cents; in 1841, from twelve to fifteen cents; and in 1842 they fell to ten cents, to five cents, to four, to three, to two, and finally became utterly worthless. In the characteristic language of the times, it required, before the close of President Lamar's administration, "fifteen dollars in treasury notes to buy three glasses of brandy and water, *without sugar*." To the treasury notes succeeded what were termed "exchequer bills;" but they were comparatively few in number, and never passed to any extent into circulation. "By this time," says Mr. Gouge, "there was little circulating medium of any kind in Texas; but this was no great calamity, as the people had but little left to circulate. The evils this system did were immense, and such as for which, even were it so disposed, the government could afford no compensation to the sufferers. They no doubt, however, like others in similar circumstances, attributed to the want of circulating medium the evils they suffered from want of circulating capital." In all, from first to last, the amount of "promissory notes," "audited drafts," "exchequer bills," bonds, etc., issued by the Texan treasury, and serving to a greater or less extent as "circulating medium," amounted to \$13,318,145; or reckoning the population at fifty thousand, more than two hundred and sixty-

six dollars per capita. If paper issues could, therefore, have made a people rich, the Texans ought to have been the richest people in the universe.

One other thing in connection with this subject ought specially to be mentioned in all honor to the Texans. In the midst of their poverty, and crushed almost to the earth with their burden of financial necessities, they never made their government paper a legal tender in the payment of private debts; but every man was left at liberty to refuse or receive treasury notes at his option. The result was, that when "red-backs" were almost the exclusive circulating medium, specie was the standard of ultimate reference. If a man bought an article on credit, he gave a note promising to pay dollars in silver, or so many treasury notes, as should, when the note fell due, be worth an equivalent of the amount owed in silver.

But another and no less curious part of this history yet remains to be told. The experiment of paper issues, not redeemable in specie on demand, to supply the office and function of money, or circulating medium, had been fully and fairly tried in Texas, and the people, one and all, were so entirely satisfied with their experiences, that they wanted no more for all time, like it. They accordingly did not content themselves with mere ordinary legislation; but when the convention came together, immediately after the consummation of the act of annexation to the United States, to form a State constitution, the delegates, by one of their earliest acts, inserted in the constitution the following sections, which were afterwards ratified by the people:¹

"In no case shall the legislature have power to issue 'treasury warrants,' 'treasury notes,' or paper of any description intended to circulate as money."

¹ The movement against the continued use of paper money, in fact, commenced in Texas at a date considerably earlier than that above indicated; the last president of Texas, Anson Jones, in December, 1844, using in his inaugural the following language: "The fallacy and danger of a factitious paper currency having been demonstrated by every civilized nation upon the earth, and Texas having once participated in this demonstration, should now, when she is able to do so, abandon the experiment and resort in time to what the experience of the past

"No corporate body shall hereafter be created, renewed, or extended, with banking or discounting privileges."

"The legislature shall prohibit by law individuals from issuing bills, checks, or promissory notes, or other paper, to circulate as money."

"It is never," says Mr. Gouge, in noticing the peculiarities of this constitution of Texas, "without deep experience of the evils of paper issues that the people impose such restrictions on their rulers."

And the first legislature that convened after the adoption of the constitution, or in the succeeding year, made the following further enactment:—

"No person or persons within this State shall issue any bill, promissory note, check, or other paper, to circulate as money."

"Every person who may violate this act shall be subject to indictment therefor, by a grand jury, as for a misdemeanor, at any time within twelve months after so offending; and shall be subject to a fine of not less than ten dollars, nor more than fifty dollars, for each and every bill, promissory note, check, or other paper, issued by them in violation of the first section of this act."

These measures practically put an end to the paper-money system of Texas. Various subterfuges were afterwards resorted to, and by means of them paper-money, to a very limited extent, found its way into circulation in Texas after its annexation to the United States. But as a rule, the community never again looked with favor upon any other currency than specie. The result of such a policy on the development and business of the State was thus reported by Mr. Gouge in 1852, — seven years after its adoption: "The result of this hard-money policy is, that business in

has conclusively shown to be the only safe expedient for governments — a hard-money currency as a circulating medium." In accordance with this recommendation, the Congress of Texas, in almost one of its last acts, forbade the further issue by the government of "any description of paper representing money intended for circulation, or to be received in payment of any class of revenue;" and required the secretary to cause to be destroyed all the exchequer bills received at the treasury department.

Texas rests on a more stable foundation than it does in many other parts of the Union. That it is absolutely free from vicissitudes is what we do not assert. But, unbolstered by bank-credits, and governed by that best of all regulators, gold and silver, her merchants limit their purchases of goods abroad by the actual demands of the planters at home, measuring that demand by the surplus crops the planters have to dispose of. Exchanges are regular. The maximum rates never exceed the cost of transporting specie, and often fall below it. A gentleman at Austin told us that he had in the course of years negotiated bills on New York, to the amount of two hundred thousand dollars, and had seldom given either premium or discount. At Galveston, exchanges on New York have not for years been at any time more than one and a half premium."

Prices, Mr. Gouge observes, were not low, but quite as high as they are (other things considered) in the most paper-loving portions of the Union; thus showing that "hard money and high prices are not incompatible."

"The rate of interest is high, because the profits of trade are great. Money is scarce, as money ought to be, for without scarcity it would lose its value. But gold and silver is in Texas quite as plentiful, in proportion to other circulating wealth, as paper money is in New York or Massachusetts."

Mr. Gouge also, in his record, brings out two other series of facts in connection with the history of the paper money of Texas, which from their parallelism with results obtained on a larger scale, but under similar circumstances, in the United States and other countries, are especially worthy of notice. The first relates to the incentive given by paper money to national extravagance and increase of expenditures; and in this respect the experience of Texas was as follows. The revolution broke out in 1835. From that time until the close of 1838, the period covering the main military operations and the practical achievement of independence, the Republic of Texas incurred a debt of less

than two millions of dollars. This small amount was not due to the circumstance that the government had any objection to running in debt; "but because few would trust, except such as could not well avoid so doing." In 1838, Mirabeau B. Lamar was elected president, and held office for three years, or until December, 1841. The period of his administration was one of comparative peace, but it was also the era of paper money and profusion. Lamar in his three years' term increased the national debt from less than two millions to upwards of seven millions. The average annual expenses of his government were also \$1,618,405.

In 1841 General Houston took office as president for a second term. The paper money bubble had exploded, but Mexican hostilities, which in General Lamar's administration only threatened, now actually broke out. Yet in General Houston's last administration not only was the national debt not increased, except by increments of interest and by the bringing in of back accounts; but the average annual expenses of the republic were reduced from \$1,618,405 to \$170,361. Mr. Gouge claims that this experience of the republic under President Houston, from 1842 to 1844 inclusive, shows "that if it had been possible for the Texans to be hard-money and prompt-payment men, they might have achieved their independence and defrayed all the expenses of the republic, at a cost of two hundred thousand a year. But the Texans never became economical until constrained by necessity." So long as they could borrow, or induce any one to take their paper money, they were extravagant; but when they could borrow no longer, and their paper money refused to circulate, then they became saving.

The second series of facts relates to the influence which an excess of paper currency in Texas exerted in encouraging imports and discouraging exports. Thus during the administration of Lamar, — 1839–1840, — when treasury notes were the circulating medium, and money was, as it is termed, "abundant," the

imports were nearly six times as great as the exports; or an average of \$1,442,733 of imports per annum as compared with an average of \$247,459 of exports. On the contrary, in two years of Houston's second term, 1843-1844, when such notes were no longer current, the exports nearly equaled the imports; the average annual import being \$578,854 as compared with an average annual export of \$506,444.

Whether the memory of the events and experiences thus recorded has been kept alive in Texas, we know not; but one thing is certain, that from the annexation of Texas to the present day, her people have evinced no love for

paper money. During the rebellion, Confederate money found little favor in Texas, and circulated only under the pressure of military law and necessity; along the lines of the several railroads, fares and freights have been latterly paid in currency; and since the opening of the Missouri, Kansas, and Texas Railroad, currency has gradually entered to a greater or less extent into the transactions of merchants; but in the interior, cattle and cotton can be purchased only for specie, and with the average Texan, who travels with an ox-team or on mule-back, the greenback obtains no recognition.

David A. Wells.

A VISION.

WITHIN the breast of winter
 A spring thought stirs to-day.
 The sailless fleet upon the lake
 Will all its anchors weigh,
 And, white before the gentle wind,
 Float down the great blue bay.

Through all the dead trees' branches
 The happy secret thrills;
 A sudden memory of flowers
 The wild wood hollows fills,
 Though yet a solemn silence seals
 The lips of these white hills.

Again quick life is beating,
 With sudden hope and power.
 It matters not that joy must die
 Within this one bright hour,
 Quick fleeting as the glory born
 Of meeting sun and shower.

The icy squadron whitens
 The water's blue in vain,
 And days of wintry storm deny
 The promise of the rain:
 The heart that once has dreamed of spring
 Cannot grow cold again.

Ellen Frances Terry.

BADDECK AND THAT SORT OF THING.

IV.

He had no ill-will to the Scotch; for, if he had been conscious of that, he never would have thrown himself into the bosom of their country, and trusted to the protection of its remote inhabitants with a fearless confidence. — BOSWELL'S JOHNSON.

ALTHOUGH it was an open and flagrant violation of the Sabbath day as it is kept in Scotch Baddeck, our kind hosts let us sleep late on Sunday morning, with no reminder that we were not sleeping the sleep of the just. It was the charming Maud, a flitting sunbeam of a girl, who waited to bring us our breakfast, and thereby lost the opportunity of going to church with the rest of the family — an act of gracious hospitality which the tired travelers appreciated.

The travelers were unable, indeed, to awaken into any feeling of Sabbatical straitness. The morning was delicious — such a morning as never visits any place except an island; a bright, sparkling morning, with the exhilaration of the air softened by the sea. What a day it was for idleness, for voluptuous rest, after the flight by day and night from St. John! It was enough, now that the morning was fully opened and advancing to the splendor of noon, to sit upon the upper balcony, looking upon the Bras d'Or and the peaceful hills beyond, reposeful and yet sparkling with the stir and color of summer, and inhale the balmy air. (We greatly need another word to describe good air, properly heated, besides this overworked "balmy.") Perhaps it might in some regions be considered Sabbath-keeping, simply to rest in such a soothing situation — rest, and not incessant activity, having been one of the original designs of the day.

But our travelers were from New England, and they were not willing to be outdone in the matter of Sunday observances by such an out-of-the-way and nameless place as Baddeck. They

did not set themselves up as missionaries to these benighted Gaelic people, to teach them by example that the notion of Sunday which obtained two hundred years ago in Scotland had been modified, and that the sacredness of it had pretty much disappeared with the unpleasantness of it. They rather lent themselves to the humor of the hour, and probably by their demeanor encouraged the respect for the day on Cape Breton Island. Neither by birth nor education were the travelers fishermen on Sunday, and they were not moved to tempt the authorities to lock them up for dropping here a line and there a line on the Lord's day.

In fact, before I had finished my second cup of Maud-mixed coffee, my companion, with a little show of haste, had gone in search of the kirk, and I followed him, with more scrupulousness, as soon as I could without breaking the day of rest. Although it was Sunday, I could not but notice that Baddeck was a clean-looking village of white wooden houses, of perhaps seven or eight hundred inhabitants; that it stretched along the bay for a mile or more, straggling off into farm-houses at each end, lying for the most part on the sloping curve of the bay. There were a few country-looking stores and shops, and on the shore three or four rather decayed and shaky wharves ran into the water, and a few schooners lay at anchor near them; and the usual decaying warehouses leaned about the docks. A peaceful and perhaps a thriving place, but not a bustling place. As I walked down the road, a sail-boat put out from the shore and slowly disappeared round the island in the direction of the Grand Narrows. It had a small pleasure party on board. None of them were drowned that day, and I learned at night that they were Roman Catholics from Whykokomagh.

The kirk, which stands near the water,

and at a distance shows a pretty wooden spire, is after the pattern of a New England meeting-house. When I reached it, the house was full and the service had begun. There was something familiar in the bareness and uncompromising plainness and ugliness of the interior. The pews had high backs, with narrow, uncushioned seats. The pulpit was high, — a sort of theological fortification, — approached by wide, curving flights of stairs on either side. Those who occupied the near seats to the right and left of the pulpit had in front of them a blank board partition, and could not by any possibility see the minister, though they broke their necks backwards over their high coat-collars. The congregation had a striking resemblance to a country New England congregation of say twenty years ago. The clothes they wore had been Sunday clothes for at least that length of time. Such clothes have a look of I know not what devout and painful respectability, that is in keeping with the worldly notion of rigid Scotch Presbyterianism. One saw with pleasure the fresh and rosy-cheeked children of this strict generation, but the women of the audience were not in appearance different from newly-arrived and respectable Irish immigrants. They wore a white cap with long frills over the forehead, and a black silk handkerchief thrown over it and hanging down the neck — a quaint and not unpleasing disguise.

The house, as I said, was crowded. It is the custom in this region to go to church — for whole families to go, even the smallest children; and they not unfrequently walk six or seven miles to attend the service. There is a kind of merit in this act that makes up for the lack of certain other Christian virtues that are practiced elsewhere. The service was worth coming seven miles to participate in! — it was about two hours long, and one might well feel as if he had performed a work of long-suffering to sit through it. The singing was strictly congregational. Congregational singing is good (for those who like it) when the congregation can sing. This con-

gregation could not sing, but it could grind the Psalms of David powerfully. They sing nothing else but the old Scotch version of the Psalms, in a patient and faithful long metre. And this is regarded, and with considerable plausibility, as an act of worship. It certainly has small element of pleasure in it. Here is a stanza from Psalm xlv. which the congregation, without any instrumental nonsense, went through in a dragging, drawling manner, and with perfect individual independence as to time: —

Thine arrows sharply pierce the heart of th' enemies
of the king;
And under thy sub-jee-shi-on the people down do
bring.

The sermon was extempore, and in English with Scotch pronunciation; and it filled a solid hour of time. I am not a good judge of sermons, and this one was mere clips to me; but my companion, who knows a sermon when he hears it, said that this was strictly theological, and Scotch theology at that, and not at all expository. It was doubtless my fault that I got no idea whatever from it. But the adults of the congregation appeared to be perfectly satisfied with it; at least they sat bolt upright and nodded assent continually. The children all went to sleep under it, without any hypocritical show of attention. To be sure, the day was warm and the house was unventilated. If the windows had been opened so as to admit the fresh air from the Bras d'Or, I presume the hard-working farmers and their wives would have resented such an interference with their ordained Sunday naps, and the preacher's sermon would have seemed more musty than it appeared to be in that congenial and drowsy air. Considering that only half of the congregation could understand the preacher, its behavior was exemplary.

After the sermon, a collection was taken up for the minister; and I noticed that nothing but pennies rattled into the boxes — a melancholy sound for the pastor. This might appear niggardly on the part of these Scotch Presbyterians, but it is on principle that they put only

a penny into the box; they say that they want a free gospel, and so far as they are concerned they have it. Although the farmers about the Bras d'Or are well-to-do, they do not give their minister enough to keep his soul in his Gaelic body, and his poor support is eked out by the contributions of a missionary society. It was gratifying to learn that this was not from stinginess on the part of the people, but was due to their religious principle. It seemed to us that everybody ought to be good in a country where it costs next to nothing.

When the service was over, about half of the people departed; the rest remained in their seats, and prepared to enter upon their Sabbath exercises. These latter were all Gaelic people, who had understood little or nothing of the English service. The minister turned himself at once into a Gaelic preacher, and repeated in that language the long exercises of the morning. The sermon and perhaps the prayers were quite as enjoyable in Gaelic as in English, and the singing was a great improvement. It was of the same psalms, but the congregation chanted them in a wild and weird tone and manner, as wailing and barbarous to modern ears as any Highland devotional outburst of two centuries ago. This service also lasted about two hours; and as soon as it was over the faithful minister, without any rest or refreshment, organized the Sunday-school, and it must have been half past three o'clock before that was over. And this is considered a day of rest.

These Gaelic Christians, we were informed, are of a very old pattern; and some of them cling more closely to religious observances than to morality. Sunday is nowhere observed with more strictness. The community seems to be a very orderly and thrifty one, except upon solemn and stated occasions. One of these occasions is the celebration of the Lord's Supper; and in this the ancient Highland traditions are preserved. The rite is celebrated not oftener than once a year by any church. It then invites the neighboring churches to partake with it—the celebration being

usually in the summer and early fall months. It has some of the characteristics of a "camp-meeting." People come from long distances, and as many as two thousand and three thousand assemble together. They quarter themselves without special invitation upon the members of the inviting church. Sometimes fifty people will pounce upon one farmer, overflowing his house and his barn and swarming all about his premises, consuming all the provisions he has laid up for his family, and all he can raise money to buy, and literally eating him out of house and home. Not seldom a man is almost ruined by one of these religious raids—at least he is left with a debt of hundreds of dollars. The multitude assembles on Thursday and remains over Sunday. There is preaching every day, but there is something besides. Whatever may be the devotion of a part of the assembly, the four days are, in general, days of license, of carousing, of drinking, and of other excesses, which our informant said he would not particularize; we could understand what they were by reading St. Paul's rebuke of the Corinthians for similar offenses. The evil has become so great and burdensome that the celebration of this sacred rite will have to be reformed altogether.

Such a Sabbath quiet pervaded the street of Baddeck, that the fast driving of the Gaels in their rattling, one-horse wagons, crowded full of men, women, and children,—released from their long sanctuary privileges, and going home,—was a sort of profanation of the day; and we gladly turned aside to visit the rural jail of the town.

Upon the principal street or road of Baddeck stands the dreadful prison-house. It is a story and a quarter edifice, built of stone and substantially whitewashed; retired a little from the road, with a square of green turf in front of it, I should have taken it for the residence of the Dairyman's Daughter, but for the iron gratings at the lower windows. A more inviting place to spend the summer in, a vicious person could not have. The Scotch keeper of it

is an old, garrulous, obliging man, and keeps cod-fish tackle to loan. I think that if he had a prisoner who was fond of fishing he would take him with him on the bay in pursuit of the mackerel and the cod. If the prisoner were to take advantage of his freedom and attempt to escape, the jailer's feelings would be hurt, and public opinion would hardly approve the prisoner's conduct.

The jail door was hospitably open, and the keeper invited us to enter. Having seen the inside of a good many prisons in our own country (officially) we were interested in inspecting this. It was a favorable time for doing so, for there happened to be a man confined there, a circumstance which seemed to increase the keeper's feeling of responsibility in his office. The edifice had four rooms on the ground floor, and an attic sleeping-room above. Three of these rooms, which were perhaps twelve feet by fifteen feet, were cells; the third was occupied by the jailer's family. The family were now also occupying the front cell—a cheerful room, commanding a view of the village street and of the bay. A prisoner of a philosophic turn of mind, who had committed some crime of sufficient magnitude to make him willing to retire from the world for a season and rest, might enjoy himself here very well.

The jailer exhibited his premises with an air of modesty. In the rear was a small yard, surrounded by a board fence, in which the prisoner took his exercise. An active boy could climb over it, and an enterprising pig could go through it almost anywhere. The keeper said that he intended at the next court to ask the commissioners to build the fence higher and stop up the holes. Otherwise the jail was in good condition. Its inmates were few; in fact, it was rather apt to be empty: its occupants were usually prisoners for debt, or for some trifling breach of the peace, committed under the influence of the liquor that makes one “unco happy.” Whether or not the people of the region have a high moral standard, crime is almost unknown; the jail itself is an evidence of

primeval simplicity. The great incident in the old jailer's life had been the rescue of a well-known citizen who was confined on a charge of misuse of public money. The keeper showed me a place in the outer wall of the front cell, where an attempt had been made to batter a hole through. The Highland clan and kinsfolk of the alleged defaulter came one night and threatened to knock the jail in pieces if he was not given up. They bruised the wall, broke the windows, and finally smashed in the door and took their man away. The jailer was greatly excited at this rudeness, and went almost immediately and purchased a pistol. He said that for a time he did n't feel safe in the jail without it. The mob had thrown stones at the upper windows, in order to awaken him, and had insulted him with cursing and offensive language.

Having finished inspecting the building, I was unfortunately moved by I know not what national pride and knowledge of institutions superior to this at home, to say,—

“This is a pleasant jail, but it does n't look much like our great prisons; we have as many as a thousand to twelve hundred men in some of our institutions.”

“Aye, aye, I have heard tell,” said the jailer, shaking his head in pity, “it's an awfu' place, an awfu' place—the United States. I suppose it's the wickedest country that ever was in the world. I don't know—I don't know what is to become of it. It's worse than Sodom. There was that dreadful war on the South; and I hear now it's very unsafe, full of murders and robberies and corruption.”

I did not attempt to correct this impression concerning my native land, for I saw it was a comfort to the simple jailer, but I tried to put a thorn into him by saying,—

“Yes, we have a good many criminals, but the majority of them, the majority of those in jails, are foreigners; they come from Ireland, England, and the Provinces.”

But the old man only shook his head

more solemnly, and persisted, "It's an awfu' wicked country."

Before I came away I was permitted to have an interview with the sole prisoner, a very pleasant and talkative man, who was glad to see company, especially intelligent company who understood about things, he was pleased to say. I have seldom met a more agreeable rogue, or one so philosophical, — a man of travel and varied experiences. He was a lively, robust Provincial of middle age, bullet-headed, with a mass of curly black hair, and small, round black eyes, that danced and sparkled with good-humor. He was by trade a carpenter, and had a work-bench in his cell, at which he worked on week-days. He had been put in jail on suspicion of stealing a buffalo-robe, and he lay in jail eight months, waiting for the judge to come to Buldeck on his yearly circuit. He did not steal the robe, as he assured me, but it was found in his house, and the judge gave him four months in jail, making a year in all — a month of which was still to serve. But he was not at all anxious for the end of his term; for his wife was outside.

Jock, for he was familiarly so called, asked me where I was from. As I had not found it very profitable to hail from the United States, and had found, in fact, that the name United States did not convey any definite impression to the average Cape Breton mind, I ventured upon the bold assertion, for which I hope Bostonians will forgive me, that I was from Boston. For Boston is known in the eastern Provinces.

"Are you?" cried the man, delighted. "I've lived in Boston; myself. There's just been an awful fire near there."

"Indeed!" I said; "I heard nothing of it." And I was startled with the possibility that Boston had burned up again while we were crawling along through Nova Scotia.

"Yes, here it is, in the last paper." The man bustled away and found his late paper, and thrust it through the grating, with the inquiry,

"Can you read?"

Though the question was unexpected, and I had never thought before whether I could read or not, I confessed that I could probably make out the meaning, and took the newspaper. The report of the fire "near Boston" turned out to be the old news of the conflagration in Portland, Oregon!

Disposed to devote a portion of this Sunday to the reformation of this lively criminal, I continued the conversation with him. It seemed that he had been in jail before, and was not unaccustomed to the life. He was not often lonesome; he had his work-bench and newspapers, and it was a quiet place; on the whole he enjoyed it, and should rather regret it when his time was up, a month from then.

Had he any family?

"Oh, yes. When the census was round, I contributed more to it than anybody in town. Got a wife and eleven children."

"Well, don't you think it would pay best to be honest, and live with your family, out of jail? You surely never had anything but trouble from dishonesty."

"That's about so, boss. I mean to go on the square after this. But, you see," and here he began to speak confidentially, "things are fixed about so in this world, and a man's got to live his life. I'll tell you how it was. It all came about from a woman. I was a carpenter, had a good trade, and went down to St. Peters to work. There I got acquainted with a Frenchwoman — you know what Frenchwomen are — and I had to marry her. The fact is she was rather low family; not so very low, you know, but not so good as mine. Well, I wanted to go to Boston to work at my trade, but she would n't go; and I went, but she would n't come to me, so in two or three years I came back. A man can't help himself, you know, when he gets in with a woman, especially a Frenchwoman. Things did n't go very well, and never have. I can't make much out of it, but I reckon a man's got to live his life. Ain't that about so?"

"Perhaps so. But you'd better try to mend matters when you get out. Won't it seem rather good to get out and see your wife and family again?"

"I don't know. I have peace here."

The question of his liberty seemed rather to depress this cheerful and vivacious philosopher, and I wondered what the woman could be from whose companionship the man chose to be protected by jail-bolts. I asked the landlord about her, and his reply was descriptive and sufficient. He only said, "She's a yelper."

Besides the church and the jail there are no public institutions in Baddeck to see on Sunday, or on any other day; but it has very good schools, and the examination papers of Maud and her elder sister would do credit to Boston scholars even. You would not say that the place was stuffed with books, or overrun by lecturers, but it is an orderly, Sabbath-keeping, fairly intelligent town. Book-agents visit it with other commercial travelers, but the flood of knowledge, which is said to be the beginning of sorrow, is hardly turned in that direction yet. I heard of a feeble lecture course in Halifax, supplied by local celebrities, some of them from St. John; but so far as I can see, this is a virgin field for the platform philosophers under whose instructions we have become the well-informed people we are.

The peaceful jail and the somewhat tiresome church exhaust one's opportunities for doing good in Baddeck on Sunday. There seemed to be no idlers about, to reprove; the occasional loungeur on the skeleton wharves was in his Sunday clothes, and therefore within the statute. No one, probably, would have thought of rowing out beyond the island to fish for cod, although as that fish is ready to bite, and his associations are more or less sacred, there might be excuses for angling for him on Sunday, when it would be wicked to throw a line for another sort of fish. My earliest recollections are of the cod-fish on the meeting-house spires in New England — his sacred tail pointing the way the wind went. I did not know then why this

emblem should be placed upon a house of worship, any more than I knew why cod-fish balls appeared always upon the Sunday breakfast-table. But these associations invested this plebeian fish with something of a religious character, which he has never quite lost, in my mind.

Having attributed the quiet of Baddeck on Sunday to religion, we did not know to what to lay the quiet on Monday. But its peacefulness continued. I have no doubt that the farmers began to farm, and the traders to trade, and the sailors to sail, but the tourist felt that he had come into a place of rest. The promise of the red sky the evening before was fulfilled in another royal day. There was an inspiration in the air that one looks for rather in the mountains than on the sea-coast; it seemed like some new and gentle compound of sea-air and land-air, which was the perfection of breathing material. In this atmosphere, which seemed to flow over all these Atlantic isles at this season, one endures a great deal of exertion with little fatigue, or he is content to sit still, and has no feeling of sluggishness. Mere living is a kind of happiness, and the easy-going traveler is satisfied with little to do and less to see. Let the reader not understand that we are recommending him to go to Baddeck. Far from it. The reader was never yet advised to go to any place, which he did not growl about if he took the advice and went there. If he discovers it himself, the case is different. We know too well what would happen. A shoal of travelers would pour down upon Cape Breton, taking with them their dyspepsia, their liver-complaints, their lights derangements, their discontent, their guns and fishing-tackle, their big trunks, their desire for rapid travel, their enthusiasm about the Gaelic language, their love for nature; and they would very likely declare that there was nothing in it. And the traveler would probably be right, so far as he is concerned. There are few whom it would pay to go a thousand miles for the sake of sitting on the dock at Baddeck when the sun goes down, and watching the purple lights

on the islands and the distant hills, the red flush in the horizon and on the lake, and the creeping on of gray twilight. You can see all that as well elsewhere? I am not so sure. There is a harmony of beauty about the Bras d'Or at Baddeck which is lacking in many scenes of more pretension.

No. We advise no person to go to Cape Breton. But if any one does go, he need not lack occupation. If he is there late in the fall or early in the winter, he may hunt, with good luck, if he is able to hit anything with a rifle, the moose and the caribou on that long wilderness peninsula between Baddeck and Aspy Bay, where the old cable landed. He may also have his fill of salmon fishing in June and July, especially on the Marjorie River. As late as August, at the time of our visit, a hundred people were camped in tents on the Marjorie, wiling the salmon with the delusive fly, and leading him to death with a hook in his nose. The speckled trout lives in all the streams, and can be caught whenever he will bite. The day we went for him appeared to be an off-day, a sort of holiday with him.

There is one place, however, which the traveler must not fail to visit. That is St. Ann's Bay. He will go light of baggage, for he must hire a farmer to carry him from the Bras d'Or to the branch of St. Ann's harbor, and a part of his journey will be in a row-boat. There is no ride on the continent, of the kind, so full of picturesque beauty and constant surprises as this around the indentations of St. Ann's harbor. From the high promontory where rests the fishing village of St. Ann, the traveler will cross to English Town. High bluffs, bold shores, exquisite sea-views, mountainous ranges, delicious air, the society of a member of the Dominion parliament—these are some of the things to be enjoyed at this place. In point of grandeur and beauty it surpasses Mt. Desert, and is really the most attractive place on the whole line of the Atlantic Cable. If the traveler has any sentiment in him he will visit here, not without emotion, the grave of the Nova

Scotia Giant, who recently laid his huge frame along this, his native shore. A man of gigantic height and awful breadth of shoulders, with a hand as big as a shovel, there was nothing mean or little in his soul. While the visitor is gazing at his vast shoes, which now can be used only as sledges, he will be told that the Giant was greatly respected by his neighbors as a man of ability and simple integrity. He was not spoiled by his metropolitan successes, bringing home from his foreign triumphs the same quiet and friendly demeanor he took away; he is almost the only example of a successful public man, who did not feel bigger than he was. He performed his duty in life without ostentation, and returned to the home he loved, unspoiled by the flattery of constant public curiosity. He knew, having tried both, how much better it is to be good than to be great. I should like to have known him. I should like to know how the world looked to him from his altitude. I should like to know how much food it took at one time to make an impression on him; I should like to know what effect an idea of ordinary size had in his capacious head. I should like to feel that thrill of physical delight he must have experienced in merely closing his hand over something. It is a pity that he could not have been educated all through, beginning at a high school, and ending in a university. There was a field for the multifarious new education! If we could have annexed him with his island, I should like to have seen him in the Senate of the United States. He would have made foreign nations respect that body, and fear his lightest remark like a declaration of war. And he would have been at home in that body of great men. Alas! he has passed away, leaving little influence except a good example of growth, and a grave which is a new promontory on that ragged coast swept by the winds of the untamed Atlantic.

I could describe the Bay of St. Ann more minutely and graphically if it were desirable to do so; but I trust that enough has been said to make the trav-

eler wish to go there. I more unreservedly urge him to go there, because we did not go, and we should feel no responsibility for his liking or disliking. He will go upon the recommendation of two gentlemen of taste and travel whom we met at Baddeck, residents of Maine and familiar with most of the odd and striking combinations of land and water in coast scenery. When a Maine man admits that there is any place finer than Mt. Desert, it is worth making a note of.

On Monday we went a-fishing. Davie hitched to a rattling wagon something that he called a horse, a small, rough animal with a great deal of "go" in him if he could be coaxed to show it. For the first half-hour he went mostly in a circle in front of the inn, going indifferently backwards or forwards, perfectly willing to go down the road, but refusing to start along the bay in the direction of Middle River. Of course a crowd collected to give advice and make remarks, and women appeared at the doors and windows of adjacent houses. Davie said he did n't care anything about the conduct of the horse—he could start him after a while, but he did n't like to have all the town looking at him, especially the girls; and besides, such an exhibition affected the market value of the horse. We sat in the wagon circling round and round, sometimes in the ditch and sometimes out of it, and Davie "whaled" the horse with his whip and abused him with his tongue. It was a pleasant day, and the spectators increased.

There are two ways of managing a balky horse. My companion knew one of them and I the other. His method is to sit quietly in the wagon, and at short intervals throw a small pebble at the horse. The theory is that these repeated sudden annoyances will operate on a horse's mind, and he will try to escape them by going on. The spectators supplied my friend with stones, and he pelted the horse with measured gentleness. Probably the horse understood this method, for he did not notice the attack at all. My plan was to speak

gently to the horse, requesting him to go, and then to follow the refusal by one sudden, sharp cut of the lash; to wait a moment, and then repeat the operation. The dread of the coming lash after the gentle word will start any horse. I tried this, and with a certain success. The horse backed us into the ditch, and would probably have backed himself into the wagon, if I had continued. When the animal was at length ready to go, Davie took him by the bridle, ran by his side, coaxed him into a gallop, and then, leaping in behind, lashed him into a run, which had little respite for ten miles, up hill or down. Remonstrance on behalf of the horse was in vain, and it was only on the return home that this specimen Cape Breton driver began to reflect how he could erase the welts from the horse's back before his father saw them.

Our way lay along the charming bay of the Bras d'Or, over the sprawling bridge of the Big Baddeck, a black, sedgy, lonesome stream, to Middle River, which debouches out of a scraggy country into a bayou with ragged shores, about which the Indians have encampments, and in which are the skeleton stakes of fish-weirs. Saturday night we had seen trout jumping in the still water above the bridge. We followed the stream up two or three miles to a Gaelic settlement of farmers. The river here flows through lovely meadows, sandy, fertile, and sheltered by hills—a green Eden, one of the few peaceful inhabited spots in the world. I could conceive of no news coming to these Highlanders later than the defeat of the Pretender. Turning from the road, through a lane and crossing a shallow brook, we reached the dwelling of one of the original McGregors, or at least as good as an original. Mr. McGregor is a fiery-haired Scotchman and brother, cordial and hospitable, who entertained our wayward horse, and freely advised us where the trout on his farm were most likely to be found at this season of the year.

It would be a great pleasure to speak well of Mr. McGregor's residence, but

truth is older than Scotchmen, and the reader looks to us for truth and not flattery. Though the McGregor seems to have a good farm, his house is little better than a shanty — a rather cheerless place for the “woman” to slave away her uneventful life in, and bring up her scantily clothed and semi-wild flock of children. And yet I suppose there must be happiness in it — there always is where there are plenty of children, and milk enough for them. A white-haired boy who lacked adequate trousers, small though he was, was brought forward by his mother to describe a trout he had recently caught, which was nearly as long as the boy himself. The young Gael’s invention was rewarded by a present of real fish-hooks. We found here in this rude cabin the hospitality that exists in all remote regions where travelers are few. Mrs. McGregor had none of that reluctance, which women feel in all more civilized agricultural regions, to “break a pan of milk,” and Mr. McGregor even pressed us to partake freely of that simple drink. And he refused to take any pay for it, in a sort of surprise that such a simple act of hospitality should have any commercial value. But travelers themselves destroy one of their chief pleasures. No doubt we planted the notion in the McGregor mind that the small kindnesses of life may be made profitable, by offering to pay for the milk; and probably the next travelers in that Eden will succeed in leaving some small change there, if they use a little tact.

It was late in the season for trout. Perhaps the McGregor was aware of that when he freely gave us the run of the stream in his meadows, and pointed out the pools where we should be sure of good luck. It was a charming August day, just the day that trout enjoy lying in cool deep places, and moving their fins in quiet content, indifferent to the skimming fly or to the proffered sport of rod and reel. The Middle River gracefully winds through this Vale of Tempe over a sandy bottom, sometimes sparkling in shallows, and then gently reposing in the broad bends of the grassy

banks. It was in one of these bends, where the stream swirled around in seductive eddies, that we tried our skill. We heroically waded the stream and threw our flies from the highest bank; but neither in the black water nor in the sandy shallows could any trout be coaxed to spring to the deceitful leaders. We enjoyed the distinction of being the only persons who had ever failed to strike trout in that pool, and this was something. The meadows were sweet with the newly cut grass, the wind softly blew down the river, large white clouds sailed high overhead and cast shadows on the changing water, but to all these gentle influences the fish were insensible, and sulked in their cool retreats. At length in a small brook flowing into the Middle River we found the trout more sociable; and it is lucky that we did so, for I should with reluctance stain these pages with a fiction; and yet the public would have just reason to resent a fish story without any fish in it. Under a bank, in a pool crossed by a log and shaded by a tree, we found a drove of the speckled beauties at home — dozens of them a foot long, each moving lazily a little, their black backs relieved by their colored fins. They must have seen us, but at first they showed no desire for a closer acquaintance. To the red ibis and the white miller and the brown hackle and the gray fly they were alike indifferent. Perhaps the love for made flies is an artificial taste and has to be cultivated. These at any rate were uncivilized trout, and it was only when we took the advice of the young McGregor and baited our hooks with the angle-worm, that the fish joined in our day’s sport. They could not resist the lively wiggle of the worm before their very noses, and we lifted them out one after another, gently, and very much as if we were hooking them out of a barrel, until we had a handsome string. It may have been fun for them, but it was not much sport for us. All the small ones the young McGregor contemptuously threw back into the water. The sportsman will perhaps learn from this incident that there are

plenty of trout in Cape Breton in August, but that the fishing is not exhilarating.

The next morning the semi-weekly steamboat from Sidney came into the bay, and drew all the male inhabitants of Baddeck down to the wharf; and the two travelers, reluctant to leave the hospitable inn, and the peaceful jail, and the double-barreled church, and all the loveliness of this reposeful place, prepared to depart. The most conspicuous person on the steamboat was a thin man whose extraordinary height was made more striking by his very long-waisted black coat and his very short pantaloons. He was so tall that he had a little difficulty in keeping his balance, and his hat was set upon the back of his head to preserve his equilibrium. He had arrived at that stage when people affected as he was are oratorical, and overflowing with information and good-nature. With what might in strict art be called an excess of expletives, he explained that he was a civil engineer, that he had lost his rubber-coat, that he was a great traveler in the Provinces, and he seemed to find a humorous satis-

faction in reiterating the fact of his familiarity with Painsec-Junction. It evidently hovered in the misty horizon of his mind as a joke, and he contrived to present it to his audience in that light. From the deck of the steamboat he addressed the town, and then, to the relief of the passengers, he decided to go ashore. When the boat drew away on her voyage we left him swaying perilously near the edge of the wharf, good-naturedly resenting the grasp of his coat-tail by a friend, addressing us upon the topics of the day, and wishing us prosperity and the Fourth of July. His was the only effort in the nature of a public lecture that we heard in the Provinces, and we could not judge of his ability without hearing a "course."

Perhaps it needed this slight disturbance, and the contrast of this hazy mind with the serene clarity of the day, to put us into the most complete enjoyment of our voyage. Certainly, as we glided out upon the summer waters and began to get the graceful outlines of the widening shores, it seemed as if we had taken passage to the Fortunate Islands.

Charles Dudley Warner.

AN AFTER-THOUGHT.

I.

I HEARD a song so sweet and rare,
Its tuneful path was through the air,
Its death the echo of a prayer.

My face flamed as the Singer's should,
But hers — rained on with flowers, she stood
As one who mourns a half-won good;

The song unsung we did not hear,
Though ever to her inward ear
Its prisoned sweetness grew more clear.

II.

The Poet saw through reverent eyes
The blissful world that round us lies —
The play of leaves on twilight skies,

The quiver of a swallow's wings.
So knit are souls of thoughts with things,
That from each form some symbol springs.

And when from pain of bliss he spoke,
Such sense of fairness in men woke,
They called him, Poet of blind folk;

But that rare grace which nature wore,
Haunting the Poet evermore,
Diviner utterance doth implore.

III.

As clouds along the eastern sky
Lean out to see the great sun die,
And turn all crimson where they lie

With glory that he casts aside —
So we, by nearness glorified,
Have watched a white soul, as it died,

Divest itself of human praise,
Deplore the guilt of blameless days,
Bewail the stain of stainless ways.

IV.

Oh futile strife that robs of rest,
And leaves the crownèd soul unblest,
Since still a better mocks its best!

The bitter thought grew sweet in me,
As though an angel changed its key
And set its secret music free.

My Singer, Poet, and pure Heart,
Oh grieve not where you sit apart
Because an ideal mocks your art!

Earth's failures do most strongly plead
For those immortal years whose need
Has worked in men a common creed.

Annie R. Annan.

MOSE EVANS.

PART II.

VI. .

SINCE that night when our landlord flung Odd Archer from the supper-room, he had passed as completely out of my mind also as he then had out of the door. When my wife and myself came from Evans' room, after our conversation just recorded, the door of the apartment immediately across the hall, and from which we had rescued our poor friend, happened to stand open, and I caught passing sight of some one in the same bed from whose slough Evans had been plucked; and at the same moment a well-known voice exclaimed, —

"I say, Anderson! Colonel Anderson!" for I had every grade of title out West, according to my standing with the person speaking. So, letting Helen pass on, I halted a moment in the doorway. Merely the tip of his dissipated nose appearing among the disordered bed-clothing, — Odd Archer, of course!

"You here?" I demanded.

"Had a fall. Arm broken. As if you did not do it!" the lawyer remarks.

"I do it?"

"So the landlord tells me. You might have known I was not responsible. Threw me out of the room. The landlord tells me he was too late to stop you. What was it?"

Without replying, I went below in search of said master of the house. It was of no use. He was but beginning to sober with view to supper money from the coming stage. Besides, I passed his pallid wife on the stairs, and had neither heart nor revolver for any "difficulty" with the man. And the landlord was, in a sense, but telling the truth; he had been but the tongs, so to speak, with which I had disposed of the obnoxious individual. I had no intention at all, when I left his room, of seeing Archer again, but, on second

thought, it does not do for a man in business to cut himself utterly off from any other man about him whatsoever. There is no telling, in reference even to the most despicable or insignificant person living, but that, and at any moment, he may become, in the rapid and unexpected complications of business, a dangerous enemy or a powerful friend. Much, too, as I detested the miserable scamp, for my soul I could not help liking him.

"You did perfectly right," he said that same night, when I had told him the facts of his conduct. "A woman! And in the presence of your wife! I deserved all you did, sir, and more, though I would rather you had done what you did with your own hands. They put so *much* strychnine in the whisky, General Anderson! A woman! And unprotected! I was deranged. No, sir, you could not have done otherwise. I knew the landlord lied, or I would not have called you, — would have shot you as soon as my arm had healed. Very strange, how pervasive you Northern people are! You were present when Mose Evans had that difficulty with me, you remember. Permeating! Pervasive! Now the bars of slavery are down, I suppose you Yankees will New Englandize the continent!"

"Certainly! We landed at Plymouth to do that. And we intend to hammer and shape America according to our notion, that we may revolutionize, with this republic, the whole world!" I replied, for the vivacity of the man was infectious. Are the springs of his unwearying, inexhaustible happiness in his body or mind? I asked myself. It was phenomenal that this wretch, who should be the most miserable of men, was always as radiant, to outer appearance at least, as an angel! There he lay, battered, bruised, burned out by

alcohol, undermined in his very marrow by debauchery, possessing hardly a penny in the world, certainly not a friend who would give a copper to have him live; blasted in every memory of the past, with no gleam of hope for the future; yet his rat-like eyes were glittering with joy as well as life! I know no more, at last, of human nature than I do of Sanskrit! It takes the Being who made the heart, the most wonderful of all his worlds, to understand it!

How the man rattled on! He did not care in the least which way the conversation turned. "Yes," he said, after speaking upon almost every other topic, falling back at last, as he invariably did, in the end, upon himself and his own experiences, "I was a remarkable child. I told you so before. You know the children of distinguished ministers always are more bright, petted, accustomed to society, than average children. The trouble with me was that my father, being so very distinguished as the pastor for thirty years of a leading city church, was too much a great divine to be a father at all. A purer hearted, more unselfish, more affectionate, more perfectly exemplary man, even in his securest privacy, never lived. But what time did he get, do you suppose, Anderson, to be a parent? The tinkle of his door-bell was almost as unceasing as that of a sleigh in mid-winter. What a Noah's Ark our house was! Book agents; people in the pressing interest of a hundred societies; persons coming to be married, and, at least by the proxy of their friends, to be buried; husbands requiring a ten minutes' conversation, lasting an hour, to the effect that if their pastor did not see and talk to their wives, they could stand it no longer and there must be a separation; and wives, staying twice as long, to urge the same, with floods of tears, about their husbands. Young men in reference to young ladies — stop! I bear in mind perfectly a young lady who laid before my father, never noticing me playing dominoes under the parlor table, this case in regard to her betrothed: 'John wanted me last night to lay my

hand on our parlor Bible, and solemnly make oath that I loved him. Now, my dear pastor' (I remember, Anderson, what a modest, beautiful, lady-like girl she was, and how eagerly she looked at my father through her tears, her veil on one side), 'dear Dr. Archer, my mother is dead, and pa don't care; *ought* John to ask me that? He knows I love him with all my heart, but he says he cannot marry me unless I will *swear* I do! I never swore in my life!' Child as I was, the embryo lawyer in me was aware it was only a trick of the scoundrel to get off from his engagement because her father had lost money, or he had found a richer girl!" and here Mr. Archer paused, only to begin again. "When a man has a household, Anderson, of two thousand souls, — *souls*, mind, — and has to fit them for eternity as well as for time, how can he devote himself to his two or three children? When the children of such a man turn out well, as they very often do, the most effective piety of the distinguished father lies in accomplishing that! I don't want to bore you to death, Anderson," he paused again at this point to remark.

"Oh, go on, I am quite interested," I said, for I had no desire to talk; the velocity, so to speak, of the man wearied me from trying to say anything. And I am satisfied the acquaintance of General Throop and myself had unloosed in him thoughts which had been repressed for years in his Brown County burial. "Even leave out all my father's engagements," he continued; "take his choir, for instance! The bellows-blower out of sight is not the only person of whom no one knows or cares, by whom, really, all the music is produced. It is the pastor, sir. Musical people are so sensitive; only by unceasing and most delicate tact did my father prevent harshest discord around the organ. And religious people, sir, are the most tensely strung of all people; only by the perpetual power of a deeper piety did my father control and impel them, controlling *to* impel. I must and will say, as an entire outsider, Anderson, that piety is a force! We have enough of

science among the politics, and receipts for making best butter in our papers out there, for me to have read something upon the subject. Not having a particle myself, I know religion to be an actual force; a something which hurls that old New Hampshire, for instance,—my father, too, during all my knowledge of him,—as I hurl a brick! The unscientific thing about it is, you cannot correlate it with—I mean, it never runs into greed, ambition; physical energy, apart from and dead against these. The philosophers trace all known force, don't they, to the sun? Here is an acknowledged force, seems to me, traceable to, and demonstrating the unknown and the unknowable God. See, Anderson?"

I merely assented by a nod, and he was off again.

"Because, you know, life, vegetable and animal, the highest force with which we are acquainted, is precisely that force which science fails to track and comprehend. Now religion is but a sort of stronger life from God. There is gravity, too, which contradicts all laws of correlation and conservation. Scientists say gravity, holding and hurling all worlds from a central sun, in virtue of its attraction,—attraction, mind,—is at once the strongest, broadest, most incomprehensible force known. They had better class the direct power of the Deity upon the soul with gravity, say, and let it alone! But I am talking about myself, a subject which I understand, however, far less than I do science even.

"The trouble is, I was lost among my father's crowd — two thousand — of children. The patriarch Jacob was not a circumstance to him. He would have me in his study, at my book or blocks, while he was at his sermon for Sunday. As he warmed to it, I was out of existence to him. He was very eloquent, and I have watched him write, how often! All cool and concordance at the beginning of a sermon, tearing up sheet after sheet and starting again, then the pen would begin to fly, the light would come to his eyes, he would repeat aloud while writing. Sometimes I have

stopped from my play to wonder at him writing like lightning, with the tears rolling down his cheeks and dropping upon the paper as he wrote. Often he would straighten himself up in his chair, both hands stretched out in earnest argument, the pen in one of them, and say to me building houses across the floor, 'O undying soul! how can you resist the logic of love omnipotent as that!' or something of the kind, his face aglow like that of an angel. Suddenly a tap at his door, and our black Corrilla would peep in and say, 'Oh, Mass Austin, I'se so sorry, but gen'l'man in parlor, say he must see you, on'y five minits!' When I add that, arrested in mid career, my father, the tears still wetting his cheeks or the light of victorious argument sparkling in his eyes, would say, 'Oh, bother!' it was not in anger, but in pure sorrow; and it was beautiful,—for I was glad to run down with him,—yes, beautiful, his courtesy, even cordiality, to a perfect stranger, demanding, very often, that he should subscribe for one of those gorgeously gilded, wood-illustrated good books, for which a minister has as much use as a skilled carpenter has for a toy saw! Even when my father would lie on the lounge in the sitting-room, on the rare evenings he did not go out, in the brief intervals between visits, while he played with his children, his mind was on some pressing case in his church, or he would keep saying to us seated on his knees, 'Yes, darling, oh yes,' while he jotted down a memorandum or so for his next sermon. His church prospered, but his children perished!"

"Eli, as of old!" I interjected here.

"And I Hophni and Phineas rolled into one, yes!" and the lawyer turned himself a little in his rat-like burrow among the dirty bedclothes to continue, "only it was an over-occupied Samuel, in this case, not Eli at all. Samuel's scoundrel sons were judges, you remember, that is, lawyers fully developed, overturning by their rascality the theocracy of the Hebrews and bringing about a monarchy instead!

"The other guilty party," he added, "was my equally innocent mother. All

along she had her hands full, if merely to keep our heavy expenses in such bounds as not to worry her husband, for, like all eloquent men, he had an insufficient idea of the immortal value of a dollar, a soul being, instead, *his* standard. She was an invalid, too. Besides, she died when I was ten, — absorbed herself then among the church in heaven as my father was in that on earth! Well for church, well for parents, but what about me! Look at the influence of Miss Throop upon Mose Evans! I tell you, Anderson, I never had the firm white hand of a pure woman upon me, since my mother died; and God in heaven knows the sort of influence the other kind of women exert, as powerful in another direction!”

There was so long a pause here that I supposed the man had exhausted himself. He winced a little as he raised his arm; encumbered by splints and bandages, with his other hand, and added after awhile, —

“Oh, never mind the dirty details. Paul said, By the grace of God I am what I am; and I was just about saying, By lack of the grace of God, I too am what I am! But I am as under oath to speak actual fact, and, jack-leg lawyer, disreputable, intemperate, and everything else that I am to-day, I know as well as a man can know anything that, with all my capacity and opportunity, I could and should have been very different from what I am. I do not understand why Heaven left me to the grip of evil influence when I was such a mere child, ardent, ignorant, wax to the handling, — all I am to-day the growth of that! Sparks which should have slept in the soul for ten years longer, blown by the lips of our negroes into consuming fires — poor, miserable, utterly helpless child!” The man was weeping, pathos in his tones and manner such as I fail to be able to describe. Some moments passed before he continued more gravely, “Mind, sir, I am speaking solely of myself; mine may be an exceptional case. Nor would you have ever heard me say all this if I had not been trapped so in this sick-bed” — strong profanity — “and nothing

to do but talk. Yet I know, as well as you, sir, that the unmitigated scoundrel I am to-day is, at last, of my own making! Any jury, any God, would hold me personally responsible and punish me, and justly, as all my conscience agrees! I do not understand beyond this why, while I take an interest in every other client, — the greater the scamp the deeper the interest, — of myself, Anderson, as my worst client, I am tired to death and throw up the case! Why, sir, I am as thoroughly disgusted with myself as you can be.”

“And yet,” I remarked after a long silence, “you are so strangely happy, Mr. Archer, generally, at least” —

“Temperament, sir! Talent, — if I dared say it, — genius, sir! and, did you know it? the highest genius is merely spinal disease: Robert Hall, for instance. Dare say, sir,” he added, “Satan himself, by very force of character, has a certain sort of joy! People fling me off from them with a shudder, as they would a clot of filth from their hand! I am so mired through that it is impossible the hand of my mother can ever touch me again. I dare not kill myself; I was taught to believe about the after life, that I shall be forever and ever myself still, you observe! Drunk? What is left me but to get the drunkest drunk possible? With all that, you say true, I am always happy, very happy even while miserable. Genius, sir, is joy! an infernal sort, I acknowledge, in my instance!”

And yet, when I hailed the opportunity and was about to enter upon conversation which might possibly benefit him —

“Bah!” he suddenly exclaimed with total and inconceivable change of manner, “what a fool I am! you a land agent and brought to tears, and that by a jack-leg lawyer! How do you know I have n’t been merely lying to you to kill time. But, as a gentleman, I have n’t. The man is dead, let us talk of something else!

“Now, Anderson,” he continued, every trace of seriousness gone, happy as a lark, the facile face overflowing

with vivacity, "you have been in Carolina so long, I wonder you have not asked the Brown County news. I am just from there, you know."

"General Throop and family are well," I replied; "I have had a letter to-day from him;" for I saw, as even his own father would have seen, that it was useless to try to talk seriously to him then, and bided my time.

"Magnificent man! Reminds one, with his portly person and white head, of a magnolia! Mrs. Throop," the lawyer continued, "is a lady. I am surprised she does not leave religious fanaticism to Northerners—ah, excuse me. Our Southern ministers, at least, are as orthodox as they are eloquent! Miss Throop I respect and admire too much to approach. Have you any such ladies North, sir? Ah, excuse me, Mrs. Anderson"—

"Is a Southern lady, Mr. Archer; but you speak," I continued with heat, "without the slightest knowledge of the North. I decline to converse upon the subject!"

"Pardon me," my companion replied with his indescribable air of good breeding, although swathed to the chin in the bedclothing, "it is impossible for me to offend upon that theme. I may not have told you, but I studied law at Cambridge. Besides, many of my friends in Carolina are married to ladies from the North. Ladies more beautiful, intelligent, charming in every sense, I never met. I am compelled, however, to add, neither I, nor you, sir, ever met a lady of the remarkable magnetism, if I dare so speak, of Miss Throop, South or North. My only objection to the Northern ladies married South, whom I met during the war, was the excess, I almost said exceeding violence of feeling against their former section; invariably so, and surely they are not to blame for that! But, pardon me. Did General Throop say anything," he continued, "about Mose Evans?" And, as he says it, the speaker reverts from the man of breeding and society to the "low-down" lawyer in the cross-examination manner of the question.

"Merely that he had made himself very useful, so useful that he regretted he had so suddenly left, because, the General supposed, of his mother's death, though taking place some time before. Harry Peters rents the place," I added, and desired to change the subject. I had no intention this slippery person should be mixed up in Mose Evans' matters if I could help it. "How is Mr. Parkinson?" I asked.

"Terribly in love with Miss Throop. He had better make up his mind to one of the fat Miss Robinsons. All he has to do is to marry her part of the plantation and be comfortable for life. Do you know how Mose Evans was taken sick?" the lawyer asked eagerly.

"Some form of typhoid"—I began.

"Shows the difference between us. You look at men only with reference to land. Well you came when you did. Drugged, sir. It was well known the man had money when he left Brownstown. Hasn't he told you how he was waylaid along the road? Narrow escape, I tell you. That is why I came down. No one can help liking the man. If, after that matter with his mother, I could"—

"Drugged?"

"By a Methodist preacher. Of course he wasn't a preacher of any sort; a brother of Dob Butler. Oh, I know him; have defended him, too, you see; dressed up in a long coat and longer face for the purpose. They found out Mose Evans was a religious man. That rascal actually read Scripture, sang hymns, and prayed with him! There is an organized gang of them," the lawyer lowered his voice as he said it.

"But the landlord never told me," I began.

"Why, sir, that is one reason," Mr. Archer explained, with a smile at my simplicity, "he was so very willing to pitch me out at your suggestion. So far a fool can be a villain, he is one of them. This house is one of their head-quarters. They did their level best to banter Evans into cards; they would have cleaned him out in one night. Then the mock preacher slipped

some drug into Evans' coffee, while waiting upon him so kindly. If they had not overdone the matter in their eagerness, by putting in too much, and he had not had the constitution he has, it would have killed him; fortunately it drove him only into fever. We lawyers know everything and everybody. If you have money, Anderson, don't be *brash* about it. I know your wife is a great protection,—they always respect a lady,—but be careful. If they rob and murder you, no hope in your last moments anybody will be hung. They will employ me, and I am sure to get them off!" I saw nothing at all witty, however, in the lawyer's fun, "the crackling of thorns under a pot," which wearied me, and so I rose to go. I had wakened the man's memory of early days into a flood which cared nothing as to the way it ran, so that it could be allowed to flow on. Besides, it was getting late, and Helen would be uneasy.

"Hold on, Major Anderson," he begged, as I got up from beside his bed.

"You must excuse me, Mr. Archer, it is nearly eleven" —

"Stop a moment. It is about Mose Evans I want to speak. Things have happened on the Throop place. He will never tell you. You know Job Peters?"

"As General Throop's overseer, I think I know all you can tell me," I said, for I hated to have him speak upon matters which I was coming to regard as sacred beyond the handling of even Helen, my wife.

"Be a sensible man, Anderson, and stop," the man said without a particle of merriment. "Lift a fellow up; I want to talk to you!"

I had tended in hospitals during the war,—about half a century ago, it seemed to me,—so that I did not shrink while the man clasped his unbroken arm around my neck and I lifted him as well as I could out of the hole of his bulging bed, propped him up with the bolster doubled over behind his back, and laid his splintered arm upon the dirty pillow before him. Unrequested I wet the end

of a towel and wiped his face, brushing back from his fine forehead the hair with, I am compelled to say, a clothes brush, which I found on the washstand.

"Thank you. Slight-built men, like you and myself, make splendid nurses. I once knew a doctor, red-headed, feminine, not longer than your little finger" —

"But about Mose Evans, Mr. Archer."

"Yes, Job Peters was hired, as you are aware, by the General, to manage the freedmen. You know Job, Anderson, Harry Peters' brother? He could n't rule the freed blacks with the cowhide as of old, so he tried sarcasm!"

"Sarcasm?"

"His bitter fun, you see. One would n't suppose the negroes would care for that, but," added the lawyer, "I declare I honor them for it, they did. It was worse—his words—than persimmons before frost; bitter, stinging, never ceasing. 'How many lumps of dirt in your cotton basket *to-day*, Mr. Samuel?' 'Ah, Mrs. Julia Jones, a lady of color, and have to work, heh?' 'You coming to me for pay, Mr. Walter? I thought you had concluded to be governor of the State!' Nonsense like that to the hands, and always at it! Not in fun, no laugh about it, bitterly; and things worse than that; they can't help having been made free, poor wretches! It was not fair in Job. They got worn out with it at last—his fun. First thing you know, General Throop,—of course he had only Job Peters' story,—was out one afternoon among the blacks at the gin, in a passion. The General can't reconcile himself to the change, it is the world upside down to him; he is getting suddenly infirm, too, and tremulous. Broke his gold headed cane over the head of the foreman of the crop before he knew it. If the negroes had not respected the old General so, there would have been trouble right then. I suppose one of the ladies must have been frightened and sent over to him as the nearest person; but Mose Evans came in after supper. Mr. Parkinson told me about it. The General was in a bad humor, and Job Peters was the same, as he al-

ways is. In the presence of the ladies, too. The hands had struck work, you see, — gone!

“‘You ought never to strike a negro on the head, General,’ Job Peters was saying. ‘It breaks your cane and does n’t hurt him. I always strike for the shins instead!’” But Job lied; he is a coward — can hardly walk under the revolvers he wears in the cotton patch, since the blacks were freed.

“‘What do you say, Mr. Evans?’ the General asked.

“‘I would try and strike between,’ Evans said, smiling.

“‘What do you mean by that?’” Job roars out, for he had had one or two difficulties with Evans before. I suppose Mr. Parkinson put it into better words than Evans could use; but he told me Evans said he would try to handle them by their heart, better feelings, nonsense of that sort. I suppose Peters saw it was all over with himself, so far as overseeing those negroes was concerned, and pitched in, as the boys say. In the very supper-room with the old General and the ladies! The ladies told Mr. Parkinson next day and he told me. By the bye, Anderson, I do believe that Mr. Parkinson is trying to convert me, he stops to talk with me so often,” the lawyer pauses to explain; “but the parson said it was beautiful. You see, Evans is very strong, as cool as he is strong. He took Peters in his grasp, — you remember my case, Anderson, — one hand over his foul mouth, like a little baby, and walked him quietly as he could out of the house, out of the front yard, out of hearing. I do not know, paddled him well, I suppose, when he had him out of hearing. There has been no Job Peters on the place since!”

“‘But who is overseer?’” I inquire of the lawyer, doubting, for the first time, if I had not had more reference to my own interest than that of General Throop, when I effected our exchange of Charleston and Brown County property; at last, I *may* know myself less than I do any other acquaintance!

“‘Overseer? Mose Evans! It was not his seeking. He got me to draw

up the lease with Harry Peters for his mother’s place, now his, of course; and,” Mr. Archer added, “I knew what he meant by employing *me*. He knows it was not so much my fault, at last, that about his mother. The lease is for years. He intended leaving as soon as he could settle up his mother’s estate; for, I tell you, sir, she held him and everything else, those strayed cattle, for instance, in her grip, while she lived! General Throop was left so helpless, you observe. The ladies, too. He took a room at his old home, with Harry. Harry thinks the world of him, especially since his trouble with Job. The old gentleman is so feeble. Whatever he may have been when they were slaves, so bewildered about the negroes now they are free, that he turned the whole plantation over to Evans. This made it necessary Mose should be at the house a great deal, reporting the day’s cotton picking, ginning, pressing, contract kept, contract broken, and the like. I only know he got in the General’s crop. Saw it to the mouth, — mouth of the river, our port, you know. Sold it and bought the General’s supplies.”

I rose to my feet with deeper sympathy for poor Evans! It was not his fault — so closely associated with the family — even if he knew all the time of Mr. Clammeigh’s engagement. Apart from that, how could he hope to be considered in any other light than as an exceedingly ignorant although very useful Brown County boor, by the young lady in question? I did *not* mention the fact to the lawyer, but it all came back upon me at the moment, and I will state it here, even if Helen sees it and I die. I refer to the last day I was in Brown County before returning to Charleston. I had called at General Throop’s to bid them good-by. The General was asleep somewhere, my visit being in the afternoon. Mrs. Throop, if she was not superior to such weakness, sleeping too, I suppose. Agnes Throop saw me as I alighted from my horse; she seemed always watching for rescue. Clammeigh, I’m afraid. But she dropped her sew-

ing and came out in her morning dress to meet me! The live-oaks with their swinging moss were so sepulchral; the house was so silent and utterly lonely; she had no brother; her parents were wholly unable to sympathize with her, by reason of age and peculiarity! All that poor, frail girl had on earth was — Clammeigh, a thousand miles away in Charleston, a million of miles away in the depths of his intense selfishness, if she knew it. That man was, after her parents, all she had on earth to love, her entire soul flowing to that cold individual as the Gulf Stream, they say, flows to the Polar Sea! How she hurried out to meet me on that occasion, her dark hair parted simply upon her pure forehead, all her soul in her eyes, the perfect grace and culture of the accomplished woman with the simplicity of a child, holding both her hands out to me as I ascended the steps! I have before recorded something of her greeting when I first saw her after she arrived at her new home; it was her way to every one she imagined had done her a kindness. I speak of it again because of her utter loneliness in the world, which, I suppose, made her all the more eager, unconscious to herself, for sympathy! I had no time to enter the house, could only leave my regards for her parents, take both of her hands once more in mine, to say good-by. O beauty, grace, purity, sweetness! O magnetism, mesmerism, witchcraft! O friendship with lines not more exactly defined between itself and love, than are the stripes of a rainbow from each other. And, O Helen, Helen! Heaven knows how thoroughly I prefer and love you, my own wife, in comparison with every other woman I ever knew. *You* understand the singular, yet wholly unconscious power of Agnes Throop! Hence the depth of our interest in poor Evans. Nothing more absurd, and perfectly natural, too, than his infatuation!

I know I am as cool a man of the world as any in Boston or Wall Street; but, you observe, people do not generally think and feel aloud, as I am doing here. The only way I can interest

anybody in this bald narrative of mine is to write out, as nearly as I dare, according to the actual facts; having no art, I can merely give nature!

“Do you know why Evans left?” the lawyer halted me again as I was leaving.

“Not fully; why do you ask?” I replied.

“They are a frail class of persons, the Throops; physically, I mean,” he replied. “The father and mother by age; all of them by reason of long suffering. I think they could not but respect, ignorant as Evans was, his sturdy strength of body. They have lived in our artificial society there in Charleston, — do I not know Charleston? — are bewildered by the change, and they came to esteem the strong common-sense of the man. He is so silent, too; he does not make himself more ridiculous than he can help by blunders in grammar and the like! Handsome, now, isn’t he? Mr. Parkinson is jealous of him; ever know anything so preposterous? Of course, Parkinson is out of the question, to say nothing of that Mr. Clammeigh from Charleston — but, Mose Evans! One thing, Mr. Anderson, I know, as a lawyer,” the man continued; “it is partly land, speculation in land, sir, not wholly Miss Throop, which brought Clammeigh to Brown County when he came. I happen to know. I’m sorry they are to marry.”

“So am I; but why did Evans leave?” I demand as I open the door to depart.

“We legal men are on the watch in regard to everything, by force of habit, even where no fee is in question,” Mr. Archer replied. “It was ungentlemanly, I confess, but I learned from the negroes about their place that Evans left suddenly one day. He had brought out their mail matter to the Throops, and their people think he brought them a letter that day which made trouble. I have racked my brain to conjecture whom that document could be from. I mean, to produce any such effect upon Evans. I cannot imagine; and have given it up! He employed me about

that lease, but has had no intercourse with me apart from the silent eloquence, if I may so speak, of that. Do you suppose I would have come here, learning of his peril, but for my regard for the man? Brown County never understood him; less of late than ever before. Mr. Parkinson suddenly called upon him, a few Sundays before he left, sir, to lead in prayer. It was at a sort of conference meeting in the church, General Throop and his daughter present. Mr. Parkinson dare not ask himself his full motive in requesting him to do so, old New Hampshire having been the only member of his church he had called upon previously. The eyes of every person present were upon Mose Evans on the instant; they could not help it. Strange as it may be, I was there; my eyes could detect no confusion in his face! A slight suffusion of surprise, and he quietly arose; and a better prayer, although brief,"—and the lawyer consigned himself to perdition in default of truth upon his part,—"I never heard!"

"Well, I must say good night," I began.

"I was at the fence of General Throop's place," Odd Archer continued, "about the time Mr. Clammeigh, then on a visit to them, was leaving for Charleston. I sat on my horse, merely asking to see the General at his gate. It was about a tax claim, and the General had never invited me to visit them. Evans was buckling his saddle-girth to ride somewhere when the General came out to us, bare-headed, Clammeigh and Miss Throop with him, to tell him goodbye. 'I thought,' Clammeigh said to Evans, drawing on his gloves as he spoke, his saddle-bags over his arm, 'that I had told you to have my horse ready!' Oh, it was nothing worth telling," Mr. Archer added; "merely that, and the amused expression upon the face of Evans as he lifted his hand to his hat in salutation to the General and his daughter, and rode silently away, was beautiful! The sudden glance of the lady, too, from the one man to the other!"

"And now, I will say good night."

"Good night, sir," the lawyer said, slipping himself down into his bed and more into a posture for sleep. "I said Mose Evans left suddenly. It was not suddenly. He made his preparations to leave silently but deliberately. He has some grave purpose. I wish I knew what. I chanced to be going into town that day and passed him on the road. He had the aspect to me as he rode away, of a lawyer going to the capital to take his seat upon the bench! Good night!"

VII.

It was on Wednesday that my wife and myself had our interview with Mr. Evans, as already narrated. Certain matters of my own prevented our entering his room again until the afternoon of the Sabbath following. During the interval he had improved greatly, and, although still confined to his room, received us dressed and seated in an enormous chair used for shaving purposes, which I had secured from the shop of a negro barber across the street, less by money than by saying it was for a sick man. It is impossible not to appreciate the warm-hearted sympathy with suffering on the part of people of color, and the hearty satisfaction of the barber, as he shaved his dissatisfied customers, seated uncomfortably in an ordinary hide-bottom chair, was to me half the pleasure of my toilette when I dropped in for that purpose.

"Must n't cuss so, massa; s'pose *you* was sick!" was the emollient the smiling barber applied, with his lather, to each remonstrant. "Chair good enough; sit still, massa, or you mought get cut!"

When we first entered his room, I confess I could not help laughing aloud as I saw our invalid, still very feeble and hollow about the eyes and cheeks, seated in his stately chair, his head resting upon the support behind. My wife looked indignantly at me, for she knew I was thinking of the poor fellow as awaiting at her hands worse surgery

than any that chair had ever held victim for before. By way, I suppose, of chloroform before operation, my wife, after I had read, at Mr. Evans' request, a certain passage of Scripture, sang us a number of the hymns common among the blacks; sung in a low voice, they were that Sunday afternoon, the sweetest music I ever heard!

"I ought to know them," she said, after she had sung "Swing low, sweet chariot;" "I don't feel no ways tired;" winding up in triumph with "Mary an' Martha have just gone along." "My mammy rocked me to sleep singing them when I was a baby in her arms, there on the plantation. I have heard them all my life, as our people sang them in their meetings and over their wash-tubs. Except at church, they never sing them, or anything else, now. I'll sing one more. We have all heard it often. It is the hymn Henry says he will have sung to him when he is dying. Listen, Mr. Evans, to 'Roll, Jordan, roll;' for I want to have a good talk with you when I am through." Helen was seated upon one side of the sick man and I upon the other, and there was a long silence after she had ceased singing. I think even her heart was softened.

"I was wishing to speak to you," she began at last.

"Yes, ma'am." Mose Evans turns his eyes upon her respectfully.

"It is in reference to Miss Agnes Throop." The eyes remain fixed upon hers, but the respectful interest has singularly changed into a species of indifference.

"If you please" — he requests.

"I have none with me," Helen replies with some severity, divining his meaning; "here is lavender;" and Mr. Evans submits to a sprinkling of the same upon hair and beard, no more to him than so much water.

"I think I can save you from a ruined life, from great unhappiness, at least," Helen proceeds. "What I say may hurt you very much. Are you strong enough?"

"Yes, ma'am," with the smiling indifference as of a grown man when

being treated like an infant. My wife's pride is touched. She grasps her knife, so to speak, with positive pleasure. Plunges it in!

"I have known Agnes Throop all my life. She is a good girl, a sweet girl. But that is all! She is not an angel of God. You are mistaken entirely, — nothing unusual in her at all. There are many women more beautiful, as you would know if you had seen more of the world. I could tell you even of many serious defects in her character!"

Now, it may be right for doctors, female ones too, to fib. But I was surprised at this! I studied, from the other side, the broad, open face of her patient as she spoke.

"Yes, ma'am!" Because of his lack of culture, everything the man thought or felt came to his face, and now there was nothing there but entire indifference. If my wife had stated that the afternoon sun he saw out of the window was a turnip, instead, which a boy had thrown into the air, he would have believed it as much. Mose was a grand object, invalid though he was; that about shoulders and face which reminded one of the bust of a Roman Emperor. And marble he certainly was to her statement.

"Yes, ma'am."

"And I must tell you this, also;" my wife is more quiet as she becomes more cruel. "Miss Agnes Throop is engaged to be married to a Mr. Archibald Clammey of Charleston, South Carolina. He is a lawyer, a gentleman of education. He has traveled over the world. He is handsome, *very* rich. And she loves him. I know her well, she loves him with all her heart! So, you see" —

"Yes, ma'am." Marble. With merely this difference, one simple question, that asked as if the reply made no difference. "Does he love her?" The man put such a meaning in that word "love!" I could have laughed at the way it hit Helen. She colored with confusion. Knowing that detestable Clammey as she did.

"Apart from that, Evans," I add, "as I happen to know from the person

himself, Mr. Parkinson, too, is ardently in love with Miss Throop. Do you not see how foolish you are? Even leaving Mr. Clammeigh out of the question, do you suppose you are a match for a gentleman of education like that minister? Besides, he will see her every day, man, while you are far away and entirely forgotten."

And, yet, in reply to all this I had from Mr. Evans merely a composed "Yes, sir."

"I have merely to add this," Helen continued after a while, with dignity; "my husband esteems you as an honest man, sincere, well-meaning"—

"Yes, ma'am."

"But you are more ignorant than you know. General Throop is of one of the first families of Charleston, and very proud. Now, you see how impossible it is. You might as well fall in love with the moon. You can never marry Miss Agnes Throop; be a sensible man, Mr. Evans. *Never!*"

"Yes, ma'am." And not a shadow upon the marble of his face. If Helen had been imparting to him the most uninteresting, or the most delightful news in the world, you could not have told which it was, from his countenance, at least; and a more expressive one in telling of or hearing about a bear fight, for instance, I never saw.

"And, now," very soothingly on the part of my wife, "you know we are your friends, we wish to save you from misery. I tell you only the truth. What," after some considerable pause, "do you think of it?"

It would have been better if Helen had not asked, but, owing to her sex, she was curious. Mose Evans sat with his eyes respectfully in hers. At the question, with the simplicity of a child, he quietly replied, "You have never loved, ma'am."

I was angry with the fellow, but I could have laughed—did laugh, I believe—outright. It smote Helen full in the face. She positively crimsoned.

"You forget, sir," she said at last, with entire dignity, "that I am married—that this is my husband."

"Yes, ma'am. Beg pardon." But it was evident that the man had nothing to take back. He was so very ignorant, you see.

It was Sunday afternoon, as I have said. It occurs to me as I write, that the day, our having read the Bible together, Helen's songs of worship, our intending soon to part, all these were not without their influence, in addition to his terrible illness and near escape from death, upon our friend. We had enjoyed a quiet time all these days in our upper rooms of the "hotel." The lumbering old stage, driven by profanity, — the motive power, it seemed to me, of all the ox, horse, mule machinery out West; they added its pressure to mill sluice, and steam, even!—rolled up to and away from the front porch every evening about six, disgorging its passengers for supper and reëngorging them thereafter, replete with coffee, pork, and hot biscuit; exceedingly hilarious, in consequence thereof, generally at the expense of hotel and landlord, for the next ten miles; deeply depressed, also, in consequence of supper, all night and until after breakfast next day. I had ridden—how often?—in the same. In and out of the front porch flowed and ebbed, at periods as defined as the tide, the population of Bucksport. The landlord got drunk and got sober as by a law of nature. His miserable wife showed her heart-broken face once or twice a day in our rooms, to see "how you ail are getting along, and if there is anything I can do." The flaunting concubines of his seraglio, black, yellow, ash-colored, were in and out of the rooms and halls with that peculiar impudence of manner which we would think a woman would shrink, in virtue of her very sex, from showing toward a wife, and a heart-broken and helpless wife, at that! I could not help observing how the women of whom I am speaking sent scorn and defiance to her ears, even when out of sight, in their shrill songs from the wash-tubs and clothes-lines in the back yard,—songs offensively religious. And so we lived in our world, and all the rest of the hotel in

theirs, meeting only at the table for meals; my appetite holding out longer than Helen's, but getting so very tired at last of the monotonous sameness of an indigestibility of fare, the one law of which was—fry!

I say it was, I suppose, all the peculiar influences upon Mose Evans combined, possibly the feeling of some explanation as due my wife, that caused him to say what he did before we parted that Sunday night. We had risen to leave.

"I am," he remarked, "as you say, ma'am, an ignorant man; not a more ignorant man alive, I suppose," he said, as if stating the time of day, "but there are some things I do know!"

I am no stenographer, and can but report his ideas as nearly in his words as I recall them. He continued slowly, steadily, "What you say about her not being so much at last is only this. I don't know what she is to others. I know what she is to me. I never thought God Almighty *could* make such a person as she is—never mind! I can't tell why, but I can't talk about that at all. What I look at is the hand He who makes us has had in it. It is like a camp-fire you see a-making on a cold, rainy, pitch-dark night in the woods: there's the blaze, and there's the face it lights up so of the man building the fire! I mean Him!" as with a gesture of the eyes upward, "and it was n't *my* doing, that trouble with Job Peters, and having to be in their house so much. I might have gone off, outlived it all, but for that! As to the gentleman from Charleston. Well, I've seen him. He is all you say. Maybe so! But what I look at is this, *he* is n't fit; not for *her*! The hardest thing you said, ma'am," looking full at my wife with serious eyes, "was that she loves that man. Maybe so! But people change when they come to know. She is all the same to me, whether she ever changes or not. I can no more help it than I can help living, no, nor than I can keep from dying when that comes. I'll tell you what I am going to do about it," he went on to say, after withdrawing his eyes from

those of my wife and reflecting for some time, then raising them again to hers, "and then I'll tell you why. I was on my way when I was taken down. I have fixed with old New Hampshire about my property, how he is to send me money. For I'm going off to try and learn something. Then I'm going to travel about, for years, perhaps. New Hampshire has given me letters and directions. If any law comes up about the property, he has my power of attorney. He'll have you to help him, sir. But don't fuss with that Odd Archer. You are certain to kill him, if you do, and I would n't, if I was you. While I am gone, who can tell but matters may change? I've never spoken to her, about myself, hardly, in my life; never dared to. I mean, nothing of all I feel. But she may hear, somehow. Anyway I can do nothing but what I am doing! And now, I'll tell you why I'm going to do what I said." It was after some silence, and in lowered tones, that he continued, "I've never said a word of what I'm telling you to a soul before. I hope I never will have to again as long as I live. I think about little else, but it is the hardest thing to say out I ever knew. If it was n't my sickness, your talk with me, the Sabbath, the singing, and all, I would n't have opened my lips about it. But, it all happens so!

"You see," he continued, at last, with the frank eyes as of a child in mine, not my wife's, "I've lived, as I've found out for the last year, among people almost as ignorant as the brutes, to say nothing of those among them that are wicked. You know, Mr. Anderson, how Brown County people talk about their Maker, 'the good man,' 'old Marster,' and the like. I always knew we had a Maker, but I never knew God was such a man, too, as Jesus Christ! I have come to know He *is*; and how amazing it is to me to know it, I can't tell you. And I never knew such a woman could be as she is. But I know now there is such a woman. It may not be right for me to put even her beside God, but she is so to me; I can't help it." A long silence after this.

"What I want to say is even harder to say," he added at last. "Because people always talk about a man loving a woman as if it was a joke, nothing except to laugh at, to make fun over. With me it is nothing in that way, nothing at all! It is the most solemn, most sacred thing I know, and what I am trying so hard to get to say is this. If such a person as God can love me as I've come to find out He does, then she may too, some day. I can't tell how all this sounds to you, but it is what I mean."

It was so much in the manner of the man! "I have fixed matters, as I said, with old New Hampshire," our friend concluded, "although you two are the only ones I've spoken to about all this. I'm going far away, to try and see what I can make of myself. All along I've known almost as little about myself as I knew about the One that made me. Who can tell what I may not make of myself yet? I don't know, but I can try and see."

"I saw a picture last summer in Boston," I remarked to Helen that night in our own room, for she seemed to have

nothing to say, "of a missionary preaching to the natives of some newly discovered continent or other. The painter had placed a savage chief in the foreground, listening to the missionary. It was admirably done—the wide-eyed wonder of the savage, at what was being said! This religion of ours is as old and as familiar to us as the sun. Suppose you had seen the sun to-day for the first time? We are a sort of Chinese, my dear; things have always been, we think, as they are to-day, will go on in the same old round forever and ever. The gospel is as new, really, to Evans, as it would be to any other of the aborigines. How was it that night to the shepherds keeping watch over their flocks?"

But my wife has no remark to offer, and I add, after a little, "This religion of ours has lifted some of the race from a very low estate. We know it will elevate the noblest of us to a far higher level yet. If it can lift the race, I do not see why it cannot lift a man. Heh?"

"I am quite tired to-night, Henry," was all my wife replied, "let us go to sleep."

William M. Baker.

"CONGRATULATION."

You told the story of your love:

I heard as one who did not hear:

Across the opening lips of hope

Crept the slow finger of a fear.

Against the kind deceit which hides

From love's beginning all love's end,

In thoughtful mood I boldly lift

The honest trouble of a friend.

You've chosen thus; not thus, indeed,

I would have chosen fate for you.

And if you missed the possible,

And for the sweet had lost the true;

If, 'neath the perfect palm of love
You might have knelt, — in kneeling, blest, —
And if you chose instead to wear
A little rose upon your breast;

If, for the tidal wave of life
Mistook a little ripple blue,
While fathoms deep below your line
The sea's lost treasures sleep for you;

Why then — what then? You've only missed
A wealth your calm eyes never saw.
Be fate and nature kind to you,
Yourself unto yourself your law!

No Moses ever part for you
The wonders of the deep's rich gloom!
Nor ever lead, the dry sands o'er,
Into the long lost palm-land's bloom!

Ah, never, never may you know!
For little waves trip merrily;
And never, never may you know!
For sweet the little roses be.

And should my doubts and dreams be both
Blindfold as dreams and doubts may be;
Should love's unwisdom truer prove
To you, than my wise fears to me;

Since God's own purpose over ours
Is folded softly like a wing,
And love's best knowledge to Love's self
Must own: I know not anything! —

Why then — ah then! Go you His ways,
Not mine. His is the summer sea
On which the little waves shall trip,
And His the little roses be.

But if into one lot there came
(As into one I haply knew)
The flower's scent, the forest's force,
The depth's reserve, the ripple's hue;

If it fell out to Heaven's mind
To give one both the sweet and true, —
Though Heaven asked it back again, —
That lost lot I'd not change with you.

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.

THE COHANSEY TEA-FIGHT.

"It is pouring cats and dogs!" said Violet, looking out of the window at the storm. "There is n't a bit of use in thinking of it, is there, aunt?"

"I should say not!" answered Aunt Elisabeth. "To be sure it may clear up before five o'clock, but unless the weather improves, I think you had better give it up."

"Give up what?" asked Grandmother Howell.

"Going to Annabella Floyd's tea-fight, grandmother," I answered.

"My dear!" said Aunt Elisabeth. She had a horror of slang, and she had never heard this particular phrase, which had just begun to come into use twenty years ago.

"A tea-fight! And what is a tea-fight?" asked grandmother.

"Oh, a little sociable tea-party all of girls, you know," I explained. "Annabella Floyd, across the creek, has one this afternoon, but I am afraid we can't go."

"Umph!" said grandmother. "I remember a tea-fight on Cohansey Creek worth going to,—but it was a man's tea-fight, not a girl's, though a girl helped get it up, after all."

"Oh, please do tell us about it, grandma!" said Violet and I together; and Aunt Elisabeth added: "Yes, do, grandmother; it will help to make the time pass pleasantly."

Violet and myself were making our annual visitation to Aunt Elisabeth in Greenwich, New Jersey. We had been there so often that it was like another home to us, and we knew every house and store and tree in the broad, quiet street, and every face in the meeting-house, for Aunt Elisabeth was a Friend, and we always went to meeting with her. These visits were among the happiest times of my life. I loved Aunt Elisabeth dearly, and all but adored my great-grandmother Howell. I liked the place and the people and the quiet

friendly ways,—yes, and the meetings too, even when there was no preaching and we had a silent season. Violet sometimes found it rather dull, but I never did.

Aunt Elisabeth lived near the landing in a wide, comfortable stone house, shaded by such enormous and aged willows as I think grow nowhere else. From my window I could see the green at the end of the street, with one gigantic buttonwood growing in the centre, the river, or creek as we always called it, and the schooners and steamers on their way up to Bridgeton, the metropolis of West Jersey; and a wonderful, quaint, pretty, hospitable little metropolis it is. I have not seen that prospect for many a long year, but I have only to shut my eyes to call it all up before me as plain as day.

This particular day we were engaged at a small tea-party at Annabella Floyd's, over across the river. We were very much bent upon going, but during the morning such a storm of wind and rain had set in, that even Violet confessed the expedition must be abandoned. Under these disastrous circumstances, it may be believed that we hailed with delight the prospect of a story from grandma.

Grandma Howell was past ninety. She was somewhat infirm, but her mind was as bright and her feelings as keen as they had ever been. She had not the absolute patience and self-restraint of Aunt Elisabeth, her granddaughter, and would sometimes wax warm in a debate, while her sarcasm was not a weapon to be lightly encountered: but nevertheless, everybody loved and respected Grandma Howell.

"Well, get your work and sit down, and I'll tell you the story!" said grandma, who never could bear to see any one idle. "It all happened in the year 1774. Think of that, children! Those willows over there were quite

small trees, I remember. Ah well, it seems a long time to wait.

"It was in the beginning of that same year, that Aunt Betsy broke up house-keeping and went to live with her nephew, Abiram Haskins, taking me with her. Aunt Betsy was a widow, and Abiram's mother had died not long before; and as he was a bachelor and had a large farm, he needed some woman about the house. So he asked Aunt Betsy to come and take charge, and she consented. His house stood near the end of the street, a little back, and not very far from the creek. The house was burned down afterward, but if you look sharp you may see traces of the cellar in Richard Shepherd's field to this day. It was a good house, with roomy cellars and chambers, and large rooms down-stairs; and when Aunt Betsy's furniture was put in, it looked very well, only there was always a stiff, scrimped look and a musty, woolly smell about it. Abiram was a Friend, as his father had been before him, but he was n't very zealous in religious matters, and had the name of sitting very close to the world and its goods. However, his character was good at that time, though I don't think anybody liked him but Aunt Betsy.

"I had lived with Aunt Betsy ever since my father died, and when she moved I went with her. I did n't like the change at all, and said all I could against it, though I knew all the time that I might as well talk to the winds. Aunt Betsy was very quiet tempered, but she was more set in her way than any person I ever saw.

"'Thee is wasting thy breath, Sy-billa!' said she at last. 'I have made up my mind and I shall act upon it. If thee does n't like the change, thee must find a home somewhere else.'

"This threat, as I considered it, shut my mouth and roused my temper at the same time. I said no more, but I made up my mind that I *would* seek a home somewhere else pretty speedily. You see, I did n't like Abiram. I thought him hard-hearted and miserly, and besides, though he had never said so in

words, I knew that he wanted to marry me, and that Aunt Betsy's heart was set on the match. Now, if you don't like a man, the fact that he wants to marry you makes you dislike him all the more. Moreover I did like somebody else, and I knew that he liked me. That somebody was Lewis Howell. We had been neighbors always till father died, and I think our love grew up with us, for I don't remember when it began. Ah well, children, Lewis has been dead sixty-five years. The little oak sapling that sprouted out of his grave over in Fairtown burying-ground is a big tree now. It can't be long before they lay me beside him.

"Aunt Betsy did not like Lewis. She said he was worldly and unsteady—that his father had been a soldier in the old French War, and that Lewis was just like him. Then Lewis was n't a Friend, but went to the Episcopal church, for there was one here then. Aunt Betsy would never let me see him if she could help it, and never would allow that we were engaged. It was just a boy and girl fancy, she said, and would soon pass away. She had an inward persuasion that she should see me married to some steady Friend, who was able to take care of me, and not to a wild, worldly young man, who cared more for fishing and shooting than for anything else. Now when Aunt Betsy had an inward persuasion of anything she was mighty apt to bring it to pass, and that was one reason why I disliked the idea of going to live at Abiram's. I was determined to marry no one but Lewis. I knew that he was neither wild nor worldly, and that he was laying up money to make a home for me, though he could n't lay it up very fast because he had to help his father, who was lame and a good deal past his work. My father had always loved Lewis, and I well remember hearing him say that he would n't want me to do better than marry him. And then I did so despise Abiram!

"Well, I thought it all over and tried to get the best light I could, and at last I seemed to see my way clear. I would

go with Aunt Betsy and help her get settled, and perhaps stay through the heft of the summer's work, and then, if I did n't find myself comfortable, I would hire out to do either spinning or housework. I was n't a bit afraid of making a good living. I could spin my day's work—a run and a half of warp or two runs of filling—and get through by three o'clock, and I was n't afraid to show my thread, either linen or woolen, beside anybody's in Greenwich."

"You did n't do crochet work in those days!" remarked Violet, who was making a dainty little blanket for some baby or other.

"No. It was n't the fashion, though we did make mittens and gloves with a hook, too. But we had plenty of nice pretty work, netting and knotting,—making tatting you call it,—and sprigging on muslin and crewel work, and piecing bedquilts. Well, as I said, I made up my mind that I would go with Aunt Betsy, but I would n't stay unless I found it comfortable.

"It was n't comfortable at all. Aunt Betsy was close enough, but Abiram was far worse. It was save, save, scrimp, scrimp, from morning till night. I was fond of new milk fresh from the cow, and I used to take a drink almost every night, but if Abiram saw me, you would think I had stolen five pounds by the fuss he made. He said there was skim-milk enough if I must have it, and every drop of new milk robbed the churn of so much butter. I suspect Aunt Betsy gave him a hint about that, for he came along one night when I was milking, and told me he hoped I would n't mind what he said, but would help myself to all I wanted. After that I never touched it again, and I took a real dislike to it.

"But the scrimping was n't the worst of it by a great deal. I began to feel like a fly caught in a spider's web. I could hardly ever get a chance to speak to Lewis—never alone—and Abiram was always in my way, hanging round and giving me presents and trying to make himself agreeable. Aunt Betsy watched me as a cat watches a mouse, and by and by it began to be said about

the village that I was engaged to Abiram. I told Emma Parvin, who was my most intimate friend, to contradict it everywhere, and so she did; but a great many believed it. Even Lewis almost began to doubt, because he never could see me alone. About this time he went across the creek, and took on with James Whitecar, who had a deal of stock and horses. James did well by him, for Lewis was very knowing in such matters, and he began to lay up money. Well, of course we saw less of each other than ever, but his going was an advantage in one way. Old Uncle Jacob, an old negro, used to paddle across and up and down the river, fishing. He was a good friend to both of us, and used to carry our letters back and forth. Then every morning at just such an hour Lewis used to wave his handkerchief out of his window and I used to wave one out of mine. So we knew that all was well."

Aunt Elisabeth had looked uneasy for a few minutes, and as grandma paused to take up a stitch she said mildly,—

"Some people would say, grandmother, that it was not very wise to be putting love-stories into the heads of these young girls."

Grandma looked up, and her still bright eyes twinkled a little.

"Elisabeth," said she; "does thee know that the white kitten had her nose in the cream this morning?"

"Yes," answered Aunt Elisabeth; "I saw her."

"Did thee show her the way to the milk, Elisabeth?"

"No!" said Aunt Elisabeth, surprised.

"Oh!" said grandma, "I did n't know but some one had put it in her head."

Aunt Elisabeth smiled and went on with her hemstitching.

"But there was another thing which annoyed me almost as much as the love-making," continued grandma. "It was, as I said, in the year 1774—the year before the war. The whole country was stirred up against the British, and their unjust and illegal taxations and other oppressions—though I do think

the bad manners and arrogance of the British officers and governors had almost as much to do with the business. The tax on tea had caused specially hard feeling, and you know how they served the cargo which was brought to Boston. When we got the news of the Boston tea-party, as it got to be called, there was a good deal of division of opinion. Most of the young men were on the patriot side, and so were many of the old ones, but still those were not wanting who called the business a shameful outrage, and stood up for the British through thick and thin. Abiram was one of these and Aunt Betsy another, and they used to abuse the patriots and uphold the British till they made my blood fairly boil.

"Well, one day, along in the last of October, Abiram said he was going to Philadelphia for a few days, and he had the impudence to ask me if we had n't better be married right away, so I could go with him. And while I was fairly struck dumb with rage and surprise, Aunt Betsy put in her word and said it would be a very good plan, as I could buy my wedding clothes myself, and she would give me money for a nice satin gown and a gray crape shawl.

"Then, I can tell you, girls, I flared up. I told Abiram just what I thought of him, and Aunt Betsy what I thought of *her*; and I said I would n't marry Abiram then or ever, if he should pave my way with gold. I told Aunt Betsy she knew that I was engaged to Lewis Howell, and that I should never marry any one else. Abiram was so angry he turned all kinds of colors, but Aunt Betsy was as placid as you please, and when I had fairly broken down, and was crying as if my heart would break, she said calmly, —

"*'Thee need n't be so violent, Sybilla. Abiram has no occasion to go begging for a wife. If thee chooses to disgrace thyself by breaking thy word to him and marrying a vagabond'* —

"*'I never gave Abiram any word, and he knows it!'* said I.

"*'Actions speak louder than words,'* said my aunt. *'We won't say any more*

about it now. Abiram, I have an inward persuasion that Sybilla will come to a better mind. Thee must excuse her violence. She was n't brought up with Friends, and has n't learned to rule her spirit. Sybilla, thee had better stop crying and eat thy dinner.'

"But I would n't eat any dinner, and I never sat down to the table nor spoke a word to Abiram till he went away. Aunt Betsy was as calm as ever, but she kept me so close, I could n't even get a chance to send a word to Lewis. However, old Jacob did smuggle one to me, in which Lewis told me how Abiram had told James Whitecar that we were to be married when we came home. Lewis said he knew I never would be false to him of my own free will, but he did n't know what I might be tormented into doing, and he begged me to leave my aunt, and come over to Deborah Whitecar, who knew all the story, and would be the same as a mother to me. Deborah herself added a few words to the same effect. Deborah was a good, kind woman, besides being a preacher and very much thought of. I knew she meant every word she said, and that I could be useful to her; and beside that it was a great encouragement to have such a woman take my part. Still I did n't like the notion of going right into the family where Lewis was, and I thought I would wait a little. Beside that, Aunt Betsy was lame and ailing, and I did n't feel quite free to leave her. So I staid on, and certainly I did have a pretty hard time. Even the neighbors began to notice how I was mewed up, and never went outside the gate.

"The second day of November, Abiram came home in the best of spirits. He had made his journey profitable, it seemed, and he was more of a Tory than ever. He had actually brought me a satin gown that would stand on end for richness, and a gray crape shawl. I told him he might keep his gifts to himself, and went up-stairs to my room, where presently Aunt Betsy came bringing the shawl and the satin.

"*'Thee had better put these things away!'* said she, laying them on the

bed. I took them just as they were, and opening the window, I dropped them out and saw them fall plump into the tub of rain-water underneath, — for then, instead of cisterns, we had great troughs standing under the eaves. It was a silly thing to do, but I was so worked up I did n't care one pin. For once I saw Aunt Betsy in a rage. She scolded me roundly, and ended by declaring that I should marry Abiram within a week or she would never see nor speak to me again. I should have gone away that very night, only Aunt Betsy was taken so sick I did n't like to leave her. What Abiram thought when he found his presents all wet and spoiled, I can't say. He never said a word to me nor I to him. I did my work, and waited on Aunt Betsy, but I could n't get any word to Lewis, much as I wished it, for old Jacob was sick, and I had n't any other messenger.

"Well, for two or three days Abiram was wonderful busy clearing out the cellar. Now and then he would take his boat and run down the creek, and he grew so queer and excited that I began to wonder what was going to happen. I hardly ever got a chance to step outside the door, Aunt Betsy kept me so close, and what with the work and waiting on her, I was pretty well used up.

"One night, — it was the 20th of November and a fine moonlight, though rather foggy, — I went to the backdoor for a breath of air, and I saw a fine large brig coming up with the tide. She seemed to find her way without any trouble, and presently came to anchor over there where you see that pine stump — it was a fine tree then — not far from our house. I stood watching, and presently I saw Abiram and two other men come ashore from the brig. They came up the path toward the house, but I did n't stay to meet them. I went back to Aunt Betsy, and when Abiram called me to see to supper, he told me the strange men would stay, and asked me if I would n't sit down and make tea. For you see I had n't sat down to a single meal with him since he came home.

"‘Tea!’ said I, ‘where did you get any tea?’ I knew ours had been out some time, and you could n't buy an ounce for love nor money.

"‘Never mind,’ said Abiram, looking as pleased as could be. ‘I’ve got it, and plenty more of nice things. Now be a good girl and see to the supper, and I promise not to say a word thee won't like to hear.’

"Well, I did n't want to make a fuss before the strangers, so I said I would; and I made some nice hot cakes and fried a chicken, and turned out the tea, but I would n't touch a drop, more than if it were poison. The two men were English, as I made out by their talk, and one of them was captain of the brig. He had been drinking a little, and he kept throwing out hints which made me open my ears, and caused the other man to swear at him for a fool.

"Well, I did up the work, and was just going up-stairs to bed, when Abiram stopped me.

"‘What is it?’ I asked sharply enough.

"‘I only wanted to say that thee need n't be scared if thee hears a noise in the night;’ said he meekly. ‘I have got some goods aboard the brig, and I am going to have them unloaded, because the captain wants to get away.’

"Somehow it flashed across me all in a minute what the goods were. So instead of going to bed, I blew out the candle and sat down behind the curtain to watch. Eresently I saw the men from the brig bringing up the goods all covered with tarpaulins and stowing them in the cellar. They had nearly finished when one of the men let fall a square box, and I knew by the sound that something had broken. The captain cursed him for a clumsy fool. Abiram brought out a broom, and I could see them sweeping and brushing something. Finally the business was finished, the men went away, and Abiram came up-stairs and went to bed. He was generally the first one up in the morning, but this time I stole a march on him, and was down before six o'clock. I took the lantern and began searching

where I had seen them sweeping the night before, and sure enough, in a little hollow by the side of the path I found about half a handful of nice green tea!

"I gathered up the tea in my hands and wrapped it in a paper I had in my pocket, and then I stole down to the creek, to the place where I knew Abiram's little skiff was tied up. It was no sudden move. I had been thinking all night, and I made up my mind that I must see Lewis and tell him the whole story. For, absurd as it may seem, I was really afraid Aunt Betsy would contrive some way to marry me to Abiram even against my will.

"The tide was running out and helped me, and I was soon at James Whitecar's landing, for I knew how to handle a boat. I found Lewis at the barn, told him the whole story, and showed him the tea. You ought to have seen how his eyes flashed.

"So that is what he has been up to!" said he; "we have been watching him for a week, and suspected as much." Then he called Stephen Whitecar, James' brother, a great friend of his, and showed him the tea.

"We'll take care of him!" said Stephen. "Only thee keep quiet, Sybilla, and don't let on that thee knows anything."

"Was Stephen a Friend?" I asked.

"Well, yes, he belonged to Meeting, and his mother was a preacher, as I told you. So we talked it over, and Stephen was for calling his mother, and having me stay, but I said I thought I had better go right back.

"Don't tell me anything!" said I; "and then I can answer no questions."

"Lewis said I was right and he would row me back himself. On the way it was settled between us that he should come for me the next day but two, and then we would go and get married. The reason we waited was that I should be of age in two days, and then nobody would have anything to say. I hated to leave Aunt Betsy and go against her wishes, but there seemed no other way.

"I was busy getting breakfast when Abiram came down. I thought it best

to be civil to him, and easily put him into a good humor. That day everybody noticed that there was a good deal of riding round, and going in and out of Doctor Elmer's and Mr. Philip Fithian's. He was a minister, and a great patriot. I was on thorns, expecting I did n't know what, and ready to start at every noise, but I kept about my work, and waited on Aunt Betsy, and was so pleasant to Abiram that he really thought I was coming round.

"The next evening about ten o'clock there came a great knocking at our door. I was up in a minute, and looking out, I saw by the moonlight about thirty Indians in war-paint and feathers standing round the house. My heart was in my mouth for a minute, and then it came over me what they had come for.

"What do you want?" called Abiram from his window.

"We have come for a cup of tea!" said a voice which I knew right well. "Get up and give it to us like a good fellow, or we shall have to take it where we can find it."

"Abiram blustered and talked big, but it was no use. They told him if he did n't open the doors, they would break them down, and at last, rather than have his house attacked, he gave up the keys. They touched nothing else in the house, but they carried all the tea out into the meadow yonder, piled it up, and set it on fire. It burned splendidly, and perfumed the air for half a mile round. There were at least two hundred people looking on, but nobody said a word, or offered to interfere. It was all as solemn as a yearly meeting, and it had a right to be, when two at least of the Indians were ministers. When the tea was all burned, everybody went quietly home.

"Abiram was like a madman for a time, and then he broke down and cried like a baby. He never held his head up after that, and presently he moved away to Philadelphia. They tried to bring a suit against the men who burned the tea, but it was of no use. The grand jury were too good Whigs to bring in a bill, and finally the war came on and the matter was dropped.

"I had engaged Eunice Hunt to come and take care of the house, and wait on Aunt Betsy, and on the day appointed I went in and told her what I was going to do. She scolded at first, and then she cried and begged me to wait till spring, but I was firm. I thought I had waited and suffered about enough. She declared she never would see me again, but I told her I had an inward persuasion that she would change her mind. Then I left her, and Lewis and I went up to Mr. Philip Fithian's and were married. Afterward we moved over to James Whitecar's, and I lived there a long time, all the same as one of the family, doing the spinning and helping in the work. Some Friends blamed Deborah for taking my part, but she said she had acted according to the best light she had, and she was pretty well able to hold her own.

"The next year the war broke out, and Lewis, with his brother Richard and Stephen Whitecar, went into the army. It was a great trouble to Deborah to

have Stephen turn soldier, but he did, and made a very good one. My Lewis rose to be captain, and was much respected; but he was wounded up at Wyoming, and died, leaving me with one little girl, mother of your father and Elisabeth here. Stephen Whitecar wanted to marry me when the war was over, and I knew Deborah would have liked it, but I could n't bring my mind to it, and after a while he married Emma Parvin. Folks said he thought it was the next thing to marrying me.

"Aunt Betsy was very angry for a long time, but she came round, and was as kind as ever, even getting me the satin gown and crape shawl she had promised me if I married Abiram. He got very rich in Philadelphia at one time, but he lost everything speculating in Continental money after the war, and finally died poor and friendless.

"And now, as the wind has changed and it is clearing up, you had better go and get ready for *your* tea-fight."

Lucy Ellen Guernsey.

TO-DAY.

WHAT dost thou bring to me, O fair To-day,
That comest o'er the mountains with swift feet?
All the young birds make haste thy steps to greet,
And all the dewy roses of the May
Turn red and white with joy. The breezes play
On their soft harps a welcome low and sweet:
All nature hails thee, glad thy face to meet,
And owns thy presence in a brighter ray.
But my poor soul distrusts thee! One as fair
As thou art, O To-day, drew near to me
Serene and smiling, yet she bade me wear
The sackcloth of a sudden great despair!
Oh, pitiless! that through the wandering air
Sent'st no kind warning of the ill to be!

Julia C. R. Dorr.

THE BRITISH UPPER CLASS IN FICTION.

"Not you, but the house derides me," said the wolf to the goat in the fable. This is the answer which society makes to any insolent or arrogant individual who happens to be out of its reach. Fortunate men everywhere are apt to fall into the goat's mistake, and of all Swells, none cherishes the delusion so honestly as an Englishman. He stands there protected in that *insouciance* which the novelists admire, and which he himself deems the consummate result of history and human progress, by defenses which are none of his making. The radical claim, the fundamental distinction of an Englishman of the upper class is, that no man can get the better of him in *hauteur*. The neighborhood of the most oppressive or confusing personality will run off him like water. He will flush as he passes no man; no man can give him two fingers. Should by any chance his bosom acknowledge impression or trepidation, his exterior shall be calm as stone. And he is proud to think that this gift of his is not the accident of his station or his circumstances, but is an inherent virtue of his own, of which adverse fortune cannot rob him. He may be deprived of health, money, and friends; he may be baffled and beaten here, and lost hereafter; but it is his belief and consolation that the time can never come when he may be snubbed.

To this it may be said, that the courage which confronts a future or a possible evil is a very easy one. Difficulty, until we meet it face to face, is an unknown quantity. It is x ; when really upon us, it becomes $a + b$. He who is in the midst of the difficulty he challenged from a distance, may with perfect consistency retire, claiming that when he made the engagement, he had not sufficient data to go upon. He agreed to encounter x , not $a + b$.

Undoubtedly the qualities which constitute the distinction in the swell are

precisely *not* the qualities which constitute success in the great struggle of man for subsistence. The "survivors" of Mr. Herbert Spencer have succeeded by alert attention, rather than by an elegant inattention. The monkey that saw the apple first got it; the chimpanzee that first saw the wild cat was the first to get away from him. In the "incoherent" ages, when one man met in the forest another who was carrying a sword or a spear, he did not saunter by, relying upon his own unconscious majesty, and the impressibility of his adversary, as a protection against a blow in the back of the head. He was the best man who had the most and the quickest perceptions, rather than he who had the fewest and the slowest.

But whatever may have been true of those remote and uncertain ages, in society, as we know it, the alert, attentive man plainly gets ahead of the inattentive one. A certain suavity and deference in his dealings with others will not hurt him. He cannot ignore the man out of whom he makes money. He cannot snub a client, a customer, or a patient, with impunity. The swell, therefore, whom adverse fortune compels to take his chances with other men, has either to fail, or to relinquish his superb behavior and to change his principle of elegant unconsciousness into one of alert attention. He may say that he will die first, which would perhaps be the more heroic and graceful exit from the difficulty, providing he died at once. But he thus registers himself among the defeated, and fails,—the very thing it was the boast of his ancestors that they did not do. Should he happen to have hostages to fortune, in the shape of wife and children, the complexion of his case would be entirely altered. To take defeat for himself would be his right; to accept it for those dependent upon him would be quite another thing. It is pretty plain, then, that the swell is very

much in the position of the goat upon the house-top. If he were a lawyer's clerk, of course these fine ways would have to cease. If he were on the staff of a popular weekly, and had to dance in the liveliest paragraphs under the whip of the managing editor, or the proprietors, or the public, he would find his unconsciousness and hauteur very inconvenient. He would, no doubt, consider the editor a demagogue, an inaccurate, semi-honest, and wholly uneducated person; would gnash his teeth in secret over the failure of the proprietors duly to appreciate their own vulgarity, and would heartily despise the silly public; but when this inadequate revenge had been taken, there would be nothing left for him to do.

It was very easy to see that as a matter of fact the young Englishman of the class of which I am speaking did change his manners as soon as his circumstances changed. Men of precisely the same claims of birth had a very different behavior. Those who had to make their way acquired a more eager, and, as a rule, a more complaisant manner than their luckier cousins. Even diplomatists and private secretaries to heads of departments were evidently alive to, and anxious to conciliate the good opinions of others. At the clubs it was not difficult to pick out, from their more alert behavior, the men whose fortunes were capable of improvement, and who were on the lookout to better them. In a word, when in England, I saw that a swell, so soon as he perceives that his distinctions do not pay, relinquishes them.

It will be seen that these distinctions appeal for admiration to persons in a certain middle condition of education. Those who appreciate such graces to the full must be somewhat civilized and yet somewhat immature. A degree of impressibility in the men who look on is the condition of the exercise of the swell's talent. What sort of impression would insouciance make upon a hungry tiger? Nor would it impress an educated and acute man who insists upon submitting reverie to the test of defini-

tion and criticism. It is to the shop-boy, and the writer for the spring annual, that such graces appeal.

The aristocracy has received, from time to time, very various treatment at the hands of literature. The writers of the age of Queen Anne—a keen and critical race—never gave them any very respectful consideration. Later in the century the novelists dealt with them in a very truthful and sensible fashion. Fielding, I remember, somewhere takes occasion to explain in a foot-note that by the “mob” he does not mean the common people, but the coarse and the ignoble in every rank. In those days the aristocracy possessed real power. When their power had come to an end, and they retained only their social precedence, the admiration of their class superiorities seems to have begun. It is a somewhat curious fact that Bulwer, Disraeli, the Kingsleys, and other writers of the last quarter of a century, have expressed an admiration for the upper classes which is new in English literature. Nothing of the kind is to be found in their great predecessors, Scott, Miss Austen, and Miss Edgeworth. The reason is, I suppose, that blessings brighten as they take their flight. The strong need no apology, whether they be good or bad. Praise of them is rather a superfluity and an impertinence. But when power had slipped out of the hands of the upper classes, to justify the social precedence that remained, people began to look about for something of an inherent and permanent nature to admire. The gradual contraction of their privileges removed, too, the “wicked lord” from romance. His opportunities of wickedness were gone. Earls could no longer kidnap pretty women. Moreover, the rise of a powerful class of merchants, into a social prominence scarcely less than that enjoyed by them in Cromwell's time, fixed the attention of society upon the graces of the older aristocracy. The poor clergyman was glad to feel that the people who snubbed his wife were nobodies by the side of his patron. It was perhaps rather pleas-

ant to a banker's clerk to know that there were persons before whom his own despot would have to take off his hat.

But the novel has been the peculiar literary staple of the last thirty years. The upper classes have been of great use to the playwrights and the storytellers. The throng of tutors, governesses, and young professional men who write for the London magazines, have relied much upon the dramatic capabilities of their unequal society. The fortunate classes anywhere will always be excellent material for art, providing those classes are known to the entire society. The people like to look at them. They take the sort of pleasure in them which they experience at a *fête* or a pantomime. They wish them well as they like the novels and the plays to end happily. The converse is also evident. So soon as these classes cease to appear fortunate they cease to be attractive. The cause of the queen's recent unpopularity is to be found, not in her seclusion nor in the discontent of the tradesmen who live upon court patronage, but in the natural aversion of men to the lachrymose and the melancholy. The elegant classes here cannot be used to very great advantage, because a farmer in Illinois has a most indistinct and hazy notion of the habits of a person of fashion in New York or Boston. Moreover, here nobody knows exactly who these classes are. Abroad, this "fine" society is the most distinguished and conspicuous. Here it is the little set whose particular boast is that "nobody knows anything about it."

The reaction which followed the French Revolution, the glory to which England attained during the first third of the present century, to which she was certainly led by the upper classes, and upon which she lived until very lately, the gradual diminution of the privileges of the upper class and the sense of security from their encroachments — all these things disposed the English people to think very favorably of their aristocracy. Their impressibility and credulity and their curiosity about the aristocracy have been fed by the novel-

ists. Many popular mistakes concerning the manners of the "great" have thus been encouraged. Thackeray even has lent countenance to the superstition that the young men are marked by a certain graceful and reckless generosity. It would seem natural that men who have assured wealth, and a station at the top of society, should exhibit towards each other a simple friendliness and an unthinking generosity, not to be found among people who are compelled to jostle and elbow each other in the struggle for subsistence. But I did not find it to be so. Lord Kew gives Jack Belsize ever so many thousand pounds. But the Lord Kews are scarce in real life. Not only is it hard to find men who give each other fortunes, but Lord Kew's spirit is not at all the spirit of the men I saw. The money they won from each other in the card-rooms and at the races, they were very anxious to get and very willing to keep. Indeed, men who are on stated allowances, as many of them were, are compelled to exercise a systematic forecast in the matter of expenses, which a man who can stretch his income by a little extra labor will scarcely take. As to the gracefully reckless kindness, the shop-boy is quite wrong in his notions upon this point. So far as I could see, they did not feel more kindly to one another than the brokers who scream each other hoarse in the New York Stock Exchange. Indeed, I believe that, as a rule, they are the most ready to help others who have most ably helped themselves.

Another of the misconceptions of the middle classes which the novelists have flattered is that their superiors are so accustomed to superiority that they have forgotten all about it. They think nothing of their distinction, it is said. On the contrary, they are always thinking about it and always talking about it. They roll it under their tongues like a sweet morsel. A friend of mine wrote to a certain very great and exalted person, asking whether we should or should not dress for a political dinner at Richmond. He answered pithily: "The snobs dress; the gentlemen don't." I

may here say that the most elegant men in dress and behavior are not those in whom pride of lineage is strongest. Your man of stern family pride rather despises any such distinction as fine clothes and fine manners can give him. When you see an individual with his hat knocked over his eyes or his collar awry, you may know that he secretly hugs an escutcheon to his bosom with a fervor and energy of which no dandy is capable.

Thackeray's charge against the English that they are virtue-proud is certainly true. They think themselves the best people in the world, and after one notable exception has been made, I am inclined to agree with them. Of unkindness to foreigners upon their own shores they are unjustly accused. They are, however, defiant in their behavior to strangers, and at this point they have been educated in another misconception. They cherish the impression that their reserve is in some way a scrutiny of the character of the individual who is a candidate for the honor of their acquaintance. But this is a mistake. They hold back till they are sure, not that he is virtuous, but that it will help them to know him. The young Englishman chooses his friends just as the young American or the young Frenchman does. But it is the way of the world to regard success and fortune as another sort of character, and here again the English are no exception to the rule. Gentle manners to the poor and dependent, and a conciliatory bearing towards acquaintance, are praised, if the man who possesses them is a person of consequence. The English say, "He knows who he is;" "Nothing can be better than he." In such a man rank seems to pass for a kind of virtue. But a seemly behavior is not difficult to people who have no opposi-

tion. You do see men, however, in England, in whom good manners are only another sort of heroism. Life is not to them a pleasant saunter among tolerant equals and obsequious inferiors. I have known men with strong, fierce hearts and the consciousness of power and ability, who, unrecognized and in irksome and difficult positions, are yet able to conduct themselves with propriety and dignity. There are rages which come, we know not whence, and moods in which it is difficult to remember principles, yet these men learn to control themselves. They behave with a self-respect which does not verge upon truculence, and with a complaisance which does not approach servility. These were the men whose manners I admired.

The present tone of the fashionable novel is not that of the aristocratic romance of the early part of the century. It is not even the tone of Coningsby or Maltravers. To the story-writers of Cornhill and Fraser the nobleman is no longer picturesque or superior or haughty or aquiline. The purpose of these later writers is to present him as a good deal more like most people than anybody else. The young Bohemians laugh flippantly at the "fat old duchess;" the glib governesses pour much scorn and contempt on "Lady Booby's old, rattling, broken-down barouche." The countess is deaf and has an ear-trumpet; the marchioness is an honest old termagant, with a voice and temper like a fishwoman's. But this method of treatment insinuates a familiarity, very delightful to the average British reader. It is only another sort of admiration. The change however seems to be in the direction of truth, and the English will in time, no doubt, get back to a healthy and common-sense treatment of this subject.

E. S. Nadal.

RECENT LITERATURE.¹

It is even more unwelcome than ungracious for an American to speak blame of John Stuart Mill. During the long rule of the slaveholders, his censure of our faults was always tempered with sympathy. In our national extremity, he led the forlorn hope of our British friends. Our land was the New Atlantis of his political dreams; and he trusted us to realize his theory of representative government. There is substantial truth under the extravagant phrase of one of his admirers, that he "is not only the great philosopher, but the great prophet of our time." It is then with no ordinary interest that we read his own record of his life, and with no ordinary regret that we find it confirms in two particulars the severest criticisms which were ever made upon his character — the first, in respect to his exercise of the imagination and the feelings; the second, in respect to his estimate of Christ and Christianity.

For self-analysis, the book has no parallel in literature since the Confessions of Rousseau. But the conscious vivisection of the Englishman is as much more painful than the morbid revelations of the Swiss, as Rousseau was a less finely organized creature than Mill, both in nature and in culture. There is hardly a chapter of the Englishman's book in which we do not detect sensitive tissue and quivering nerves, where in the Swiss there was a thick padding of ingratitude and sensuality. But in the first particular mentioned (making all allowance due to their different times and very dissimilar conditions), they each felt a life-long yearning for a genuine and sympathetic friendship. To the Swiss, it never came. To the Englishman it came late,

and under circumstances so imperfectly related as will leave many to doubt whether it would not have been nobler to abstain from it.

The birth of Rousseau cost his mother her life; and for anything that appears in Mill's autobiography (except casual allusions to his younger brothers and sisters) we might suppose that his mother died when he was born. He does not once mention her, nor ever imply her existence, except by stating the date of his birth. She was a cipher in his life; and when we consider what that means, we find a partial explanation of some of his deficiencies. There was no domestic influence to contest or share the sway of his father; and no father ever exercised more absolute sway over a child.

James Mill's character was intense in every feature; although his son records that "the 'intense' was with him a by-word of scornful disapprobation." He was severe, autocratic, and morbidly logical. "He thought human life a poor thing at best, after the freshness of youth and of unsatisfied curiosity had gone by." He executed the task of educating his children, as a task, with a stern persuasion that duty commanded him to impress on them his own convictions as absolute. He was ashamed of the signs of feeling, and despised passionate emotions of all sorts and everything which has been written in exaltation of them. Bred a clergyman, his morbid logic had converted him to infidelity, through the study of Bishop Butler's Analogy of Religion. "If we consider further," his son touchingly says, "that he was in the trying position of sole teacher, and add to this that his temper was constitutionally irritable, it

¹ *Autobiography*. By JOHN STUART MILL. (Published by Arrangement with the Author's Executor.) New York: Henry-Holt & Co. 1873.

Ten-Minute Talks on All Sorts of Topics. By ELIHU BURRITT. With Autobiography of the Author. Boston: Lee and Shepard. New York: Lee, Shepard and Dillingham. 1874.

The Deicides. Analysis of the Life of Jesus, and of the several Phases of the Christian Church in their Relation to Judaism. By J. COHEN. Translated by ANNA MARIA GOLDSMID. First American edition. Baltimore: Deutsch & Co. 1873.

Les Français en Amérique pendant la Guerre de l'Indépendance des Etats-Unis, 1777-1783. Par THOMAS BALCH. Paris: A. Santon. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. Leipzig: J. A. Brockhaus. 1872.

Personal Recollections, from early Life to old Age, of Mary Somerville. With Selections from her Correspondence. By her Daughter, MARTHA SOMERVILLE. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1874.

Our Common Insects. A Popular Account of the Insects of our Fields, Forests, Gardens, and Houses. Illustrated with 4 Plates and 288 Wood-cuts. By A. S. PACCARD, JR. Salem: Naturalists' Agency. 1873.

Prosper. By VICTOR CHERBULIEZ. Translated from the French by CARL BENSON. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1874.

Stories of Infinity. By CAMILLE FLAMMARION. Translated from the French by S. R. CROCKER. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1873.

is impossible not to feel true pity for a father who did, and strove to do, so much for his children, who would have so valued their affection, yet who must have been constantly feeling that fear of him was drying it up at its source."

Under this discipline, the son's character was trained as if the intellect was to be its sole component. The child was taught Greek at three years old; and before eight, had read in the original Plato's Dialogues and Xenophon's *Memorabilia* of Socrates. His English text-books before the last-named age included a translation of Mosheim's *Ecclesiastical History*, and McCrie's *Life of John Knox*. Before twelve, he was drilled in Aristotle's *Rhetoric*; and at twelve, he was introduced to the *Novum Organum* of Bacon, and put through a course of the logic of the Schoolmen, — as to which last, in view of the fact that, though many philosophers have thought as profoundly, there never was one who thought more clearly than he did, it is worth noting that there was nothing in his education to which he esteemed himself more indebted for whatever capacity of thinking he attained. His imagination got no opportunity to develop, except by chance; and the operation of chance was confined to narrow limits. He had no holidays. The plan of his training involved his careful seclusion from youthful companions. His father put Shakespeare into his hands "chiefly for the sake of the historical plays."

From these influences the boy escaped during only one year, out of the whole period of his education; but happily for himself, and for all of us whom his philosophy influences, he passed that year in genial intercourse with Continental society, as a guest in the families of Sir Samuel Bentham, in Southern France, and Jean Baptiste Say, in Paris. We may safely conjecture that he owed in great part to this episode the sweet and courtly manners which distinguished him.

It is not a matter of surprise that the inheritor of an intense and ardent temperament should have vainly yearned for a satisfying friendship, when the yoke of this repression was relaxed and he was free to select his own companions. That he did so is manifest from numerous passages. He names at least half a score of young associates, — all of them men, most of whom were already famous or afterwards became so, — as sustaining at different times relations of no ordinary intimacy with him.

But he seems never to have experienced the friendship of a woman, until, when he was twenty-five and she twenty-three years old, he encountered the lady whom he married twenty-one years later. This was in 1830, six years before his father's death. She was then the wife "of a most upright, brave, and honorable man, of liberal opinions and good education, but without the intellectual and artistic tastes which would have made him a companion for her;" for whom, after his death in 1849, Mr. Mill declares that he himself "had the sincerest respect, and she the strongest affection," — a declaration which we acknowledge our incapacity to comprehend.

In this lady he "soon perceived in combination the qualities which in all other persons" whom he had ever known he "had been only too happy to find singly." The fervor of his devotion to her, and to her memory, as many years ago manifested to his readers by the dedications of his *Principles of Political Economy* and of the essay *On Liberty*, and now more fully disclosed in these confessions, instantly suggests Auguste Comte's worship of Madame Clotilde de Vaux, and lends a curious and painful interest to Mill's criticisms of the influence of that memorable but briefer attachment on Comte's so-called second career. It also brings to mind, but by way of contrast, the devotion of Mill's brilliant contemporary, — like him, educated at home, and almost equally influenced by the St. Simonian philosophy, — Henry Thomas Buckle, to his mother. The parallel with Buckle runs even to the dedication of his books. The first volume of the *History of Civilization* is dedicated "To my Mother," and the second to her memory.

It is hardly possible to believe that, if Mr. Mill had not been so exclusively and completely subordinated to his father during childhood and youth, his relation with Mrs. Taylor would have determined his life as it did. Through association with her he first came to allow feeling, as distinguished from reason, its due place; and in what he styles the third period of his mental progress, which began after this friendship had reached the degree of confidential intimacy, the change of his character ensued which he but partially indicates when he says that he became less a democrat and more a socialist. It was a revelation of a new side of human experience to him, to discover that she reached "by the moral intuitions of strong feeling" opinions which he had

painfully arrived at "through study and reasoning." In brief, he then first acquired a religion, if we can accept his definition that "a religion may exist without belief in a God," and that, "if a person has an ideal object, his attachment and sense of duty towards which are able to control and discipline all his other sentiments and propensities, and prescribe to him a rule of life, that person has a religion." What the religion was may be gathered from his assertion, in the same dissertation,¹ that "all other religions are made better in proportion as in their practical result they are brought to coincide with that which Comte aimed at constructing," the essence of which was "the idea of the general interest of the human race, both as a source of emotion and as a motive of conduct." After his wife's death, he declares: "Her memory is to me a religion, and her approbation the standard by which, summing up as it does all worthiness, I endeavor to regulate my life."

So far as we have a right to speculate on what would have been Mr. Mill's conception of God, had he ever framed one, the hypothesis would be Aryan rather than Semitic. The existence of evil was a fact which he could not reconcile, any more than could his father, with the rule of a deity absolute in power and perfect in goodness. Both of them could have become Parsees, but neither of them a Jew. It is manifest that, like his father, he rested in the conviction that concerning the origin of things nothing has been revealed or can be known, and that speculation on the subject is fruitless.

To Christ as a moral teacher, and to Christianity as an element of human progress, Mr. Mill has always seemed to us persistently unjust, — a fact the more remarkable as his desire to be just not only to all men, but to all their opinions, was so conspicuous in his later years. In his writings, he has more than once spoken of the "bland and amiable" teachings of Christ, finding no nobler adjectives with which to qualify them. The students of the essay *On Liberty* will remember that he styles Socrates "the head and prototype of all subsequent teachers of virtue," including Christ in a lower rank, and declares that "other ethics than any which can be evolved from exclusively Christian sources must exist side by side with Christian ethics, to produce the moral regeneration of mankind." He accepted the St. Simonian division of history

¹ *Auguste Comte and Positivism*, pp. 133, 134.

into organic periods and critical periods, and believed that ours will be succeeded by one that will inaugurate the triumph of a creed more advanced than Christianity, in which the moral and intellectual ascendancy once exercised by priests will be possessed by philosophers.

These and similar sentiments in the writings of Mr. Mill always bring to our memory, by way of contrast, the words which Rousseau puts in the mouth of the Savoyard Vicar: "The holiness of the gospel is an argument that speaks to my heart, and to which I should even be sorry to find a good answer. Look at the books of the philosophers with all their pomp; how funny they are by the side of that! Is there here the tone of an enthusiast or an ambitious secretary? What gentleness, what purity in his manners, what touching grace in his teachings, what loftiness in his maxims! Assuredly there was something more than human in such teaching, such a character, such a life, such a death. If the life and death of Socrates were those of a sage, the life and death of Jesus are those of a god."

We have sought eagerly and in vain throughout this autobiography for some chapter, or phrase, or even single word, to lessen our sense of Mr. Mill's injustice to Christianity but we find not one. We discover only that Socrates, not Christ, was set to him, in his boyhood, by his father, as the model of ideal excellence; and that it would have been wholly inconsistent with his father's ideas of duty to allow him to acquire impressions respecting religion contrary to his own convictions and feelings. Closing the book, and remembering its author's services to mankind, we stand in reverent awe of that love of humanity, which could so ennoble a life passed without the influence of a mother, faith in a Saviour, and belief in a God, and probably also without a hope of individual immortality.

— Since the scholarly achievements of the "Learned Blacksmith" became a household word in American families, a generation has grown up for whom his existence has been almost as a myth. It is well, therefore, that in the brief autobiography with which he prefaces his *Ten-Minute Talks on All Sorts of Topics*, he should come in his later years before his countrymen to remind them what the work of his manhood has really been.

Elihu Burritt was born in 1810, in New Britain, Conn., and at eighteen he apprenticed himself to a blacksmith in that village. He says that he had a "natural turn" for

mathematics, and that without allowing himself to put down a single figure, he used to make immense arithmetical calculations in his head, and at night repeat them from memory to his brother, who took the figures off on slates, and verified them. This brother persuaded him to make up a quarter's schooling at twenty-one that he had lost at sixteen, and this he devoted entirely to mathematics, giving also "a few half-hours and corner moments to Latin and French." At the end of the term he returned to the anvil, and found that he could "more conveniently pursue the study of languages than that of mathematics, as he could carry a small Greek grammar in his hat, and con over the verbs while at work." The following winter he spent in New Haven, and devoted himself to languages, studying entirely alone, and dividing his time among seven of them. Before he was thirty he had taught school, tried being a grocer and failed, edited a paper in English and French, and "made himself acquainted with all the languages of Europe and several of Asia, including Hebrew, Syriac, Chaldaic, Samaritan, and Ethiopic," beside often supporting himself at his anvil. He was beginning to think of turning his acquisitions to some practical account, when the public found him out, and as the "Learned Blacksmith," he spent one or two winters in successful lecturing. At this period the antislavery movement enlisted his sympathies. He felt, he says, "that there was an earnest, honest, living speech to be uttered for human rights, as well as dead languages to be studied, mostly for literary recreation." And about the same time his mind became "suddenly and deeply interested in a new field of philanthropic thought and effort" — the promotion of international peace. The philologist therefore became a philanthropist, and the rest of the autobiography is a rapid sketch of his indefatigable labors, chiefly in England, in editing, traveling, lecturing, and interviewing, to promote in its widest sense peace and good-will on earth among men. As an important means to this end, he "developed in 1847 the proposition of a universal ocean penny postage: that is, that the single service of transporting a letter across the sea in any direction, or to any distance, should be one penny, or two cents, this charge to be added to the inland rate on either side. Thus the whole charge proposed on a single letter between any town in Great Britain, and any town in the United States, was to be three pence, or six cents."

This is, as we all know, the present arrangement, but how many know that we chiefly owe it to the labors and agitations, for twenty-three years, of Elihu Burritt?

The Ten-Minute Talks of our author are classified as 1. Incidents and Observations. 2. Glimpses by the Wayside of History. 3. Social and Artistic Science. 4. Industrial and Financial Questions. 5. Political Questions. 6. National and International Questions. The essays of the fourth and sixth of these groups are naturally the most able and valuable of the series, for they deal with questions which Mr. Burritt has had under consideration for a quarter of a century. The articles of the former of these are two: The World's Workingmen's Strike against War, and The most highly taxed Luxury in the World, *i. e.*, international suspicion. Were ordinary humanity either Christian or rational, it would not need to be persuaded — it would act spontaneously on the conclusions of these articles, and fleets and standing armies would soon be but memories of a barbarous past. But as has often been said, there is nothing men are so glad to pay dearly for, as for the indulgence of their passions, and the passion for fighting is one of the first, as it has proved among the most indestructible, of human characteristics. Mr. Burritt could not, therefore, have proposed to the enthusiasm of his prime a more stubborn stronghold of pride and prejudice to be reduced, than this faith of the nations in the right and the glory of international wars.

In the last group of these essays, Mr. Burritt calls upon his countrymen to take a calm and impartial view of transatlantic affairs, and to lend especially the weight of their public opinion toward overcoming the chronic fear, on the part of England, of the supposed antagonistic policy of Russia toward herself. The historical and political essays of the volume are interesting and suggestive, and the sketches of the first and third groups display a wide range of sympathy and observation. Some of the descriptions — as that of the English farmer's kitchen hall, and of the Quaker meeting, — are word-paintings in a few telling strokes that are really admirable. The lesson of the whole book, however, is a higher one than that of any of its parts. It shows to us a man of wondrous gifts, giving up, in a sordid and utilitarian age, the scholarly prestige and comfortable livelihood which a devotion to his own specialty would have been certain to accord to him, and spending his life in com-

parative poverty and obscurity, to sow seeds whose harvests the coming generations will chiefly reap. Seldom does a career of such complete and loving self-abnegation come before one.

— The title of Mr. Cohen's work indicates very well the ground he goes over, and gives the reader a very fair idea of what awaits him if he is willing to take up the book. It should be said, however, in order to show the spirit in which the book is written, that it nowhere attempts to confute the generally accepted facts as given in the New Testament, by explaining them as inventions or myths, but that the account as we receive it is accepted as giving the historical truth in the matter, and that an endeavor is made to show from this basis that the Jews were not guilty of the crime generally imputed to them, and that their conduct was not only excusable, but also the only one that was reasonable. The nature of the proof on which the author rests is of two kinds: first, from the facts, which, from his point of view, do not go to prove that Jesus indicated his divinity clearly enough to convince even religious Jews, who had taken warning from false Messiahs; and, secondly, from the nature of his teaching, much of which is but a repetition of Hebrew morality, while some is of a sort to be incomprehensible to every one, as, for example, that "the tree which bringeth not forth good fruit must be hewn down and cast into the fire," or, "if any man come to me, and hate not his father, and mother, and wife, and children, and brethren, and sisters, yea, and his own life also, he cannot be my disciple." Mr. Cohen's comments on this text even his most earnest opponents must confess are without virulence; he says, "Doubtless these words may be in some respects explained and justified, signifying in an exaggerated form that devotion to God should hold predominance over all our terrestrial affections and interests. But this exaggeration of expression must have entirely perverted the meaning and the character of his doctrines in the eyes of his Jewish contemporaries, opposed as they were to all to which they had previously adhered. In this infringement of the sacred principle of family life, the traditions of Moses and the prophets of Israel could doubtless be no longer recognized."

In general, too much praise cannot be given to the admirable temper in which the book is written; it is a model of controversy of a kind that is especially rare in religious discussions. The answering of the points it

seeks to establish can be left to other hands. Meanwhile the book will be found interesting by all those who, stirred by the agitation that is going on about matters of belief, are giving their attention to the consideration of materials for an independent judgment. None will be shocked by it, so carefully is it written. Many, too, will read with interest the account of the influence St. Paul had upon the growing belief, and on the causes which produced its success; there, at least, they will find full justice done to the glories of Christianity.

— Mr. Balch's book, which was written by an American in French for the greater convenience of those who would be unlikely to read it if it appeared in another tongue, is a very interesting and valuable publication. The exact connection between our own army and that of the French, the account of their mutual relations, is buried in the dusty loneliness of our large histories, where we know we can find it if we turn to look for it; but in this volume of Mr. Balch's we find a complete narration than any with which we are familiar. A valuable source of information of which the author has freely availed himself is the collection he has made of private journals, many unedited, kept by different French officers during their stay in this country. From one of them, that of the Baron du Bourg, an aid-de-camp of Rochembeau, we extract the following passages:—

"The town of Boston is built like most English towns; the houses, of brick and wood, are very small; inside they are very neat. The people live after the English fashion; they seem very pleasant and kind. I have been treated very kindly by the few people I was able to visit. A great deal of tea is drunk in the morning." The reason of this excessive tea-drinking is perhaps to be found in his next statements. "Their dinner, at which a great deal of meat, and very little bread, is eaten, is generally at two o'clock. At about five tea is drunk again, and wine, madeira, punch; and this goes on till ten o'clock. Then they sit down to a supper which is not so heavy as the dinner. . . . In general, the greater part of their time is spent at the table."

On his way to Newport he notices the resemblance of part of the scenery to that of Normandy, and the same thing strikes him again at Newport. About another visit to Boston he writes, —

"The 14th I left Boston; but before starting never to return, I was anxious to see some of the society of the place. Twice a

week there is a dancing-school where the young people meet to dance from midday till two o'clock. I went in for a short time. I found a very pretty hall, although the English, before abandoning the city, had broken or carried away about twenty mirrors. I found the young women very pretty, but very awkward. It would be impossible to dance worse than they did, or to dress worse in spite of a certain luxury."

To be impartial, it is necessary to quote what the Duc de Broglie wrote about the ladies of Philadelphia, lest possibly other sections of the country should be puffed up with pride and contempt for the people of Boston. He says, —

"The ladies of Philadelphia are very showily dressed, but generally without much taste; in their *coiffure* and in their heads there is less frivolity than is the case with Frenchwomen. Although well made, they lack grace, and courtesy very ill; nor do they dance any better. But they know how to make tea; they bring up their children well; they pride themselves on unflinching fidelity to their husbands, and many are very bright."

In the more serious parts of his history, Mr. Balch has done his work well; and the stamp of approval has been put on it by the fact that a translation into German is to appear within a few months. The author, we understand, has an English version partly ready. We sincerely trust that it may not be long before we shall be able to read in English the work of an American on a most important part of his country's history. We grudge Germany its precedence.

— The Personal Recollections of Mary Somerville form a plain and artless but singularly interesting narrative. We are reminded at every page, but only to be touched with new respect, of the extreme age of the writer, — ninety or thereabouts, — at the time these reminiscences were penned. The disproportionate and pathetic clearness imparted to the quaint scenes of her childhood and early youth in Scotland, — the quiet account of her search for difficult knowledge, — the absolutely dispassionate record of her unparalleled triumphs, — the serenity with which she speaks of her sorrows, — nay even the trifling and obvious inaccuracies of detail which occur in her allusions to some of the events of her mature life (still half a century old), all show that these pages were written by one whose life lay far behind her. Occasional gaps in the history are filled by

the eldest daughter of Mrs. Somerville in the same spirit of high-minded modesty and reserve which characterizes the autobiography. "The old woman," says Mme. Swetchine playfully but truly, "has not even a name in the elevated style." So much the worse, maybe, for the elevated style. It is matter at least of literary thankfulness that a style which is merely refined and direct seems quite adequate to describe the career of a perfectly exceptional feminine genius.

Miss Martha Somerville says of her mother in her Introduction to the Memoir (pp. 5, 6), "It would be almost incredible were I to describe how much my mother contrived to do in the course of a day. When my sister and I were small children, although busily engaged in writing for the press, she used to teach us for three hours every morning, besides managing her house carefully, reading the newspapers (for she was always a keen and, I must add, a liberal politician), and the most important new books on all subjects, grave and gay. In addition to all this she freely visited and received her friends. She was, indeed, very fond of society, and did not look for transcendent talent in those with whom she associated, although no one appreciated it more when she found it. Gay and cheerful company was a pleasant relaxation after a hard day's work. My mother never introduced scientific or learned subjects into general conversation. When they were brought forward by others, she talked simply and naturally about them, without the slightest pretension to superiority. Finally, to complete the list of her accomplishments, I must add that she was a remarkably neat and skillful needlewoman. We still possess some elaborate specimens of her embroidery and lace-work."

This remarkable picture, the book shows to be faithful as a photograph. In a brief notice like the present, one can hardly glance at what Mary Somerville accomplished in science. The imposing list of her works on a fly-leaf of the memoir must remain a catalogue, merely, to almost all who read; owing to the abstruse nature of the subjects which engaged her thought and industry. But the sweetness of her domestic character appeals to all, and her perfectly rounded life suggests, in its inevitable association with the noisy disputes of the day, some serious reflections.

The first concerns her extreme rarity as a phenomenon. A woman like Mrs. Somer-

ville is born, not made, and one is strongly impressed by the belief that no possible system of education, "higher" or other, could ever produce her like. And then one is led to reflect on the conditions most favorable to the development of genius in a woman when it does occur, since women must necessarily be so much more dependent upon circumstances than men. We have always had a fancy, — and the present volume confirms it, — that a woman's chance for actual achievement is best where gentle breeding is combined with great simplicity of life and manners. There have occasionally been eminent female artists, theatrical and musical, who have risen from abject poverty and the very lowest layer of society; but there is hardly an instance of a woman doing anything in letters, who had not respectable parentage and a comfortable early life. Where however society is formal, complex, and luxurious, there is employment for all a woman's possible powers in beautifying and brightening society. The famous queens of the *salon* have almost always been women of a certain diffused and equalized genius, who lavished on the daily duties and amenities and outside details of life an amount of talent which is the wonder of all, men especially, who are used to economize their gifts, and which, if concentrated and strictly utilized, would probably have insured them a different sort of immortality. Nor can we bring ourselves to think such essentially humane use, even of the finest abilities, unworthy. And where, owing to the prevalence of whatever fanaticism, it has come to be so considered, we think that both the individual women and the society suffer. The reader can illustrate for himself.

But on the other hand, the book seems to teach us that where a woman feels within her a strong special aptitude irresistibly impelling her to an unusual career, she has only to strive patiently until she has achieved something positively valuable, and she may be sure of prompt and generous recognition by men. It is the unauthentic claims, the restless demand for wider opportunities when the narrower have not been employed, that provoke to resistance and refusal. Mary Fairfax's early enthusiasm for mathematics was systematically discouraged in her family, and by her first husband; yet when, after years of quiet perseverance, she supplied a "real want," and produced an abstract of the *Mécanique Céleste* of La Place, suitable to be used as a text-book in the

University of Cambridge, she was overwhelmed with testimonials of admiring appreciation. And these not merely from French *savans*, with whom flattery is a favorite art, and who ever glow and expatiate in the opportunity of saying fine things to a woman, but from Englishmen of the type of Lord Brougham and Dr. Whewell, who will certainly not be suspected of any sentimental bias or chivalrous weakness. And when Mrs. Somerville had followed up her first achievement of interpretation, by original works which really advanced the cause of physical science, nations vied with one another in offering her facilities for further study. The most precious and carefully guarded libraries were thrown open to her, and scores of learned societies, which had never admitted a woman before, elected her by acclamation to their membership. In short, all that for which too many women nowadays are content to sit and whine, or fitfully and carelessly struggle, came naturally and quietly to Mrs. Somerville. And the reason was that she never asked for anything until she had earned it. Or, rather, she never asked at all, but was content to earn.

And on the whole, we find, and are glad to find, strengthened by this charming memoir our beliefs in the wholesome and preservative power of severe study, no less for a woman than a man. It may be that few women are called to it, and that some who have the vocation will never find the opportunity, but it is certainly a capacity to be cultivated, if only as a provision against certain frequent contingencies of life. Mary Somerville's health was delicate; she was never rich; she was a woman of many sorrows. But it is impossible not to see in her grave and lofty intellectual pursuits the perpetual ballast of her life. She was a woman happy in her domestic relations, faithful, tender, and in every way admirable as a daughter, wife, and mother. But she outlived her husband, her idolized son, and most of her nearest friends, and was thrown in her last, lingering years very much on her own resources. At the age of ninety, when too feeble to rise before one o'clock, she used to amuse her morning hours in bed by the revision and completion of a treatise which she had written many years before on the Theory of Differences, and the study of a book on Quaternions; while in the afternoons she would examine and analyze the lovely flowers and ferns gathered by her daughters in the neighborhood of Sorrento,

where she died. It is an affecting picture, and ought to be consoling, especially to women who are haunted, among other secret terrors, by the dread of a vacant and solitary old age.

— Popular interest in natural history has become so extended, that Dr. Packard's little book on insects will be warmly welcomed. We wish it could have been presented in a more attractive dress; the type is far too small, and some of the illustrations are too heavy and rude. But these defects are well-nigh forgotten in the interest of the text. The reader is carried, unawares, through accounts of structure, habit, and development, from the higher forms to the lowest groups of insects, and finally brought face to face with the inquiry, Whence all these myriad hosts?

Indeed, our author seems himself to have been irresistibly drawn toward a consideration of the *origin* of insect structure and metamorphosis; for it is curious to see how, in the previous special chapters, he has unconsciously—or with real purpose?—dwelt with unusual emphasis upon the “degraded” types of each group. A most interesting account is given of the homes of the wild bees, which is no sooner concluded than we are introduced to all the horrors of their parasitic guests; the chapters on the mosquito, the house-fly, and their allies, draw half their interest from the description of the lowly organized flea and curious mallophaga; when the hemipterous insects are reached, the author dwells upon nothing but those creatures, the mere mention of whose name is “tabooed and avoided by the refined and polite;” but he shows that “a serious, thoughtful, and thorough study of the louse . . . is neither belittling nor degrading.” The account of the neuroptera is confined to the spring-tails, their lowest members; and even when writing of octopod insects, he considers only the mites and ticks.

In harmony with this, he everywhere insists upon the importance of the study of embryology, and traces the early history of many insects of which he treats; so convinced is he of the value of this knowledge in guiding us to an understanding of gradation of rank among animals, that he would carry investigation to the extremest details. His quick mind suggests at every step inquiries of the deepest interest, and his acknowledged erudition gives weight to the hints offered toward their solution. Nowhere is this more apparent than in the

chapter on the ancestry of insects, the longest in the book, and one which will attract the attention of all naturalists. In common with Müller, Brauer, Lubbock, and indeed all writers who have discussed the origin of insects, our author acknowledges that the complication and diversity of their metamorphoses present the most perplexing difficulty. Müller was the first to attempt an explanation, by suggesting that the peculiar transformations of butterflies, moths, and other highly organized insects were afterthoughts of creation, so to speak; that is, that perfect insects existed before caterpillars, chrysalids, and all the strange alternations of form now seen. It is a fact that the earliest known insects were winged, but the testimony of the rocks upon this point is so excessively fragmentary as to carry but little weight, and we are forced to draw our conclusions mainly from the developmental history of living forms. Still, authors now seem to agree that the “complete” metamorphosis of the higher groups is an acquired feature, and that previous to this acquirement the primitive insects resembled either cockroaches or spring-tails, both of which leave the egg in a form hardly differing from the adult.

In the attempt to trace their earlier history, these authors speculate with less confidence and less agreement; Müller, Haeckel, and Brauer deriving these primitive insects from a *Zoëa-form* crustacean, Packard and Lubbock tracing them through low arachnids, like the tardigrada, to the worms—a line of descent first doubtfully suggested by Haeckel. Packard marshals a long array of facts from every branch of study in support of his views, and discusses the whole topic with earnestness, clearness, and candor, together with a becoming spirit of reverence. Speaking of the law that governs the origin of species, he writes,—

“Certainly the present attempts to discover that law, however fatuitous they may seem to many, are neither illogical, nor, judging by the impetus already given to biology, or the science of life, labor altogether spent in vain. The theory of evolution is a powerful tool, when judiciously used, that must eventually wrest many a secret from the grasp of nature.”

And further on:—

“Some writers of the evolution school are strenuous in the belief that the evolution hypothesis overthrows the idea of archetypes and plans of structure. But a true genealogy of animals and plants repre-

sents a natural system, and the types of animals, be they four, as Cuvier taught, or five, or more, are recognized by naturalists through the study of dry, hard anatomical facts." "Many short-sighted persons complain that such a theory sets in the background the idea of a personal Creator; but minds no less devout, and perhaps a trifle more thoughtful, see the hand of a Creator not less in the evolution of plants and animals from preëxistent forms, through natural laws, than in the evolution of a summer's shower, through the laws discovered by the meteorologist, who looks back through myriads of ages to the causes that led to the distribution of mountain chains, ocean currents, and trade winds, which combine to produce the necessary conditions resulting in that shower."

—Prosper Randoe is in almost every way the best of the novels of Cherbuliez. In it he shows far less tendency to melodramatic effects, and the ingenious representation of impossibilities, than is sometimes the case with this brilliant writer. It is a study of character, indeed of a number of very diverse characters, under circumstances which bear a likeness to the ordinary occurrences of daily life. The hero, who, by the way, does not give his name to the book, is one of those characters which are very commonly found in modern novels of a certain semi-philosophical kind, namely, one of the doubting, unardent men, who, besides running the ordinary risk of slip between cup and lip, add to the uncertainty of getting food to their mouth by stopping to analyze it and to find out if they are really hungry. Such heroes are the successors of the Byronic heroes of fifty years ago, with this difference, that they no longer meditate on mountain-tops or stain themselves with horrible crimes. They are very much tamed since those days, and they pride themselves more on their resemblance to Hamlet than on that to Childe Harold. Their task is to bring themselves into line with the rest of the world, not to set the times right; but over that they groan doubly, being at the same time physician and patient.

In comparison with this day-dreamer is put Prosper himself, who is made the vehicle of a great deal of well-deserved satire of the frivolities of French journalists. The unreasonableness of Prosper is made the means of putting energy into Didier's listless soul; he is, as it were, shaken into action by his half-brother's conduct. Running through the book there is the story of Di-

dier's love for a young widow, and the account of his uncertainty, hesitations, doubts, and fears, is well told. The whole novel is very clever and exceedingly interesting; while it has some passages that will be found distasteful by many, there is yet nothing morbid in the book, none of the deliberate and ostentatious predominance given to unpleasantness which so often mars French novels. Young people will hardly be much interested in the problem it discusses, and their elders will be able to overlook its faults in consideration of the numerous merits of the book. Cherbuliez never says the last word on any subject, but he manages to say the very clever word of an intelligent man, and that is very likely to be an entertaining one.

—Some twenty years ago a striking little tract was published in Boston, reprinted from an English edition, called *The Stars and the Earth*. It created a sensation, not among astronomers, but among many readers of a thoughtful turn outside the purely scientific world. It consisted of some grand and rather startling speculations concerning time and space, based on the laws of the transmission of light from the stars to the earth. It is well known that light travels at the rate of about 213,000 miles in a second. Our moon is 240,000 miles off, and her light consequently reaches us in a second and a quarter. Our sun is 95,000,000 miles distant, and eight minutes must elapse before we receive his first beams. The planet Jupiter, 617,000,000 miles away, requires fifty-two minutes, Uranus two hours, the planet Neptune (since discovered) three hours. The nearest fixed star, in the constellation of Centaur, is about eighteen billions of miles distant, and its rays require three years to reach us. Vega requires twelve years. Other stars are so remote as to require immensely longer periods of time to send us their light, reaching to thousands and millions of years. This being so, the stars that we see are only the stars as they were, three, twelve, a hundred, a thousand, or a million years ago; and a star may be actually extinguished, and yet its light shine on for centuries.

Reversing these propositions, an observer placed in any planet or star would receive the rays of light from the earth in the same respective time. Supposing it were possible for pictures or photographs of events on the earth to become visible, like the rays of light, to other worlds, those events that passed here would be actually seen only

when our light reached them; so that the observers in those orbs would be seeing only our past history, and not our present; would know the earth as it was one thousand, ten thousand, or one million years ago. But suppose that any one in those distant orbs had the power (astronomical or spiritual) to outrun the speed of light: it is evident that he could crowd the whole of our earth's history into a few hours; for he would not have to wait for the arrival of these light couriers to bring him their photographs of what had passed; he would antedate them, fly to meet them on their way, and thus read the whole record of, say, four thousand or ten thousand years in a few rapid glances at the messengers as they met him.

Whether the author of this tract was M. Flammarion, who now writes *Stories of Infinity*, we know not, though it is plain that M. Flammarion treads in the same path, and takes up precisely the same ideas. But the French astronomer goes much further, and makes these facts the framework of a very pretty romance of the heavens, enriched all along with weighty reflections and enlivened by the most imaginative incidents. His narrative is conducted in the form of a dialogue between an Inquirer and Lumen, — the one was mortal, the other a disembodied spirit, — and he works it into a quite exciting series of ideal pictures of spirit-life in the immensities of space and time, which cannot fail to impress the reader very vividly, especially as they all appear to be sustained by this inflexible anatomy of established astronomical law. Adopting the spirit of a departed astronomer as his chief speaker, he can carry him through the immensities as fast and as far as he chooses, unfettered by earthly limitations, with the Frenchman's love of exactness and explicitness, which leads him to err in repetition rather than suffer any obscurity; he dwells on well-known facts, but dashes into statements, many of which we outside laymen must take for granted, since we have not his astronomical facilities in handling logarithms and fractions and overwhelming calculus. He also indulges in daring speculations concerning life and preëxistence and immortality. He describes his death, the emancipation of his soul from the body; he is carried with inconceivable swiftness to the star Capella, a distance of one hundred and seventy trillions three hundred and ninety-two milliards of leagues, where he

finds a group of men absorbed in contemplating events passing upon our earth, — even in the city of Paris. After a while, he discovers that it is the Revolution of '89 they are studying. That event, and the beheading of Louis XVI. seventy-two years before, has just reached their eyes. Lumen died aged seventy-two, so that the Revolution took place somewhere about the time he was born. After that he sees other events passing, that interest him personally. He even sees *himself* as a child, and as he grows up, and loves, and marries, etc. But as he sees these things in a very short space of time, it is proved that he is being drawn again to earth by a strong impulse, and he arrives in time to witness *his own funeral*! All this is satisfactorily accounted for by the laws of distances and the transmission of light. Again he is drawn back to the star Capella; and now, moving much faster than the light, he is enabled to note the earth's history *reversed*: one by one the records of the past are seen, the last events happening first; till, always outspeeding the light, in the immensities he traverses, he notes the long scroll of history rolled backward, till there are no inhabitants upon the globe, till the Saurian ages, till the ages of fire and nebulous mist. Lumen reaches this fire-mist of creation, and thinks it is the *end*, till a voice speaks to him and corrects the impression; for he has been fleeing from the solar system at a speed swifter than light.

But this is not all. Wonders upon wonders crowd upon the reader. Lumen relates how from his home in Capella he discovers in the star Virgo *himself* in a *pre-existent state*; how he was born into that world in the year 45904, which corresponds to the terrestrial Christian year 1677, and that he died in the year 45913, corresponding to our year 1767. He is enabled to review this anterior life side by side with his later earthly life, the rays of light from the distant Virgo and from the Earth reaching him at the same moment. He thus accounts for those "shadowy recollections," which always seemed to him like veiled gleams from a preëxistent state; and he goes into a series of reflections upon the soul showing that it must have always existed.

He states that he has lived several lives before the earthly life. At one time he was a *looman*; further back a sort of reasoning tree. This was about fifteen centuries ago. Twenty-four hundred years ago he inhabited the star Theta of Orion, as a sort of

vegetable wax-taper, or Man-Mullen, and he hopes to spend his next life in the system of Sirius. Through all these stages of the narrative are interwoven scientific and philosophic speculations which will be, we think, to many readers, if not instructive, at least suggestive, and enlarging to the imaginative intellect.

The second half of M. Flammarion's book is occupied mainly with the history of a comet, which is no less fanciful, and no less founded on the real, than his speculations on light, time, and space.

OTHER PUBLICATIONS.

Messrs. J. R. Osgood & Co., Boston, have sent us Mrs. Grace A. Ellis's *Life and Works* of Mrs. Anna Lætitia Barbauld, in two volumes, the first containing a memoir and many of her letters, and the second a selection from her writings in verse and prose. Of this work, as well as Lord Lytton's (Owen Meredith's) *Fables in Song*, published by the same house, we hope to speak critically hereafter.

We also reserve for criticism *The Parisians*, by Lord Lytton (Bulwer), and *Diamond cut Diamond, a Story of Italian Life*, by T. Adolphus Trollope, published by Harper and Brothers, New York, from whom we have received, besides these books, a volume by J. Grey Jewell, lately United States Consul at Singapore, entitled *Among our Sailors*, — an inquiry into the present condition of the American mercantile marine, and an exposure of the intolerable cruelties and oppressions of the seamen sailing under our flag.

Miss Ellen Frothingham, who gave us some years ago so agreeable a version of Goethe's *Hermann and Dorothea*, has translated Lessing's essay on *Laocöon*, which, with the revised edition of *The Record of Mr. Alcott's School*, we have received from Roberts Brothers, Boston. This, the third edition of the *Record*, has a new preface by "the Recorder," in which Miss Peabody, while still agreeing with Mr. Alcott that "education must be moral, intellectual, and spiritual, as well as physical, from the very beginning of life," holds that "Froebel's method of cultivating children through artistic production, in the childish sphere of affection and fancy, is a healthier and more effective way than self-inspection, for at least those years of a child's life before the age of seven."

Henry Holt & Co., New York, have added

to their singularly well-selected *Leisure Hour Series*, *Jupiter's Daughters*, a novel by Mrs. C. Jenkin, who wrote, among other stories, *Who Breaks Pays* — a story so good that all who have read it will desire to see her new fiction.

Animal Locomotion, or Walking, Swimming, and Flying, with a *Dissertation on Aeronautics*, by J. Bell Pettigrew; and *The Conservation of Energy*, by Balfour Stewart, are the latest volumes in the *International Scientific Series* of D. Appleton & Co., New York.

G. P. Putnam's Sons publish, in their *Advanced Science Series*, *Animal Philosophy: the Structure and Functions of the Human Body*, by John Cleland.

Estes and Lauriat, Boston, are publishing in semi-monthly parts, or as rapidly as the issue of the work in Paris will allow, Guizot's *Popular History of France*, with two hundred and forty illustrations on wood by De Neuville, and forty steel plates. The sumptuous letterpress of the American edition is by the University Press of Cambridge, by which the wood-cuts have also been very admirably printed. The work is to be completed in some forty-five parts, and is to be sold only by subscription. We have seen no other subscription book which for literary, artistic, and mechanical excellence could be so unreservedly commended. The same publishers send us *Famous Cases of Circumstantial Evidence*, with an *Introduction on the Theory of Presumptive Proof*, by S. N. Phillips; also, *Lord Campbell's Lives of the Chief Justices of England*, in four volumes.

We have received the following publications: *The Teachings of the Ages: in two Parts*, by A. C. Traveler, from A. L. Bancroft & Co., San Francisco — apparently a view of the church in the present and the past from a sort of Swedenborgian standpoint. *The Structure of Animal Life: Six Lectures delivered at the Brooklyn Academy of Music in 1862*, by Louis Agassiz; and *On Self-Culture, Intellectual, Physical, and Moral*, by John Stuart Blackie, Professor of Greek in the University of Edinburgh; from Scribner, Armstrong & Co., New York. *The Life of Edwin Forrest*, with *Reminiscences and Personal Recollections*, by James Rees; from T. B. Peterson and Brothers, Philadelphia. *Bella, or the Cradle of Liberty: a Story of Insane Asylums*, by Mrs. Eugenia St. John; from N. D. Berry, Boston. *Sermons by the Rev. Henry Norman Hudson*; from Ginn Brothers, Boston.

Lyrics of a Country Lane, a Miscellany of Verse, by John L. Owen; from Simpkin, Marshall & Co., London.

FRENCH AND GERMAN.¹

The two volumes of M. Mérimée's correspondence are as interesting a contribution to modern literature as has appeared for many a day. The interest they possess is of various kinds: it is personal, social, and literary. The letters, which run over nearly thirty years, from 1842 until Mérimée's death in 1870, were written by him to a woman whose name is unknown; but who, according to the most trustworthy accounts, was a young girl of French birth but of English breeding, who had become the companion of an English lady, and who thereby was less mistress of her time and of herself than she otherwise would have been. The knowledge of this fact will save the reader from much misapprehension of the mysteriousness of the relations in which she and Mérimée stood to one another, and of which the letters contain very many traces. But, starting with this information, the reader will find plenty to puzzle his ingenuity in determining the presence and the amount of that emotion which generally finds some place in the letters of a man to a woman. It must be remembered that we have here only half of a correspondence, but from this it will not be difficult to build up more or less plausible theories as to the light in which they regarded one another. It would be hardly fair to call these love-letters, but they are all the more entertaining reading for us outsiders that they are not. At one time Mérimée seems to have a very tender feeling for his correspondent, but it is a calm and chastened passion that inspires him, as much due to pique at the coolness with which she concealed herself from his observation as to anything else. His letters are too well written for love-letters; if he had been fairly in earnest he would have forgotten to be witty. It does not seem to be so much that he wrote his letters for publication and with an eye on posterity, as that he wrote all the time with his own very critical eye turned upon himself; he was his own public, very willing and able to turn himself to ridicule at the slightest transgression of a certain formal code he had adopted as his rule of life.

Nothing but a tremendous passion could have delivered him from these self-imposed shackles, and the moment it had done so his letters would have been vastly less witty, vastly less amusing for us, but a great deal more genuine. This artificiality which Mérimée put upon himself reminds one of clothes; as society is constituted clothes are indispensable, but when a man is so careful of his dress that he cannot stretch out his arm or lie down on the grass or run across a field without nervousness, one is inclined to approve of the savage and pity the man who is so exceedingly civilized. It is, however, the civilized man who will write the most entertaining letters. After a time, what little warmth there is in the letters gives way to a more genuine friendship, and that continues to the end.

This same quality, coldness, which is so especially noticeable in the letters, is plain enough, too, in all his writings. His shorter stories are, for the most part, very clever, indeed as regards workmanship they could hardly be improved; but while this makes him less dangerous when, as is often the case, he is very national in the choice of his subject, it certainly goes just as far in diminishing his influence in those cases where another writer would legitimately move us by arousing our sympathy. It gives him an appearance of greater weakness than his many excellences would seem to justify; it shows us for the thousandth time that smooth writing, wit, all kinds of cleverness, are useful in their proper place, but that they should be subordinated to the main quality which a writer must have if he wishes the same feeling for him in his readers, and that is, sympathy. Most friendship may be feigning and most love mere folly, as the disappointed preach; but meanwhile there is a large and respectable number of people, who may be over-credulous, but who hold to the contrary, and who go to make up the public. As Taine says in the introduction, "Mérimée, in trying to be the dupe of nothing, became the dupe of himself."

If we take the letters, however, for what they are, without trying to read between the lines, we shall find plenty of entertainment. In the two volumes there is not a dull page; we have set before us an admirable picture of the life and working of the second empire, drawn by a man who was of no value as a

¹ All books mentioned under this head are to be had at Schönhof and Müller's, 40 Winter Street, Boston

Lettres d'une Inconnue. Par PROSPER MÉRIMÉE
2 vols. Paris. 1874

politician, but who was enabled by his position to see a great deal more than falls to the lot of the humbler citizen. The following anecdote may serve as an example of some of the amusing scenes he describes. He is speaking of Rachel, the actress.

"I dined with her ten days ago at the house of an Academician. The dinner was given that she might meet Béranger. There was a number of great men there. She came late and her entrance displeased me. The men said, and the women did, so many foolish things when they saw her, that I did not stir from my corner. Besides, it was a year since I had seen her. After dinner, Béranger, with his usual good-nature and good sense, said she made a mistake in limiting herself to performances in drawing-rooms, and that a fitting public could be found only at the Théâtre François, etc. Mademoiselle Rachel seemed to approve of the sentiment, and to show how much she had profited by it, she performed the first act of Esther. Some one was needed to read the other parts, and an Academician who seemed to be her *cicisbeo* brought me a Racine. I said roughly I knew nothing about poetry, and that in the room there were many people in that line, who could scan the verses much better than I could. Hugo excused himself on account of weak eyes, another for something else. The master of the house undertook it. Imagine Rachel, dressed in black, between a piano and the tea-table, with a door behind her, assuming a theatrical expression. This operation was very amusing and very fine; it took about two minutes, then she began: 'Est-ce toi, chère Élise?' . . .

"The confidant in the middle of his reply dropped the book and lost his spectacles; it was ten minutes before he could find his place again. The audience saw that Esther was rather losing her temper. She goes on. The door behind opens; it is a servant coming in. They make signs to him to go away. He withdraws, but can't shut the door behind him; it swings back and accompanies Rachel with a very amusing creak. Since it did not stop, Rachel put her hand to her heart and complained of faintness; but like a person accustomed to die on the stage, she waited for some one to catch her. In the interlude, Hugo and M. Thiers began to discuss Racine. Hugo said Racine was an inferior poet and Corneille a great one. 'You say so,' answered Thiers, 'because you are yourself a great poet; you are the Corneille' (here Hugo began to

smirk modestly) 'of a period of which the Racine is Casimir Delavigne.' I leave you to imagine the importance of such modesty. Nevertheless the faintness and the act came to an end, but it was not a success. Some one who knows Mademoiselle Rachel very well said as we were leaving, 'How she must have sworn this evening, as she was going home!'"

In the course of his life he traveled a great deal; he was in Germany, Spain, and England; he had friends everywhere. The English society he finds far from interesting; he complains of the meagreness and unsatisfactoriness of its amusements. For instance, he writes as follows from London, in the year 1865:—

"I have just passed three days with his [Lord Palmerston's] probable successor, Mr. Gladstone; this has not amused me, but it has interested me, for I always like to observe the varieties of human nature. Here they are so unlike what we have with us, that it is hard to explain why the featherless bipeds, living only ten hours off, should bear so little resemblance to those of Paris. In some respects Mr. Gladstone seemed to me a man of genius, in others, a fool. He has the qualities of a child, a statesman, and a fool."

Of Bismarck he says, "Another person, M. de Bismarck, pleased me more [than the King of Portugal]. He is a tall German, very polite, but not at all simple. He lacks *gemüth*, but he is very witty. He made a complete conquest of me."

About the late emperor of the French and the Imperial court he writes more or less. The fatiguing life of a courtier comes in for an occasional hit; he exposes much of the corruption the empire brought into his country: indeed, it is as pictures of an interesting period that these volumes have probably their greatest importance. They will serve to throw light upon our times as the famous memoirs of preceding generations do upon their own days. For that purpose they seem admirably, almost intentionally fitted, but the appearance of preparation may be due simply to the fact that they were written by a man who had very little interest in the life he was leading, and who therefore put himself more in the position of one who exposed what he saw, than of one who fairly believed in it all. Without intention Mérimée composed a sort of compendium of the modern history of France. This fact alone would make the volumes interesting, even if there were not

besides a mystery about the love affair in the first volume, which can be a nine-days' talk with those people who feel themselves baffled by having only half of the correspondence — and with omissions at that —

between a man who dreaded marriage and a woman who evidently was far from averse to coquetry. In other words, there is no one who will find the book uninteresting. It is better, by far, than most novels.

ART.

WHETHER we can hope in this country ever to have any one collection that shall contain a considerable number of important works of the masters in painting, from the earliest times down to our own century, may well be doubted. In the generous rivalry that is already foreshadowed between the cities of the Union in matters of culture, it is evident that the objects of art we may be able from time to time to secure, must be divided as spoils among the conquerors, and that to no one of our cities can be conceded the right to own all, or perhaps the greatest share, of our gettings. There can be no London or Paris for us. We can hope only to be — and this were indeed a gracious hope — as Germany or as Italy are, a chain of cities, each link hung with its peculiar jewel. New York has at least, in her Metropolitan Museum, got the start of the rest of us in laying the foundation for a collection of ancient art. It is true, the actual possessions of the museum are small. It owns little of value beside the Blodgett collection. The Di Cesnola collection is the personal property of Mr. John Taylor Johnston, and the Japanese objects, the porcelain, the wood-carvings, the early-printed books, and the *bric-à-brac* generally, are loaned by their owners, for longer or shorter times. Still it is an important fact that we have so much, and by the time the first portion of the new building in the Central Park is completed, we shall find that such an impetus has been given to culture by the study of the museum collections, as will make it comparatively easy to start the institution on a solid foundation. Meanwhile it is of real interest to all who care to watch the beginnings of things, to learn how in many places there are seeds being planted that must some day bear good fruit. We must not expect that what is done in the way of art collection in this country shall anywhere be done perfectly well. Would it not be extraordinary if it were so done, seeing that

nowhere in Europe is there a public gallery with whose contents and arrangement severe fault is not found, by those who know most about the matter?

The visitors to the Metropolitan Museum, even on the five paying-days of the week, are numerous enough to prove that the public is waking up to the value of these collections. As we look at the matter, this value consists greatly in the picked excellence of the things shown, and in their restricted number. The Old-World collections — Cluny and South Kensington, the Louvre and the British Museum — do well to be as rich as possible, for they are to serve the need of the erudite, the connoisseur and the student, no less than that of the general public. But the beginnings of such treasures in our country should show us in several fields choice characteristic specimens by which we may learn the rudiments of these arts and industries, and so be well grounded in our knowing. Agassiz's advice to teachers of natural history, to be content with showing their pupils a few things, is equally applicable to the teaching we get from a museum, and the trustees of the New York museum have done well in not crowding their walls and cases with objects. The *pièce de resistance* is of course the Di Cesnola collection of Cypriote antiquities, a collection which, considering how largely antiquarian and learned its value is, is fortunate in this, that it has enough beauty and incident in it to give large pleasure to a public that cares nothing for antiquities merely as such. The glass is probably not to be matched anywhere for the beauty, variety, and rarity of the specimens, the collection of lamps is very instructive and charming, and the value of the series of terra-cotta statuettes is not easily overestimated. It may be remarked that the whole collection is much increased in working usefulness by the classification and orderly arrangement it received at the hands of Gen-

eral di Cesnola himself: his absence from the rooms that owe everything to him must be felt as a serious loss by every one who knew his unostentatious learning, his address, and his unwearied enthusiasm. Next in importance to the Di Cesnola collection is the collection of pottery and porcelain, English, French, German, Italian, and Oriental, none of it the property of the museum, but contributed by various persons, Mr. S. P. Avery bearing off the palm in the Oriental specimens — principally Chinese and Japanese — and Mr. William C. Prime making a notable show in the European field. Comparison with private collections in London and in the other cities of Europe, to say nothing of the great public displays, would make the shelves of the Metropolitan Museum look third-rate as a whole, though there are here many first-rate specimens; but, we repeat, the museum outside of the Di Cesnola collection is not to be judged by comparison: we must take it as it stands. Looked at intrinsically, it may be said almost without exaggeration that in these rooms a young student may graduate in the study of the ceramic art, and not fear a rigid examination at the hands of Old-World doctors. In the absence of a catalogue, — which indeed would hardly be worth while making for a mere loan collection, and one too of such a shifting character, — the specimens, particularly those belonging to Mr. Prime, are usefully ticketed, and we suppose the same service would be rendered the public in the Oriental division, if anybody anywhere knew anything about the history, age, or locality of the different wares. The pictures belonging to the museum, as well as those loaned to it for a season, deserve more particular criticism than our space permits us to give them: we cannot, however, pass without mention the remarkable *Tintoretto* of Mr. Walter Brown, the *Toilet of Venus*, a picture which, taken in connection with the *Portrait* by the same master and belonging to the same gentleman, will prove, well studied, of great help to those who shall afterward see the great Venetian in his royal robes in the palace that was once the Doges' and is now *his*.

Better specimens of *Tintoretto* than these are not to be found out of Venice, though there is another portrait by him in private hands in New York, that is nearly of equal value with this portrait of *Verdizzo* belonging to Mr. Brown. The little *Parmigianino*, the *Marriage of St. Catherine*; the *Salvator Rosa*, the *Temptation of St. Anthony*; and

the *Head of St. Paul*, by Titian, three pictures also belonging to Mr. Walter Brown, are contributions of great value, and it were much to be wished that they could be acquired for the museum, if in no other way than by the sacrifice of a portion of the *Blodgett* collection, which would well bear weeding. But however little we might care to give permanent room in restricted quarters to many of the *Blodgett* pictures, we owe him thanks for a goodly number of them, and these will all find room and welcome in the new building when it shall be completed. For there is a wide field for study in the room that contains the *Blodgett* pictures, and one need never go away uninstructed nor displeased who has passed a morning in questioning the heads by Van Dyck, *Cornelis de Vos*, *Greuze*, the younger *Cranach*, *Aart de Gelder*, *Van der Helst*, *Mierevelt*, and, above all, the *Hille-Bobbe* of *Franz Hals* — a picture which, placed between the *Young Girl of De Vos*, and the *Min de Christyn* of Van Dyck, shows how little youth and beauty can do after all to snuff out the flame of a vigorous old age. Crumpled old hag as she is, *Hille-Bobbe* is so full of fire, she is almost a match in beauty for these pale Dutch tulips. Nor would the student do amiss to exhaust, if he can, the excellences of the landscapes by some of these Dutch masters: the *Quai at Leyden*, by Van der *Heyden*, almost Venetian in color; or Van *Goyen's The Moerdyck*, lovely in its pearly purity. The catalogue of the *Blodgett* pictures is well arranged and handsomely printed, and the museum keeps on sale copies of the etchings which have been made of a few of the pictures by M. Jules Jacquemart, and which are in themselves one of the most honorable tributes of admiration that any gallery could desire from a master.

Beside these larger elements that make the main attraction of the museum, there still remain a choice collection of early printed books, and early and modern bindings; a small lot of Greek and Roman coins, many of them rare; several cases containing *objets de vertu*, chiefly of the Renaissance type, and articles in rock crystal (one cup of engraved crystal belonging to Mr. S. P. Avery is of exceptional delicacy and beauty; we never saw its equal), enamels, mounted gems, carvings, *repoussé* work, wrought work in metal; among these a bell attributed to Benvenuto Cellini, which fully justifies all that its maker ever said, and that was much, of his own skill. Too much

cannot be said in praise of this bell; it is well worthy to have been the *raison d'être* of the museum, as the Sophocles was of the Lateran. Finally, the museum may plume itself not a little on its Japanese collection, which will be most admired by those who have seen most and know most of the art of fairy land, now dying out under the rolling wheels of the car of so-called civilization. The value of the articles in this museum is even now very great; in time it must become vastly greater, since it includes many perfect specimens of a skill that never existed anywhere else in the world in such perfection as among the Japs.

— By the time this number of the *Atlantic* reaches its subscribers, the Seventh Annual Exhibition of the American Society of Painters in Water-Colors in New York will have been too long a thing of the past to make it useful for us to give a detailed account of it. But nevertheless it is important to note the remarkable growth of the society, and the improvement of individual members in the practice of their art, almost a new thing on this side the water. Mr. Louis C. Tiffany's work of this year is much in advance of his first exhibited drawings, and Mr. Swain Gifford, who was a fellow-traveler with Mr. Tiffany in the East, and who seemed for a time in danger of being confounded with him both in choice of subject and in his way of work, has this year turned his face toward his home scenes, and besides some Eastern subjects had a number of really clever drawings of New England coast scenery. Miss Fidelia Bridges' poetical and faithful drawings, in which are native birds of the smaller breeds,—tomtits and chickadees, sparrows and goldfinches, are the *dramatis personæ*, perched on weeds not of glorious feature but homely and familiar,—were warmly welcomed this year, and beside selling all she sent to the exhibition, the lady is rich in orders for the coming summer. Miss McDonald, too, had a great success, although she sent but three drawings, and all of them small. Yet there really was no better, soldier work in the exhibition than hers, and she has deserved recognition by hard and modest work. Mr. W. F. Richards was another favorite contributor to the exhibition, or rather his pictures were favorites—for he himself sent nothing, his drawings were all loaned by their owners. This artist's knowledge of nature, the fruit of unwearied study, has at last forced the public to recognize it, in spite of a prejudice against the extremely delicate execution through which it

is revealed, and which does not please greatly outside the circle of women and the lovers of curiosities. But in the case of Mr. Richards the women have taught the connoisseurs, and these must now admit that all the artist's delicacy, finish, and tameness, as they called it, are reconcilable with strength, breadth, and a masterly understanding of his subject. The exhibition was almost exclusively an American one, there being not more than a baker's dozen of French and English drawings. Financially, the exhibition was most successful; there was a large daily attendance, beginning with the opening day, and at the close few really good drawings were left unsold. It has been a good example, and we learn that at last the members of the National Academy are bending to their oars, determined to pass the Water-Color Society and have an exhibition in the spring that shall prove we yet have some artists among us.

— The *Gazette des Beaux Arts* for December, contained a long article profusely illustrated, *Les Editeurs Contemporains*. I. Firmin Didot, by M. René Ménard, in which an account is given of some of the more important of the recent publications of this distinguished house. Some of these books have now reached us, and they are found to be every way worthy, for beauty and for permanent value, of all the praise they have received at M. Ménard's pen. Those of the number mentioned in his article that we have on our table, and for which we are indebted to F. W. Christern & Co., New York, are the *St. Cécile et la Société Romaine aux deux premiers Siècles*, and the *Nouveaux Mélanges archéologiques, par le père Cahier*; these, with the *Conquête de Constantinople, par Villehardouin*, and the *Histoire de Saint Louis, par Joinville*, two publications of a series, *Les Chefs-d'œuvre historiques et littéraires du Moyen-Age*, will perhaps be new to some of our readers, while others no less desirable are better known, the *Chefs-d'œuvre de la Peinture Italienne* of M. Paul Mantz and the works of M. Paul Lacroix (*Bibliophile Jacob*) on the Arts, and Manners and Customs, Civil, Religious, and Military, of the Middle Ages. The beautiful type and paper of these books, with the number, excellence, and rarity of the illustrations, make it a perpetual wonder how they can be sold at so low a price. But that is a wonder the French publishers are all the time causing.

— The *Nouveaux Mélanges archéologiques* of Father Cahier, and another work on our

table, *L'Évangile, Études iconographiques et archéologiques*, par Ch. Rohault de Fleury, published by Mamc of Tours, will, perhaps, be of less interest to the general reader than the *St. Cécile*, or even than the *Histoire de St. Louis*. But the student of such matters cannot fail to find them of exceeding interest. The magnificent edition of the Gospels lately published by Hachette with illustrations by Bida, with that of the whole Bible published some years ago, and illustrated by Doré, are examples of one way of making the Scripture speak to the mind by the eye, and it is a way which will always have more attractions to the average reader than the purely archæological method pursued by M. Rohault de Fleury. Doré did not trouble himself about archæology at all. M. Bida, following the lead of Mr. Holman Hunt, has worked on the theory that men, women, and manners have not changed in the East since Bible times, and accordingly his illustrations are a sort of guide-book to the East of to-day. M. de Fleury has confined himself to archæology, pure and simple, and giving us a concordance of the four Gospels, he follows it story by story with a pictured commentary full and complete beyond anything that has been before attempted within our knowledge, drawing for his material upon the catacomb paintings, the frescoes and mosaics in the churches, the carved ivories, the illuminated manuscripts, the sculptures and utensils of the church from the earliest times down to the twelfth century. What makes these illustrations especially valuable is their faithfulness, their frank sincerity; they are in no wise dressed up so as to be palatable to our accomplished modern eyes. Father Cahier's *Mélanges* is, as the name implies, a book of less unity of intention, but it is of no less archæological value. The work is composed of a series of articles on subjects attaching themselves naturally to the history and literature of the Middle Ages. One of the most interesting of these is the *Bestiary*, a subject which is treated with much less than his usual fullness by Viollet le Duc in the *Dictionnaire de l'Architecture*, and which the student, and no less the architect and designer, often finds puzzling. The present article is very full, and there are abundant illustrations showing the mediæval conception of many animals, as well real as fanciful. No doubt, however, our readers will on the whole take up with the greatest pleasure the *St. Cécile*; and their pleasure will be fully justified, for it is a curi-

ously suggestive and delightfully illustrated book. The author, Don Guéranger, Abbe de Solesmes, tries to show that the doctrines of Christianity, so far from having been accepted only by the poorer classes of Rome, the ignorant and the superstitious, were gladly heard and loyally, bravely adopted by the patricians, and were in vogue in the great world. Saint Cæcilia, according to M. Guéranger, is rightly believed to have belonged to the high Roman aristocracy. She belonged to the *gens Cæcilia*, the same to which belonged the Cæcilia Metella whose tomb is so conspicuous an object on the Roman Campagna. We read this book with the interest that attaches to an ingenious historical novel, and while finding ourselves unable to give great heed to the author's theory, we find much in his learning and clearness of statement to admire. The archæology and the art of the book are of exceptional value, and the wood-cuts of the catacomb paintings, and of Cimabue's St. Cæcilia in the Uffizi, with the etchings from Raphael, Domenichino, Marc Antonio, and Giulio Romano, reproduced by the remarkable heliogravure process, make the book well worth having for their sakes alone. Beside two chromo-lithographs and five etchings, there are two hundred and fifty wood-cuts. This book makes a valuable introduction to the works of M. Paul Lacroix, to which we have above alluded.

— Nothing very important comes to us from Germany; but we have received from B. Westermann & Co., New York, *Christian Daniel Rauch, von Friedrich Eggers*. Berlin. 1873. Only the first volume has as yet appeared. It contains a fine portrait of Rauch, engraved by E. Mandel in 1873, after a chalk drawing made by Gottfried Schadow in 1812, when Rauch, born in 1777, was thirty-five years old. The work, begun by the brother of the editor, will probably be completed in a second volume. It is written with characteristic German faithfulness, and giving the whole story of the artist's development and the art history of the time in which he lived, more particularly with regard to sculpture, and including beside Rauch's journal of his travels in Southern France, Italy, and Germany, and notes of all the distinguished people he met with, it has an interest quite general and human.

— Westermann also sends us the first part of Ernst Förster's *Peter Von Cornelius*, which has just been published in Berlin. It is a small octavo of 496 pages, and be-

ginning with the artist's birth-year, 1783, brings us down to 1830, with Cornelius established at Munich and actively working there. A second volume, completing the work, is promised in the course of the present year. An almost autobiographical interest is given to the work by the insertion, in the order in which they were written, of letters to Cornelius from many of the leading men with whom he came in contact, and of his answers to these. The work will fill a gap in the history of the rise of the modern German school of painting; or rather, as there exists no history of that school worthy of mention, this book may be considered as the corner-stone of such a work.

— *Bildende Kunst in der Gegenwart, gedankbuch an die Kunsthalle der Wiener Welt-ausstellung, von Ernest Lehmann*, is an account, after the high German fashion, of modern European art, a review of the pictures exhibited last summer at the Vienna Exposition, similar in purpose to those written by Tom Taylor and Francis Turner Palgrave about the Brompton Exhibition of 1862. It is a useful *résumé* of so much of modern painting as was represented at the Exposition, and the appearance of a second edition indicates that it has been successful with the general public.

— A curious sign of the times in Germany is the reproduction of the wood-cuts designed by Lucas Cranach, in 1521, and accompanied with text written by Luther, in which the acts and teachings of Christ are opposed to the acts and teachings of the Popes. This was the "Passional Christi und Antichristi" of which Luther wrote to Spalatin in 1521, "Lucas has asked me to write something under these pictures of his: you will care for them. It is the pictured antithesis of Christ and the Pope, and is a good book for the people." In the present state of the conflict between the German empire and the Pope, it has seemed a good thing to reprint this set of designs, but apart from the fact that it gives us a look at a forgotten work which no doubt influenced many in the time of it, no good can come from the use of such brutal and uncharitable weapons in a time like ours. There are twenty-six of the wood-cuts, and though they are fac-similes of very bad mechanical work, they are worth having as specimens of the design of a well-known master.

— *The Histoire d'une Maison, Texte et Dessins par Viollet le Duc*, Paris, Hetzel &

Cie, no date (1874), is a pleasant, instructive little book, which, if people ever built dwelling-houses in America, or could be induced to do so, might be worth translating. Under the thin disguise of a narrative, we are led to study the theory and practice of good building, and so lively is our guide, and so lightly does he handle his learning, that almost he persuades us to try our hand at building like Christians. In truth, there is a deal of sound sense and practical teaching in this little volume, and any young man who thinks of being an architect, or any person who has a house in his mind's eye, cannot do better than to mark, read, learn, and inwardly digest its pages. The book is printed in large, clear type on thick paper, and is well illustrated in the author's known excellent style.

— *The Gazette des Beaux Arts* for February is an uncommonly interesting number. Charles Blanc resumes his *Grammaire des Arts Décoratifs*, of which portions have already appeared in Vols. III., IV., V., of the *Gazette* (2d period). The present article continues the subject of female dress, and gives hints, suggestions, bits of advice, which we wish ladies may agree with us in thinking as sensible and practical as they are artistic. The illustrations are pretty, but they are not as striking as those of the first of the papers on this important subject. But even a mere man may take pleasure in reading what M. Blanc has to say about the secondary objects that are so necessary to the harmony of the toilet — the gloves, the shoes, the fan, the parasol, and the ornaments added to the dress, and separable from it — fringes, furs, and laces. M. René Ménard writes a valuable paper on Spinello Aretino (Spinello of Arezzo), and illustrates his historical and critical notice with some good wood-cuts of the artist's works, and a fine etching by Flameng of Spinello's *Vierge au Rosier*. It will be noted that the theme of this picture is the same in effect with that of Millais' early picture of Christ in the Carpenter's Shop. In the English pre-Raphaelite picture, Christ, a homely child, has been wounded in the hand by one of his father's tools, and he shows it to his mother, who weeps a flood of unnecessary and face-distorting tears. In Spinello's lovely group, the child holds serenely up a hand pricked with a thorn from the rose-screen before which his mother sits, and she, with a sad face of presaging sorrow, lightly touches the child's cheek with the tip of her slender hand. All the "moral" of Millais' picture

is here, and more, with beauty and tenderness such as he never knew how to paint. There are several other articles well worth reading, and many illustrations.

—The Exhibition of the Portfolio Club was, we believe, the first general exhibition of the work of our Boston architects, and was a very interesting one. The club is a society of the younger men in the profession, — mainly of those who have studied abroad, — organized within the past year, and already known by the Sketch Book which they have published, aided by contributions from other architects. Their invitation to others of their profession to unite with them in the exhibition was well responded to: so that, although some well-known names were lacking among the exhibitors, the drawings which filled the rooms of the Art Club were a pretty fair indication of what the better part of the profession is doing. They included sketches made during travel abroad, showing often much cleverness of execution as well as freshness of feeling; drawings of works actually executed; designs for competitions, of churches and public buildings, and many admirable designs for dwelling houses. There were pen drawings, brush drawings in ink and sepia, pencil sketches, and water-color drawings.

It was interesting to notice here, as in the new buildings in the burnt district which we had occasion to notice a while ago, the struggle of opposing influences, — French, English, and German, — both in design and rendering; and it is significant, that while far the greater part of our architects who have studied or resided abroad, have done so in Paris, and while the influence of distinct tradition and systematic training is almost entirely French, yet in the designs shown here the English tendency was decidedly prominent. The French architects have devoted themselves almost unanimously to a certain modified treatment of classical and Renaissance forms, which has developed for them what may almost be called a distinct style, and has in fact been baptized the "romantic" style, while the English, in spite of the efforts of such men as Mr. Ferguson and Mr. Digby Wyatt, are becoming almost as unanimous in their preference for a modified Gothic. And in this exhibition, which quite represented the active tendencies of our architects, with a few marked exceptions all the designs of any pretension had at least a quasi-Gothic character.

The best substitute for the singleness of effect of a pure indigenous style, in our time, has been the skill of the French architects in their careful balancing and subordination of parts, and their nice adjustment of detail. It would seem, however, that the active, flexible, and, as it were, familiar spirit of the modern Gothic, with its free eclecticism, suited the temper of our artists and people better, even though the public has taken to its heart the so-called "French roof," which in its Chinese modification bestrews the country. It is not to be expected that a community so many-minded, and so full of experiments as ours, shall settle quickly into a steady movement in any one path of art, or that our architects shall easily attain that quiet mastery of form and expression which is hardly acquired singly, or directly transmitted from one to another, but which comes of the continued labor together of men with common aims. Styles crystallize very slowly, at best, and not at all in the agitation of discordant influences. Therefore we welcome gladly every sign of concerted action among our architects, a body of men who have hitherto been far too little at one for their own good or that of the public.

The designs for public buildings showed a good deal of study and invention; they were often ingeniously combined, and rich in detail. The cramping conditions of our street architecture were evident; but there was a distinct effort to overcome them, often a very successful one. We noticed a tendency to utilize the unavoidable tallness of our buildings by the introduction of towers. On the whole, the churches seemed perhaps the least successfully treated; and this is hardly to be wondered at, for no part of architecture requires such fineness of combination and such purity of detail as church building, and in none is there so little unity of feeling among proprietors or designers. The best and most individual part of the exhibition seemed to us the domestic architecture. Here the distinctive habits of our people react most strongly on the designs, and the effort to meet their wants has given, especially in our country houses, a character that is apt to be lacking in more ambitious designs. The drawings of this class in the exhibition were varied and picturesque, and what is better still, looked like the attractive homes of a cultivated and comfortable people.

The execution of the drawings varied as much as the character of the designs, and

here too, considering the antecedents of many of the exhibitors, the absence of the French manner was remarkable. One excellent habit of our architects is their use of perspective. It is known that the French architects hardly make any use of it, and any one who has studied the buildings of Paris is likely to have noticed faults into which they have been led by their exclusive dependence on geometrical elevations. Their symmetrical combinations and evenly balanced façades, it is true, are more fairly represented in this way than more irregular compositions would be. But the tendency of our architects toward picturesque effect absolutely requires perspective drawings of their variously grouped masses.

The pen drawings were straightforward, expressive, and brilliant. We somewhat regret to notice a growing tendency to neglect, like the English draughtsmen, effects of light and shade. This comes partly perhaps from a desire to save time and partly from the feeling that much shading disturbs the clear definition of form aimed at in a pen drawing. But the study of masses of light and shade is so essential a part of architectural design, and so important a discipline in acquiring breadth of effect, that we are sorry to see it relinquished in the drawings, and fear that this must tend strongly to its neglect in design itself.

It was with some regret too that we noticed how small was the proportion of sketches from the hands of architects themselves; for these, though necessarily less elaborate and complete than the drawings of professional draughtsmen, have a suggestive interest that no second-hand rendering gives, and generally a much quieter and more attractive character. The pressure of business upon an architect in active practice, it is true, leaves him little time for even slight sketches of his work, and the great increase in the number and capability of professional draughtsmen among us during late years brings great temptation to rely exclusively on their renderings. The excitement, too, of frequent competitions, which crowds too many offices with profitless labor expended under pressure, increases the hurry of architects, and tempts them to rely on elaborate and showy drawings, which they themselves would have neither the time nor the disposition to make.

There were a good many vigorous colored drawings, but most of them disagreeably glaring as well as often excessive in scale. It was rather disheartening to notice that

among the visitors on the opening night the most violent drawings commonly attracted the greatest praise. Thus the large drawing of the new "Old South" Church, in a style worthy of a chimney-board, received the praise which belonged to the quieter sketch of the same subject on the opposite wall; and the clever but painfully gaudy drawing of a design for the Chicago Court House excited great admiration. It was pleasant to turn from these to a quiet, well-considered representation like that of the Berkeley Street Church, or to some of the out-door sketches in the first room, where there was force of color without glare. The appetite of the public, and especially of competitive committees, for showy pictures, and the weakness of architects in pampering a taste which they privately laugh at, will do great mischief to our growing art if they are not withstood.

Some renderings by pupils in the Institute of Technology show the satisfactory way in which the instruction there is carried on. The drawings of King's Chapel suggest the thought that the studies of the pupils may be further utilized in securing us accurate records of other venerable monuments which still remain to us, and of which it is to be feared that the vandalism of cultivated municipalities and the cupidity of corporations will soon leave us nothing else.

We would not forget to mention two figure drawings, — designs for stained glass, — the only things of the kind in the exhibition. One was a boat load of cupids rowing along the Nile, fancifully incongruous, but nicely composed, and charmingly fresh and graceful in the drawing. It is to be wished that our architects would in their education give some serious study to figure-drawing. Not that many of them would acquire skill or freedom in designing the figure, but that it would give them readiness in applying it to architectural decoration, whether painted or sculptured, a thing more neglected here and now, than ever before or elsewhere in the civilized ages of the world; and still better, would more than supply the place of the once worshiped, now neglected, classical orders, in developing a feeling for combination in line, a nice sense of proportion and of harmonious unity.

Our mention of the Sketch Book, published monthly by the Portfolio Club, reminds us to say that the heliotype process of Messrs. Osgood & Co., by which it is produced, has given us the first means by which our architects have been able freely to repro-

duce and circulate their designs. It is, we believe, some modification of the "gelatine" process, and has the merit of lending itself to printing with letterpress. It reproduces drawings both in line and tints, — and even in colors, with the necessary shortcomings of every process which depends on photography. This universality bids fair to set it among the most valuable of autographic inventions, when its results are fully developed. At present, its mechanical execution seems not to be completely under control, some of the impressions being admirable and others occasionally quite unsatisfactory. Thus in the heliotype of the Gray Collection which we have seen, the vigorously engraved prints are very well represented,

while the delicate tints of the etchings are lost through thickening the lines in the reproduction. On the other hand, we have seen a large engraving after one of Raphael's works, minutely finished in *roulette*, reproduced in the heliotype with a delicacy that was astonishing. Of the heliotype's use to architects, besides the Sketch Book already mentioned, and the similar one published by the New York architects, the clever Notebook Sketches, of Mr. R. S. Peabody, are a good example.

— In our notices last month of the Boston Art Club Exhibition, we inadvertently attributed certain white rabbits to Mr. J. Foxcroft Cole. These quadrupeds were in fact painted by Mr. Cass.

MUSIC.

MR. STRAKOSCH'S Italian opera troupe has just given us the best and most successful Italian "season" that this city has seen for a long while. Coming so almost immediately after the dreary season of the Maretzek troupe, its success has seemed doubly brilliant. Few people will feel inclined to doubt that Mr. Strakosch's is the better company of the two, although the Maretzek troupe could boast more really *great* artists. Setting aside Madame Nilsson in the one, and Madame Lucca in the other, we look in vain for any two artists in the Strakosch troupe that can counterbalance Mademoiselle di Murska and Signor Tamberlik. Monsieur Jamet is certainly a better basso than Signor Nannetti. But when we have named Lucca, Di Murska, Tamberlik, and Jamet, we have come to the end of all Mr. Maretzek's good material. Mr. Strakosch, on the other hand, can show the names of Nilsson, Torriani, Cary, Maurel, Campanini, Del Puente, Scolari, Capoul, Nannetti, all of whom are very good, and a respectable chorus, orchestra, and *mise en scène*. What of good there was in the Maretzek troupe was superb; what of bad, was bad with a vengeance, and not stinted as to quantity. Of Mr. Strakosch's artists, Madame Nilsson alone deserves the adjective "superb," but the rest were very good, and the weak points in the troupe few and far between. Such a performance of Meyerbeer's *Les Huguenots* as Mr. Strakosch gave us had, we will vent-

ure to say, never been known in Boston. It must not be for a moment imagined that it even approached the performances in Paris, Vienna, or London, in splendor of *mise en scène* or excellence of chorus and orchestra, but it was nevertheless extremely praiseworthy.

Verdi's new *Aida* was given with a better *mise en scène* than anything we have yet seen on our operatic stage. It was of course the event of the season upon which the greatest amount of public curiosity was concentrated. After all that we had heard of Verdi's sudden complete change of style, his newly developed elaboration of the orchestra (an item that certainly did not promise much in his hands), and the absence of hand-organ tunes, we must confess to being agreeably disappointed in the work. Strange as it may appear, the heretofore reckless and devil-may-care Verdi has written what is to all intents and purposes a Meyerbeer opera. It is not surprising that some of his newly-tried effects seem rather innocent when compared with those of a man who had grown gray in all the wiles of dramatic machinery¹ as Meyerbeer had. But the general tendency of the work is none the less unmistakable. Although almost every bit of elaborate writing in the opera shows the composer to be largely

¹ Somebody once asked Ferdinand Hiller what he thought of Meyerbeer. "Oh! let us not talk politics," was the answer.

indebted to Meyerbeer's example, one can hardly blame Verdi for a piece of plagiarism that is, after all, but fair tit for tat, when we consider how much Meyerbeer had previously benefited by Verdi's own genius. Looking at the two men together throughout their career, it is Verdi, not Meyerbeer, that must inevitably strike us as a man of original genius. Whatever of good we find in Verdi's operas is essentially his own. Meyerbeer, on the contrary, was preëminent for his capacity for assimilating and reproducing other men's ideas. As Wagner says: "Meyerbeer has not one single individual tendency; but he has always by his eaves-dropping caught each and every word of his predecessors, and elaborated it with such monstrous ostentation, and withal with such astounding rapidity, that he whose footsteps he was dogging hardly uttered a word before Meyerbeer would instantly shriek out the whole phrase, perfectly unconcerned as to whether he had understood the word aright. Hence it not seldom happened that he said something different from what the original speaker meant to say. But Meyerbeer's noise was so deafening that the first speaker never got to the true expression of his own meaning, and at last found himself forced to chime in with Meyerbeer's phrase as his only chance of putting in his word at all. Meyerbeer never succeeded in Germany in finding a phrase which would in any way fit Weber's original word. What Weber uttered, so full of melodious vitality, could not be repeated in Meyerbeer's acquired, dry formalism. So at length, tired of such unprofitable toil, he listened only to Rossini's siren-strains, and traveled to the land where those raisins grew.¹ Thus he became the weathercock of music in Europe, turning hither and thither until, the direction of the wind being settled, he could at last stand still. Meyerbeer only composed operas à la Rossini in Italy until the great wind began to shift in Paris, and Auber and Rossini, with *La Muette* and *Tell*, were raising it to a gale in the new direction. How soon Meyerbeer was in Paris! When once there he found in the Frenchified Weber (only think of *Robin des Bois*) and the be-Berlinized Beethoven opportunities which both Auber and Rossini had let slip as too remote from their special ends, but which he, with his cosmopolite capacity, knew well enough how to make the most of. He gathered up all that caught his notice into one monstrous,

¹ The pun on Rossini and *Rosinen* (raisins) must needs be lost in translation.

gaudy, heterogeneous phrase, in whose strident shriek Auber and Rossini became all at once inaudible. The grim devil *Robert* took them one and all."

When some years later Verdi's fiery unison swept the stage, Meyerbeer was quick to see how such effects might be utilized. In short, Verdi is by no means in Meyerbeer's debt. The balance is the other way, if anything. What we are astonished at is that Verdi should have done so well, in a direction that was new to him, as he has in *Aïda*. Great music he has certainly not given us, but there is enough of spontaneous inspiration and wild, unfettered intensity in the work to place it not very far behind his finest opera, while the greater pains he has taken with his orchestra and his whole manner of writing have rid it of many of the more patent vulgarisms that have hitherto defaced even his best works. It could not be expected that Verdi should have toned down or abandoned those peculiar tendencies to which he owes the success of his whole career, and which proved so tempting to Meyerbeer. And we find that in *Aïda* there is no lack of screaming on high notes, sudden explosions of chorus and orchestra, and in short any of his long-used stunning effects. His intrinsic melodic power, although not so marked as in some of his earlier work, is still great. The weakest scene in the opera is the one that should have been the strongest, namely, the dying scene in the tomb. Here the composer has had the same bad luck that almost every one else has had since Gounod wrote the prison scene in *Faust*. The tomb scene in Gounod's *Romeo*, the upas-tree scene in Meyerbeer's *Africaine*, Ophelia's dying scene in Thomas's *Hamlet*, are all hopelessly weak. It remains to be seen whether it is reserved for Wagner to break the spell in his *Götterdämmerung*.

Compared with the great final terzett in *Ernani*, the *Aïda* finale is poor indeed, in spite of its greater elaboration and more ambitious design. This very terzett in *Ernani* is perhaps one of the best and withal the most characteristic examples of Verdi's peculiar genius. Its form is as simple as that of any ballad. It is in fact nothing more nor less than a simple melody with the simplest accompaniment, in a rather rapid waltz-tempo. But in passionate intensity, tragic power, it can be called second to very, very little in all Italian music. The interest is sustained to the very end in spite of the little variety there is in it; from El-

vira's first frenzied "Ferma, crudele" we feel the influence of genuine, unconscious genius. And how admirably dramatic the music is, without for a moment stepping out of the simple form or interrupting the regular rhythmic advance of the melody! How the music changes from the horror and fury of Elvira's words, "Quale d'Averno demone ha tali trame ordite? . . . La morte che t'aspetta, o vecchie, affretterò," to most seductive accents, sorrowful entreating, at "Ma che diss' io? Perdonami." With what tones of rejoicing in his own power does old Silva launch forth his "È vano, o donna, il piangere," and with what irresistible, hammer-like force his "Morrà, morrà" falls upon the unhappy lovers, like the voice of inexorable fate! Here Verdi is truly great and truly *original*. Had more things of this sort lain in his brain, waiting to see the light, he might well have afforded to leave Meyerbeer in his debt for strong effects, without troubling himself about orchestral elaboration. Not having anything more to say of this Titanic sort, he has wisely paid himself out of Meyerbeer's bag, not without gratifying results.

It is with a feeling very like disappointment that, after a pretty careful study of Meyerbeer's *Huguenots*, and at last hearing a really respectable performance of the work, we find ourselves unable heartily to enjoy it. Setting aside the great duet in the fourth act, and some few other unmistakable gems, we cannot but find the opera as a whole very flat and unprofitable. There is so much of artifice, so little of real art, so much that is transparently factitious, so little that is convincingly spontaneous and great in it! That it is really the best example of Meyerbeer's tendencies as an artist can hardly be doubted; and it only goes to prove the justice of Wagner's apparently too severe strictures on him. "The secret of Meyerbeer's opera music is — *effect*. . . . Would we express more exactly what we understand by this word, we might translate 'effect' by *result without a cause*. Indeed, the effect that Meyerbeer's music produces upon those who are able to find edification therein is wanting in an efficient cause. This miracle is only

possible to the most extravagant music; i. e., to a power of expression that has ever striven (in the opera) to become more and more independent of all that was worthy to be expressed, and which proclaims its independence by degrading the subject matter, through which alone it can rationally exist and be justified, to such a level of moral and artistic nothingness, that it in turn can find its existence, proper proportions, and justification only in an act of abstract musical volition, which, as such, is wanting in all true expression. . . . Such frightful emptiness, shallowness, and artistic nullity is to be found in Meyerbeer's music, that we are tempted to rate his specific musical ability . . . as absolutely null. Yet we must not be surprised that he has, notwithstanding all this, obtained such immense success with the European opera-going public, for this can be readily explained by a glance at the public itself, — but a purely artistic observation, and a very instructive one, claims our notice." Here Wagner goes on to an analysis of the various efficient causes by which the melody in G flat major, "Tu l'as dit," in the love scene of the fourth act of the *Huguenots* must stand on an immeasurably higher artistic level than most of the composer's music; but as we have already had occasion to quote the passage in a former number,¹ we will not repeat it here. Whatever of specific musical ability Meyerbeer had (and in this respect we think Wagner rates him too low), however much appreciation he sometimes shows of the dramatic element in music, we cannot but think all this goes but a little way towards redeeming his habitual theatricality and most gigantic charlatanism. Of all the "effect" composers he seems to us to be the least sincere and the least true to what is high and noble in art. He has many profound admirers; the number of young composers and musicians in France to-day who found their faith on him is immense. But we can find little evidence in his works that he himself had any living art-faith beyond a faith in the efficacy of *seeming*.

— *A short Te Deum in E flat major*,² by Dudley Buck, recalls to us forcibly what we

¹ Atlantic for March, 1873.

² *Short Te Deum in E flat* (without repetitions). By DUDLEY BUCK. Boston: G. D. Russell & Co.

Meeting by the Brookside. Song. Words by GEORGE COOPER. Music by HARRISON MILLARD. Boston: G. D. Russell & Co.

Nobody home but me. Song. Words by G. COOPER. Music by VIOLETTA. Boston: G. D. Russell & Co.

Pave a quest' alma oppressa. Terzettino. By CAMPANA. Boston: Oliver Ditson & Co.

Ave Maria. 1. Solo for Mezzo-soprano. 2. Quartette for Female Voices. Music by F. BOETT. Boston: Oliver Ditson & Co.

Pianists' Favorites. Collection of easy piano-forte music in sheet form. Boston: Carl Prüfer.

Fairy Gondola. Barcarolle for piano-forte. By F. BOSCOVITZ. Boston: Oliver Ditson & Co.

said somewhat over a year ago¹ on the subject of modern church music. We gave then some reasons which seemed to us valid for the inferiority of modern church music, but we are not sure that the decay of church music cannot be attributed to a much deeper and more pregnant cause than the habitually conciliatory attitude of organist-composers towards the public. In summing up our arguments in the article referred to, we found that the one word *sentimentalism* comprehensively expressed all the shortcomings in modern church music. We now feel as strongly as before that this same sentimentalism, — which is in itself a symptom of decay, the rouge and pearl-powder with which the withered body of a worn-out sentiment tries to impose itself upon the world as still young and vigorous, — is really the besetting evil. It has twice been our misfortune to make Mr. Buck the occasion for our strictures upon church music. His music is so well written, so excellent in form, a rare excellence nowadays, that this sentimental vein that runs through it, this passionless yearning of semitones, this gold-mitred and chasubled splendor and pomp of diminished sevenths and augmented sixths, is all the more distressing. The very air of artistic respectability it has makes its want of genuine devotional fire all the more felt. But in the pass that church music has got to today, it would take the very old Bach himself to reform it and save it from destruction.

Harrison Millard's *Meeting by the Brookside* is an unpretending little ditty with an attractive title-page. The title-page, in fact, expresses the sentiment of the song quite as well as the music or poetry does. The song belongs to the would-be piquant sentimental order, in which our best concert singers find many of their most repaying encore pieces, and of which Clari-bel's *Five o'clock in the Morning* is an excellent example. As the rage for sentimental ballads shows no signs of abating, we must hail with pleasure any songs, how-

ever imbecile in sentiment, and insignificant in musical value, which do not end with the burial of the blighted hero or heroine. And such innocent *dénoûements* —

"Hearts are being caught there,
Not the little fishes!" —

make us thankful for even a moment's respite from those doleful descents into the not silent tomb which so often cast their gloom over musical entertainments.

Violetta's *Nobody home but me* is an artless expression of the fact that courtship should be carried on hidden from the inquisitive gaze of a too gossiping world, and is musically and poetically worthy of the grammatical purism displayed in its title.

Campana's *Pace a quest' alma oppressa* is a melodious and easily flowing terzett in the Italian operatic style.

Frank Boott's *Ave Maria*, which is published both as a mezzo-soprano solo and as a quartette for female voices, is to our thinking the best thing the composer has done since his *Maria Mater* for mixed voices. Anything that is written in a purely religious spirit is so precious nowadays, when so much that is theatrical and overstrained has got mixed up with sacred music, that this *Ave Maria*, in its modest simplicity of form, is to us worth hosts of more pretentious compositions in which the religious spirit is wanting. Yet, with all its simplicity, the dramatic element in its highest sense is by no means wanting in this composition. The music perfectly expresses every shade of meaning in the words, and is not without a certain degree of unobtrusive learning.

Carl Prüfer is now bringing out under the title of *Pianist's Favorites* a very nicely engraved and printed edition of easy piano-forte pieces by H. Lichner, G. Lange, F. Behr, and others, which will be eagerly welcomed by piano-forte teachers, if only for its typographical excellence.

F. Boscovitz's *Fairy Gondola* is a fascinating little trifle, thoroughly Italian in spirit, which suggests the magnetic *entrain* and *verve* of the composer's way of playing music of this sort.

¹ Atlantic for January, 1873.